

R. Evans

THE
UNIVERSAL MASQUERADE:

OR, THE
WORLD turn'd INSIDE-OUT.

Delineating the
VIRTUES and Detecting the VICES
O F

M A N K I N D,

FROM THE
COURT to the COTTAGE,
In all Professions, for the BENEFIT of
BOTH SEXES.

By O. SEDGEWICK, Gent.

VOL. I.



L O N D O N :

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THE

UNIVERSITY MUSEUM

WORLD BANK IN LONDON

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BRITISH MUSEUM



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P R E F A C E.

IT has very often administer'd Matter of Wonder to me, that your grave Citizens, and some other such supercilious People, should take such Pains to display their Indignation against the modern Gaiety of Masquerades; since, if they would seriously consider and survey the World, they would be forc'd to confess it nothing but a mere Groupe of Maskers human Nature round; and that all the Business of the two-leg'd rational Inhabitants, is nothing more nor less than to amuse or impose upon the rest of their Fellow-sojourners under a Vizor. To prove all which, is the Purport of the following Sheets; and to make it as manifest as the Sun at Noon-day, I shall go no farther for Exemplifications than Nature itself, and such Deductions as naturally result from the Operations of her Creatures. Not that I would advise even the avaritious Wretch, quasi avaritious, to flatter himself with the Favour of an engrossing the whole Tire of our Resentment. No! I propose to evince, by the great Example of eternal Wisdom, that as there are Degrees in Vice and Error, as well as in Vertue and Religion, so shall

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*our Rewards and Punishments be equitably distributed. Neither is it my Intent, or Design, to distort either Man or Woman's Features in such a Manner as that either he or she shall not be able to know their own. No ! if it be not a handsome Likeness, such as all Painters aim, but the Artist only arrives at, it shall yet carry along with it such visible Tokens of Resemblance, that its Owner shall be forced to receive it even to his own Confusion. A Harlequin or Scaramouch may divert a Mob ; but Truth and Nature only shall be the Directors and Polar Stars to my Diversion. All other Adventures in the wide Ocean of Vice and Folly may therefore propose, at my Hands, the same Quarter ; and as I shall now and then, without going much out of my Way, make bold with my own dear self, I hope my courteous Reader will admit of such an uncommon Piece of Impartiality, and the easier grant my Pardon for my Freedom with others. Some strait-lac'd, narrow-soul'd, self-convicted Spirits, perhaps may construe this a sort of bargaining for his own Abuse ; but any Man of Candour would rather query, How shall I be injur'd, if, by setting Affairs in a right Light, I see my Errors, and become much better for it ? Mistakes are no where so common as in the Conduct of humane Life ; and he that can reap Wisdom even at the Expence of his own Weakness, is certainly in a very fair Way to commence Philosopher. If a Man, in such a Case, were to apply to the Schools, he would find the Expence out of all Comparison larger. Every
Branch*

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Branch of Science would be prodigiously more chargeable to arrive at. A simple Course of Chymistry exacts Two Guineas down ; and when all is over, if he had any Brains before, all the Discovery the Pupil will arrive at after, may amount to no more, than that they are now evaporated, turn'd into meer Quick-silver, or, which is worse, into a sort of opinionative Knowledge, that many a Family has had too much Reason to curse their boasted Acquaintance with. However, that no one of my Readers may hereafter reckon himself disappointed in his Expectations, I hold it necessary to make one material Declaration before I enter upon Business ; that Morality and Modesty (however retrograde to the Practice of the present Times) are with me received as too sacred Ware to be meddled with in an audacious or presumptuous Manner. To insult the Understandings of Men, the most distinguish'd for Sense ; or to affront the fair Sex in their distinguishing Embellishments, is to me equally horrid. As I should never be able to look any of the first in the Face after such a Piece of Barbarism ; so I promise the other, whatever Occasion they may find to blush for themselves, they shall never have any to waste one single Blush on any Thing that drops from the Pen of their humble Servant. Words may have several Meanings ; but, in common Charity, where they will admit of a good Meaning, a bad should not be accepted, however seemingly offer'd ; under which fair Portal I desire my Reader will enter into the Fabrick.

C O N.



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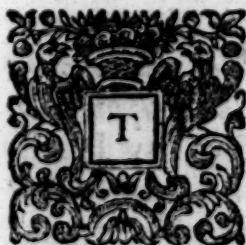




THE
WORLD
TURN'D
INSIDE-OUT.

VISION I.

*Of the VINTNERS, exposing their Cheats, and
particulariz'd in the Instances of several most
notorious in the Mystery.*



THREE or four jolly Com-
panions, having made an Ap-
pointment to take a Bottle
together at the *Sun Tavern* in
Fleetstreet, I was hook'd in
very accidentally, but in such
a Manner as render'd it near an Impossibility
for me to excuse myself. However, we had
hardly set down, before I discover'd, that
another of the Company had been impress'd

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into the Service as well as myself; tho' his Reluctance arose from quite a different Top-pick, and which, at first, render'd the Company very uneasy: But finding the main of his Objection to lie in his ill Opinion of Tavern Wine, I took up the Cudgels, and told him, I would undertake, for honest *Towers*, that he would let us have a Glas of true and neat Port, which, I suppos'd, was the Wine they pitch'd upon. It was just upon that golden *Æra* when the Reformation of the Bottle was to supplant the Reformation of Manners, or many other Reformations more essentially necessary to the Weal of the Publick; and consequently the Burden of that Project made the greatest Part of the Discourse of every Company that came to take a Taste of the Contents. The Drawer had brought in a Bottle and Glasses; but, without tasting it, the disaffected Party claimed my Promise, and, accordingly, I bid the Drawer call his Master. Upon his Entrance, *Towers*, said I, *your Reputation is of very great Value to yourself; but, what is of much more Consideration to me, mine is at Stake upon your Account. How so? dear Sir,* says my Landlord. *Why I have engaged in your Behalf, that you will let this Company have a Glas of as good neat Port as ever was sold in the Days of Brooks and Hillier.* Sir, replies *Towers*, *your Rep nor mine shall run no Risque on that Account, if Age and Flavor can secure it: When, snatch-*
ing

ing the Bottle off the Table, he ran down, and return'd in a Minute with another ; which, on tasting, had the Approbation of every-body ; even the grand Sceptick could not quarrel at it : He mouth'd it indeed over and over, and, to assert the Nicety of his Talent, took in and spitted out till the Glass was empty ; and yet, after all, could prevail upon himself to conclude with no more than a bare *It may do*. This Indifference of his made the Company very merry, especially when it came to my Turn to give my Judgment, which, with all the Integrity imaginable, was, that *the Wine was excellent, and my Thanks were due to my Landlord for saving his and my own Reputation*. Sir, says my Landlord, making his Leg, *I am glad I have pleased you and the Gentlemen*, and so left us to discuss the Point to what Depth we pleas'd. In short, we were no way sparing of the good Creature, and I was so agreeably pleas'd to find my Huper Critick converted from his Pharisaical Dissent, that, by his Example, I took my Glasses very freely, till I thought it was high Time to take Coach and go to Bed.

After I was got home, and had answer'd to myself the proper Queries that a wise Man will always think himself under an Obligation to make before he goes to sleep, I divested myself of the fashionable Veils of human Nature, and committing myself to a Protector

that never wants it, I sought that Repose, without which, frail Nature can never support itself. My Eyes were hardly clos'd, for to myself I seem'd still between sleep and wake, when a grizly, thin-gutted Spectre presented itself at the Feet of my Bed: My Curtains were all ready drawn (for sleeping I love to have a little Air) when, Sir, says the tiny Thing, *you have us'd me very freely to Night. Who are you, Sir, quo I, for I don't know you. Not know me, reply'd the Shade of a Man? not know Peter Ricket? I am heartily sorry for the Shortness of your Memory. I am no Vintner now it's true; for Times are finely alter'd, and I am grown a great Merchant. But—*He was going on, when I interrupted him with a *Bless me, what are you be that kept a Tavern near Jackanapes Alley? The very same Man, Sir, replies the Spectre, and therefore undeserving the satyrical Throws you cast, this Night, upon me and the Fraternity. Innocence is always bold, and therefore I rejoin'd, I profess, Mr. Peter, you do me Wrong, for I don't know that your Name was so much as mention'd by me, or any other of the Company. Ay, ay, Sir, but that won't do. See, I have brought a Subpœna along with me, and refuse, if you dare, to follow me, in order to answer my Complaint before the Court that is now sitting. It was a hard Case, methought, that I, who heretofore had been only concern'd as an Auditor, should now be compell'd to appear as a Criminal:*

How-

However, I put the best Face I could on the Matter, and went along with him. In our way we could not avoid passing his Door, when he wheedled me in, under the Pretence of seeking some Papers that would be necessary on the Hearing. I, still conscious of my own Integrity, was, without any great Difficulty, prevail'd upon; and, no sooner were we enter'd, but I saw the Cloth spread, and a Joint of Mutton upon the Table, and the Remains of a Bottle of Wine in the Cistern. For my Part, I had no great Appetite, either to eating or drinking; but, methought, *Peter* eat and commended, and still commended and eat, as if he meant to inspire an Appetite, in order to get rid of all that was upon the Table. So soon as his little Humanity was unreasonably satisfy'd, up he starts, with a *Come, Sir, now, if you please, we'll go forward.*

For my Part, I could not imagine what could be the Meaning of all this; however, I jogg'd on with him till we arriv'd before the very Bench I had so often before attended, tho' on a quite different Account. My Friend the Clerk, was at first a little surpriz'd at my Appearance, for he could perceive an out-of-the-way Concern in my Countenance. However, he let us come up to the very Bar without seeming to take any Notice of me. My Companion had no sooner got thither, but, *My Lords, quo he, I have brought the greatest*

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Criminal before you that ever appear'd in this Court. Take care you be regular, said Minos, with a Countenance much upon the stern, this is the Day for the Tryal of Vintners. Is he a Vintner? My Lord, reply'd the Shadow of a Man, I was a Vintner, tho' now of an upper Calling. I am a great Merchant, and knowing this to be the Day for the Tryal of Vintners, I have brought this Delinquent before you, as a manifest Defamer of the Fraternity. My Friend the Clerk, who knew the Proceedings and Humour of the Court better than I, laught, methought, at the Impertinence of the Fellow, prodigiously. But Rhadamanthus took him up more roundly, and said, Why you are no Vintner, and he is no Vintner; how can you bring this Cause before the Court at this Time? Dismiss it, dismiss it, and let the Party go about his proper Business. Peter, seeing the Matter like to go so cursedly wrong, bawl'd out as loud as he could, But I hope your Lordships will order him to pay me my Bill, since he has eat and drank with me——

He had hardly said the last Word, when a Fellow, with somewhat of a more human Look, clapt him fast by the Collar, and cry'd out aloud, *My Lords, I am glad I have found this Rascal here; I have waited for him some Hours with Impatience: This was the Wretch, an't please ycur Worships, that sent me hither before my Time: I was his head Drawer, and, pretending a singular hugeous Kindness for me,*
and

and that he himself was grown above the World, nothing would serve him but I must take the Business off his Hands, he quitting it on a fair Appraisement. Seduc'd by his palavering Tongue, I agreed, and the Goods were all inventory'd and apprais'd: But, my Lords, I never receiv'd, while I was in the House, so much Money as he oblig'd me to pay for Good-will. The Consequence of which was a Statute; when I found, to my Sorrow, the same individual Goods, on Sale, fell short of the Appraisement more than Eighty per Cent. He pretends, in order to dupe this honourable Court, that he is a Merchant, and no Vintner; but I dare appeal to the honest Part of Mankind, whether they ever heard of a Merchant that made out Bills for eating and drinking: This honest Gentleman, whom he has brought before your Honours, shall be my Witness; pray bear him. Upon this I was forc'd to tell the whole Story, and how I was brought thither. All which, together with what his Accuser had before alledg'd, so incens'd the Judges, that one of the Officers, having given a Hint what a profound Jockey *Peter* had been, methought his Horse was order'd in, when two of the Janizaries setting him with his Face where his Back should be, put the End of the Horse's Tail in his Mouth for a Bridle, and in that Manner drove him before 'em. Where they carry'd him I could not get out of Court to see, but I could hear him loudly

exclaim all the way, that *they would baulk his bunting next Saturday with the Royal Family.*

They had hardly left the Hall, when my Friend, the Clerk in Court, made a Sign to me to come and take my old Station; where I was but just settled, before a Parcel of Mortals advanc'd up the middle of the Hall, to the Number of fifty at least, every one leading in a String a Criminal at his Heels. The Conductors were not more differing in the Colours of their Cloaths, than in that of their Countenances; some were pale and meagre; others jolly and rosy; some like Laths or Skeletons, others, as to their Corporalities, seemingly well liking, but every Joint of their Knuckles so strutted with Chalk-stones, that their Hands seem'd to resemble the Highlands of *Scotland*, where mountaneous Protuberances compose the whole Landskip. As for the Captives, baiting a little Dejectedness suitable to the melancholly Occasion, they generally carry'd the Aspect of Persons that had eat much and drank little. Seeming to have heard of the Apothegme of a Physician of my Acquaintance, who, being ask'd, *If he ever took Physick?* made answer, *It was his Business to prescribe.* He that led up the first String (and who, I found, had been substituted Speaker for all) so soon as he approach'd the Bar, made a profound Obeisance to the Bench, and then deliver'd himself in the following Manner;

My

My Lords, I am appointed by my Brother Sufferers here before your Lordships, to lay open their Grievances, and maintain the Justice of their Complaints against the Parties now in Court. They call themselves Vintners; but for no other Reason, my Lords, but because they are free of the Company; for, strictly speaking, they are rather of the Race of the Brewers, with this Difference only, the Brewers put nothing unwholesome into their Liquors, and these do: For my Part, my Lords, using a Tavern near my Office at Westminster, I cannot say, with great Thanks to my Constitution however, that I ever sustain'd any intrinsick Damage in my Corporality, tho' I have taken my three Bottles of a Night. True it is, for what is visible cannot be denied, some radiant Efflorescencies distinguish'd my Face, yet I scorn to complain, having sometimes reap'd the Benefit of writing without a Candle, and frequently of retiring home without the Aid of a Link: But these my Fellow Complainants, my Lords, were not so happy: You see 'em all Decrepits, one way or other, with the Heads of the Taverns they us'd, at the Heels of 'em: Let 'em every one, if your Lordships, in your great Sagacity, will indulge 'em so far, lay open their particular Grievances: And so, lest you should think my Name had infected my Nature, I conclude with a Dixi.

The Judges, tho' they lay'd their Heads together, could not well tell what to make of this formal set Speech; for which Reason,

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waiting some little Time to see if any would open further ; at last a skinny Creature, with a squeaking Voice (which yet it was easily observable, he exerted with Pain) cry'd out, *My Lords, I have my Tavern-man, or Vintner, at my Heels ; I was always abstemious, never venturing, in regard to my Wife and Children, upon more than two Bottles a Night : But whether it was, that he was a Devonshire-man, or that he liv'd next Door to a Distiller, I cannot say, but your Lordships see, in a very few Years, how mortally I am emaciated. Can your Lordships think the Wine could be good ? Put it to him, my Lords, I always took him to be an honest Man in his Way, and, I dare say, he will tell the Truth, and shame the Devil, as the Saying is.*

Well then, Friend, says Minos, since it is so put, what have you to say for yourself ? I shall only say, reply'd the Cull, that if all Vintners are to be condemn'd for mixing, you need not give yourselves the Trouble of bringing those here, or any to come hereafter, upon their Tryal. The Question will then only be quo ad Hoc : Whether the Mixture be good or no. Is not Punch a Mixture ? and yet was it ever stigmatiz'd till the Gin Act ? Cool Tankards are all Mixtures ; and yet I dare appeal to the Quality Fair, whether they were ever disagreeable till Gin came into play ; of which their Husbands grew so jealous, that they us'd their whole Interest to quash it ; and now, I suppose, Cool Tankards will come again in Fashion.
But,

INSIDE-OUT. II

But, My Lords, they complain, and very unjustly. You hear one before you has confess'd, that three Bottles never hurt his inward Man— Another acknowledges, that he took but two, and they emaciated him. Are we, my Lords, or they, to be Judges of their own Constitutions? Go to the Fountain Head, Spain, France, or Portugal, where Wines are genuine and undulterated; the Man that drinks too freely will find a Poison in 'em.

Sir, said Minos, rising up in a Heat, no more of your Flourishes; answer this plain Question, did you never infuse, in order to make 'em fine, any thing that was hurtful into your Wines? The Fellow hung down his Head upon the Question; upon which they, one and all, submitted themselves to the Mercy of the Court.

A young Fellow, hereupon, started up, and bowing to the Judges, desir'd to be heard, having somewhat of Moment to offer. The Court, always ready to hear, indulg'd him; when he open'd in the following Manner;

My Lords, while an Iterant upon the Earth, I will be bold to say, no Man living was more capable than myself to dwell upon this Subject. Not barely my own Perspicuity, but I labour'd under the Perspicuity of others, and no little Men neither. A Point of this Nature was then started; and the Evil now before you, then complain'd of. All Heads were at work, and a Remedy was found, but the Perverseness of that
Gene-

Generation rejected it. I assure myself of more Perspicuity here, and therefore freely and frankly divulge a Nostrum that will obviate all those Inconveniencies now complain'd of. It is an EXCISE, my Lords: Make your Janizaries your EXCISEMEN, and follow the Model I will set you, and I'll engage pure neat Wines shall run through all your Conduits.

I do not remember that ever I saw so general a Consternation as that very Word created. The Judges all rose up with Indignation glowing in their Faces; but the Janizaries had not Patience to wait the Word of Command, but inordinately seiz'd on the Speech-maker, and were going to hurry him away to some Place of proper Execution: But *Minos* order'd the Cryer to call Silence, which he did twice or thrice over before he could obtain it. The Offender being then remanded back, *Minos* directed himself in this Manner to the offended Janizaries; *You do ill to shew so much Resentment on so slight an Occasion; the Offender is not worth your Notice; I take him to have been, while on Earth, a meer Vapour, or Ignis Fatuus; therefore, it is my Decree and Sentence, that his Punishment shall be to remain a meer Jack-a-lantern in these lower Regions, till his great Perspicuity Patron come to associate with the first vile Projector of that slavish Scheme, who lies below bound in Chains ready to receive his final Doom, which they may then receive all together.* At the pronouncing those Words, methought,

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methought, the Orator lost, on a sudden, his Shape of Mortality, and skipt over the Heads of all the People, from Side to Side, over and over. The Janizaries were so pleas'd with the Sentence and its Accomplishment, that they express'd their Gratitude in loud Acclamations, which wak'd me.



VISION



VISION II.

Of FIDLERS, alias MUSICIANS, from the Sentiments which our Laws always inculcated; shewing the Meanness of the Profession, and justified by Instances.

PLATO, one of the first of Philosophers (in Rank I mean) when he was framing his Commonwealth, refused to allow the poor Fidlers any Place in it. On the contrary, *Pindar*, the first of Poets, thought that the Want of an Ear for harmonious Numbers ought to be look'd upon as a sufficient Disqualification for any Command over others. To reconcile these two Opinions, were, in my Sentiment, a Task impracticable; and yet, I am apt to think, in their Way, they both meant well, and neither of 'em were mistaken. The Laws of our Land, its true, seem to side with the Philosopher: And tho' they don't banish the Fidler out of the Country, they put him among very ill Company, the Vagrants, the Unprofitables, or rather Nuisances of the Nation;

Nation ; and, to say the Truth, I know nothing they are essentially necessary for, unless it be to encourage Effeminacy ; and whether there is any Deficiency in the Nation that way, I dare appeal to any Person of Sobriety, because I fancy even the other Side will give it up.

But now let us see what is to be said for the Poet. If I remember right, he introduces his Assertion with a fine Appeal to *Jupiter*. I think to this Sense,

——— *Just was thy Sentence Jove!*
Hateful to all, the Impious I amerce
With tasteless Palates for harmonious Verse.

A grand Encomium upon the Science, if I may so call it, which he was Master of ; and yet I have heard a Fidler talk every whit as boldly at a publick Concert. However, as I hinted above, no Man in his Wits would go about to make a Comparison between one and the other, since Difference of Ears and Tastes must be at last called in to decide the Quarrel. As to Fiddling, or Musick, if you please, I have known a Man of fine Learning, and thorough Wit, declare he never could distinguish any Tune but *Lilliburlero* ; and, to keep a very Great Man in Countenance, who has more than once publickly declared his Hate to Verse, I must confess, I knew another very honest Man, and a
 good

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good Scholar into the Bargain, that could hardly bear the best Piece of Poety to be read in his Hearing. Nor was it in this last any want of Understanding or Skill; for all that were happy in his Acquaintance, own'd him to be the best Critick, and of as sound a Judgment, as any of his Cotemporaries. The Singularity of the Thing once made me examine into the Reason of it, when I found that a younger Brother of his, who had an excellent Talent that way, had been drawn into such Company by it, that it impair'd his Health, and shorten'd his Days; which Accident gave my Friend such an Aversion to it ever after. But, as I told him, in that Conversation, *that was as if a Man should hate all Water because he had lost a Friend in swimming*; but he would neither allow of the Parallel, nor admit of any Reconciliation.

Certain it is, that both one and the other are attended with Inconveniencies; but as certain is it, the Fidling Science much more than the Poetick; for if we add to the latter the Advantage of inculcating of Virtue in an insinuating and agreeable Manner; the distinguishing of Merit, and finely recommending such Examples to Practice, together with the Preservation of the Memories of great and good Men to Immortality, a Man, as I before said, must be out of his Wits that would pretend to make a Comparison.

rison. There is but one sort of Musick which can reasonably pretend to any Competition, and that is what is least practis'd, and what our siddling Sciolists will be the last to contend for. It will easily be imagin'd I mean divine Musick. There, indeed, the Soul has so full Employ, that I have often thought it an anticipating Heaven itself. I would defy even a *Quaker*, if he brought his Soul along with him, to be unaffected; but, I confess, I should not care, if he said he had left it at home, to permit him to go and fetch it, satisfied as I am that his Obstinacy would get the better of his Piety, and the carnal Impulse of Affectation would enervate every other Impulse, tho' Angels themselves were at the Organ.

I was got into this Evening. Refvery, when I found my Thoughts, all on a sudden, interrupted by the syringing of my Ears with Sounds as different from those I last spoke of, as the Hooting of an Owl is from the Notes of a Nightingale. I sent to know the Performer, which was soon brought me. I knew the Man, and that he had such an Opinion of his Skill, that all Efforts for a Cessation would be vain. His Name had a *Good* Beginning, but a very mean Ending; but his Hand, as it answered the last, so scurvily answer'd the first, that he set all the Pigs in a neighbouring Yard a scolding, and found me Companions in murmuring, tho' not so bad

18 *The WORLD turn'd*

bad as his Musick. However, fretting at his inharmonious Melody, I at last vexed myself to sleep, which gave me full Reason to assent to the Poet, *that Men generally dream of the Things last in their Thoughts.*

For, methought, I was got into a large shady close Walk, ruminating on my last Mortification, when I heard behind me a Noise of Laughing, Gigling, and Singing, only now and then interrupted with a sour Voice that threatned hard if they would not fall into more Order. I turn'd me about, when, who should I espy but a couple of the infernal Janizaries leading in a String, but coupled, forty or fifty Gentry, most of 'em with Tupees, and many of them finely dish'd out with Embroidery, Women's Shoes, and Women's Faces. I ask'd them, *Where they were carrying that Cargo?* Ob, Master! says one, which I presently found to be the same that had attended the Clerk and I on another Occasion, *Come along and take your old Station; we are going afore the Judges, and these poor Creatures sing away as if they thought nothing of the Matter.* I had not the Curiosity to ask one further Question, but away I trudged before 'em; and, indeed, as he said so I found it, Thought was the Thing they were least troubled with; for at every Turn, notwithstanding the Advance of the Whip, one or other of 'em was melodizing it in *Are-sharp*, when, as *Bays* says, *Faut flat* had been more apropos.

apropos. At last we came to the fatal Mansion, and, as I was foremost, I got, without crouding, next the Clerk in Court.

What have you brought here? said Minos, so soon as the first was got up to the Bar. *A Parcel of Fiddlers,* says the Janizary. *You lie, like a Dog,* says one of the String-men, *we are all Musicians, that is, Masters of Musick.* The Janizary, according to fundamental Constitution, gave him a little of the Discipline of the Whip, and taught him, and all the rest, to consider better where they were. It made him sing, indeed, but in a more proper Note than he had sang before. When the Anguish was a little abated, *Well,* says Minos, *and how have you behav'd in the Place from whence you last came? and what is your Name?* *Very well,* reply'd the Cull. — *But what is your Name I ask?* says Minos. *Very well indeed, Sir,* continued he. *I ask your Name?* says Minos again, *and if you do not give it up directly, I shall send you away as a contumacious Person* — At which Saying, he turn'd pale as a Clout, and trembled like an Aspin, squeaking out, his Name was *Jonadab Cat-gut.* The Judge call'd for the Alphabetical Register, and order'd the Clerk to turn to the Letter, and then read aloud. *Jonadab Cat-gut,* says he, *a marry'd Man, liv'd a Life of great Incontinence and Debauchery* — Then read the particular Items, which were too many for me
to

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to carry in my Memory ; but, in short, he was order'd into Custody till the rest of the Trials were over. After him another was call'd, who gave in his Name, and the Register was consulted ; and so on to another, and another, till a Matter of a Dozen were pass'd without any considerable Variation in Crimes , and therefore were all order'd into Custody ; but the Thirteenth thought to be very sly, and desir'd he might be heard what he had to say for himself, before he gave in his Name. The Judges consulted a little among themselves, whether it was proper ; and at last (tho' the Request carry'd somewhat of Singularity along with it) they agreed to indulge him in it ; and so Minos bad him speak what he had to offer. *My Lord, said he, it is very true, I was, while on Earth, what they call a Master of Musick, and got a great deal of Money by it : Not so much, perhaps, from any Merit in Performance, as from my great Acquaintance, under the Assistance of a firm Forehead and Opportunity. I purchas'd House and Land ; but it is wofully known, I was soon forc'd to part with them. I was elected Organist in the Mother-Church of the Metropolis ; but, to their Shame be it spoken, the Inhabitants soon grew weary of me, and turn'd me out : And therefore I humbly conceive I suffer'd too much in the other World, to be call'd in Question in a World I had no Notion of. At these last Words*
Minos

Minos knit his Brows, and bad him cease his Brabbles, if he had nothing more material to offer. *Take his Name*, said he, *and consult the Register.* Dear my Lord, continued the pusillanimous Wretch half a crying, *hear me with Patience, and I will go on and confess all. I acknowledge that, having heard three or four of my Acquaintance (and I took 'em to be Men of Sense) declare over and over, that they neither believ'd a Heaven or Hell — was I to blame to give 'em Credit? They were my Intimates; and, for my part, I was neither able, nor willing, to contradict 'em. Alas! I was never bred to any thing but plain writing, and reading, and fiddling; how could I contest what greater Wits than I had represented it my Interest to desire? Annihilation, I think they call'd it, could be no disagreeable Doctrine to a Man never much given to Thought. I am apt to think, therefore, if I miss'd of favourable Judges, my whole Scene of Life would pass for a State of Annihilation; and then it would have been only changing Scenes, not Circumstances. Weakness, my Lord, must be suppos'd to be involuntary, whether in Mind or Body; and I hope then, by equitable Judges, I shall not be charg'd with what I could no ways help. False Delusions,* said Minos, *misled you on Earth; but they will do you no Service here. You own yourself an Organist in the first Church of the Metropolis; that implies you could not want Means of better Information. How did you employ your Time there?*

O,

O, my good Lord, reply'd the poor Cull, *my* *Lost* was always crowded with fine Gentlemen of my Acquaintance; and while the Priest talk'd to the People, we talk'd to one another. Take him away, said Minos, where he may feel what he did not believe, and lament too late the Loss of Opportunities of being taught to believe better: for all that wait for Information, till they come before us, will find themselves miserably mistaken.

This Sentence intimidated the whole Fraternity, insomuch that most of 'em fell down on their Knees, and implor'd not to be brought on their Trials. Nevertheless, there was one that had a Pair of Pearl-colour'd Silk Stockings, with sumptuous Clocks, that seem'd superciliously careful how he let his Knees touch the Ground. Minos had his Eye on him; and immediately order'd a Janizary (who had been a Surgeon before he came to be a Janizary) to go and cure him of the white Swelling in his Knees. At his Approach, the young Fellow cut a Somerset, as if he had been stung with a Gad-Bee; and shaking his Legs, squeak'd out, No, my Lord, no White Swelling — I am as sound as a Rock, tossing his Legs about as if going to dance a Jig — I was only afraid — Not of what you ought most to fear, said Rhadamanthus, interrupting him. Do you carry your Pride along with you? However fashionable, you will find it of very little Avail in the Place you are going to. My Lord, I confess, reply'd the

the Stripling, *I do not know where I am going to ; but hearing my Lord Fanny was come before, I was loth to appear in a Dishabilie before him : That's all* — His Pertness surpriz'd the whole Court, as much as his Ignorance ; yet whatever Pity or Contempt they might have for either, *Minos* order'd one of the Janizaries to carry him where he might have a Glympse of his new Quarters, and then to bring him directly back into Court. All was done, methought, in a Trice : But the pert Gentleman, on his Return, seem'd to have lost all Sense of every thing but the Place he last came from, which he much condol'd, with many a *who would ha' thought it ?*

The Officers were all this while busied in taking out of the Register a List of their several Delinquencies ; and, on reading over the Catalogue, I could not but take notice of the different Change of Countenances they were receiv'd with : For, tho' Jollity seem'd to be entirely banish'd, there appear'd in some, more than in others, a Concern suitable to the Occasion. One cry'd, *he was sure he should never be able to bear the Heat, being of a Constitution so very hot that, while on Earth, he was always oblig'd to go open-breasted in Winter.* Ob, says a Janizary that overheard him, *I am apt to think you will find the Flames you are going to, Coolers, as well as Heaters.* I am glad to hear that, says another,

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ther, for then I shall touch my Fiddle the better; and if I once begin to lay on, I am in no Fear of reviving the Story of Orpheus. Another lamented his having left his Rozin behind. Never trouble yourself for that, says a Janizary next him; for tho' you want Rozin, you'll have your Belly full of Brimstone. If it be Stone Brimstone, says another, it may do; for I have sometimes made use of it, and found it answer, upon Occasion.

But while these Impenitrables, or rather Inconsiderates, were making merry with their Miseries, there was many of the rest that seem'd wholly dejected under another Notion of Things. One would have thrown his whole Miscarriage upon the Inadvertency of his Parents, who had taken more care to make a Fidler of him than a Christian. Doubtless, cry'd another Janizary, it was a great Fault; but when they had taken care of the one, why did not you, when adult, take care of the other; all Creatures leave their Young when able to provide for themselves; and Man is so opinionated of his own Capacity, that he contems Instruction as soon as ever he arrives at Years most capable to make use of it: Your Complaint of your Parents, therefore, will do you no Good now: They must account for that at a proper Season: You are here to answer for your own Demerits; therefore never go about to load them with what will never ease you. For my Part, says another that was near enough to hear what pass'd, I have nothing to
lay

lay to the Charge of my Parents on that Score. If any thing, they gave me too good Education; for, when I found I had more Learning than they, Pride got the better of Reason, and I began to despise those that Nature would have taught me to honour: Thus, what they intended me as a Benefit, by my own headstrong Humour contributed to my Ruin; and that Fiddle that was wont to be my Solace, is like to give me Torment and Perplexity to Eternity.

Another was going to say somewhat, when the Cryer call'd out to answer to their Names, and hear their several Sentences. Under the vast Consternation the Thoughts of it threw me, it is not to be imagin'd that I should retain either Names or particular Sentences; but this I can affirm, the Doom was far from being agreeable to any. Nevertheless, as the Janizaries were going to execute their Office, there was not a Man but acknowledg'd the Justice, yet with such horrible Agonies, that I could not but sympathize with them to a Degree that forc'd Nature to throw off the Shackles of Sleep; at which Time I found my own Body had borne a Part in their Sufferings, with Tremblings that shook the very Bed I lay upon.



VISION III.

Of BROKERS. The Character of an Exchange-Broker exemplified in the Characters of Particulars, D. C. Stroud, and Levi. The Folly of their Countenance at Court by Credit and Marriage.

Y'Are a Villain, says the Jew; Y'are a Jew, says the Broker: And thus they were entertaining a whole Coffee-Room full of People for an Hour together; who, without Hesitation, readily assented, that the Terms were both proper and synonymous. Without any Aid of Art, they made use of Nature; and the Dialogue, however laconick, was intelligible to the whole Company, as well as themselves: Nor could I perceive any Party for either. The whole Audience, by a happy Unanimity, agreed 'em to be so much in the Right, that they would side with neither. At last an unlucky Boute-feu, finding 'em begin to cool, steps up to the Jew, Mr. Aaron, says he, *I wonder you that have the Honour to be intimate with so many*

many Garters, blue and red, besides Dukes, Lords, and Parliament Men without Number, can bear to be publickly insulted by a pitiful Broker, whose Word, till the Year 1720, would not have pass'd for Half a Crown? It is intolerable — The Train took, and the Battle was renew'd with more Violence than ever. Matters had certainly issu'd in Cane Work (for so were they arm'd) had not the Son of the Broker luckily come in, and, in a dutiful Vindication of his Parent, plainly told the Jew, that *he had marry'd into a noble Family, and, if he did not be gone about his Business immediately, he would order his Attorney to take out a Writ of Scandalum Magnatum against him.* This was a *Lingua* more obscure to the Jew than *Hebrew*; therefore, knowing the Fact to be shamefully, tho' literally, true, he thought it his most prudent Course to submit to the Times, and leave the Field of Battle to the Enemy. Thus trivial Things, we see, may produce Trophies; and the young Hero strutted about the Room as if he had out-done *Sampson*.

This petite Occurrence fill'd my Head with such a Medley of Thoughts all the Way home, that, as soon as I had plac'd myself in my Elbow Chair, I was glad to discharge myself of the Incumbrance as fast as I could. In the first Place, I found myself not at all inclinable to be so unmannerly as to disagree with the whole Company in the Justness of

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the reciprocal Appellations of the Competitors; yet I must declare on my Countryman's side, that Passion made him lose a visible Advantage, his Adversary being Broker as well as *Jew*. But, perhaps, that Omission was owing to an uncommon Overflow of his Modesty, which, tho' a Heresy in Practice, might on a sudden emit its Flames like *Strumbolo*, and be occasionally ministerial. Or, perhaps, he might have too good an Opinion of the Title, to think it honourable to divide it with the Uncircumcis'd, tho' the Generality of Mankind agree, that that is a Ceremony merely outward, common Practice declaring, that in the Heart one is as much circumcis'd as the other. Under this Fluctuation of Fancy, I took my Pen, and resolv'd to draw a faint Sketch of a Broker's Character, which will, perhaps, shew him, if no *Jew*, to be at least a faithful *Samaritan*, and ready to claim Kindred, whenever Occasion calls. A Broker, then, is a Sort of a Male Bawd, ready to bring Parties together, and resolute to make Advantage on both Sides; with this Difference, however, that, as the Bawd makes her Advantage of other People's Iniquities, the Broker keeps the iniquitous Part entirely to himself. It is a vulgar Saying of common Sharpers, *That if you don't keep your Mouth shut, they'll pick your Teeth out of your Head*; but the more dextrous Broker, keep your Mouth
never

Never so close, will sooner discharge it of those Instruments of Life, than any, or all, the Toothdrawers in *England*. As the wandering Mumpers and Highwaymen have a peculiar Cant among themselves, and which nobody besides understand (a Privilege the doughty Society of Free-Masons have to their Honour much invaded) so the Broker has his Bear Skins, and like Slips of Jargon, to conceal Cheats and Frauds; which, though they deserv'd the Gallows, never yet, as ever I could hear, have preferr'd any of their Criminals to disgrace it. Integrity and Honesty are Words wholly excluded their Vocabulary; as Modesty, Truth, and Humanity are excluded their Practice. Drawn in by Ambition or Avarice, or both, the Wretch, as sure as enter'd his Client, becomes his Prize; and the sudden Fall or Rise of Stocks (for *Janus* like he carries a double Forehead to make his Advantage and Use of both) are as sure to secure the poor Cull from a second Fall. This remain'd a Mystery of Iniquity, confin'd to the cheating and knavish Part of the Citizens, till Nobility gave it a higher Sanction, and paid the Price of a shameful Curiosity, in the Loss of their Estates, and enforc'd some of them to seek ignoble Governments abroad, in order to redeem their Lands at home. An unhappy Necessity! But Omnipotence is equitable in all its Dispensations.

The Ejaculation had just dropp'd my Pen, when falling into a Slumber, or Doze, or what proper Name to give it I do not know, but methought the nastiest Figure that ever my Eyes beheld stood just before me: No Spectre could appear more terrible; and yet I know not how it was, but there was somewhat so familiariz'd the Apparition to me, that I was not at all aghast; but, as he cast his goggle Eyes upon me, I unconcernedly encounter'd them with my own. After a little Staring one upon another, *Don't you know me?* says he; *I am your old Servant Decassierez the Broker. What do you come here for?* said I; *I have no Business for you. But I have with you,* answer'd he. *I understand you are writing the Lives of us Brokers, and I was resolv'd to put you in mind of me. I should be loth to be left out among such a Scene of Worthies. I am sure the Vicissitudes of my Fortune will be as entertaining as the best of them. However, lest any of them should, in such a long Series of Time, have slipt your Memory, I am come on purpose to be your Prompter. Little Rogueries would be cumbersome, and afford a Field too spacious for Leisure. Besides, where great ones are not wanting, and want no Foils to set them off, the little ones are not worth your Notice. However, let mine, I beseech you, be the first; and, if you do it well, I promise you I will help you to a Dozen more, dead and living, that will bountifully recompence your Labour,*

Labour. You must not forget to let the World know how often I rid in my Chariot, and made a most surprizing Figure, both at Court and City. It is very true, I very seldom kept it up more than a Month; but then it is as true, I was rarely longer before I took it up again: For, as soon as ever new Prizes furnish'd me with new Means, the same Scene of Glory was renew'd, and I lorded it as long as my Money lasted, and then to work again. Don't forget the Story of the Virgin Plate, nor the Bales of Silk; because I look upon them as two signal Instances of my Ingenuity. But, above all, remember the Adventure of my Dutcheß. If you can do that cleanly, and dress it up for the Eyes and Ears of the Fair Sex, I am certain I shall not go without the Satisfaction of their Applause. The Scene was quite delicious in itself; but then, to dupe the Duper, to a Man of my Constitution, was extravagantly agreeable. Her Person, nor the Sum repriz'd, tho' considerable, afforded nothing like it. My Brethren of the Circumcision envy'd me, and the whole Exchange resounded with the Adventure. Those that did not know me, would hardly afford it Credit; for they sillily argued, that no Mortal alive could be endu'd with Impudence enough to make such an Attempt: But those were most in the right, who wonder'd how such an old Stager could be over-reach'd in her own Vocation. I must confess, I myself have often since, in Contemplation, applauded the Dexterity of the Thing;

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and have been thinking of sending to Rysbrach to cut out my Statue in Marble, with an Inscription at Bottom, expatiating on every Part of my Prowess. If I should pursue the Project, what do you say? will you furnish me? Tho', on second Thoughts (notwithstanding Modesty was not wont to be much in my Company) I fancy I could hatch a short one for my Turn, and it should only run thus; Decasserez, the Pattern and Prince of all earthly Brokers. What say you? will it do? Do? ay, said I, undoubtedly. Then, prithee, begin the Work, says he: Begin it out of hand: I am all Impatience till I see it. Write it with Spirit and Flame; not like your little Twelvepenny Biographers: They write as if they had swallow'd Opium in such Doses, that it work'd out of their Fingers Ends into their Quills. Nor need you lie as they do: For my Part I am stall'd with it. I lied so much in my Calling, that I care not how little I have in my Life. My Profession, as well as my Face, will bear me out, tho' you should set my Actions out in the most glaring Attitude. Come, take your Pen and begin. I hum'd and ha'd, and made a thousand Excuses to be spar'd; but he persisting in his Importunities, I found I had no other Way to get off, than by telling him, I had one in my Eye who would answer his Purpose much better, and I would get him a Recommendation to him from a modern Collector, very much in his good Graces. He is a Man so much of your own Complexion, Constitution;

stitution, and other fine Qualities, that I dare take upon me to say, you will be highly pleasing to one another. Besides, he is a Man that will do any thing for Money; and that is a Principle so much after your own Heart, that it must inevitably endear him. Neither will he stick at Truth, where its contrary will embellish; and that is still more endearing. But one Thing, however, I must prepare you for; If you go to make him a Visit on the Subject, I must tell you, that, tho' in the Place from whence I imagine you came, you may have seen very ill-favour'd Faces, you would certainly be frightened at his, if I had not forewarned you. He lives in Rose-Alley, at the Sign of the Twickenham Pindar. I know the Man; by the same Token his Head and his Face narrowly resemble that of a Rabbet just robb'd of its Skin. I'll away, write a Letter to him by the first Packet. He'll print it, it may be; therefore I'll press it so home, in all Circumstances, that it shall answer my Ends, whatever it may do his.

He had hardly left me two Minutes, when in rush'd a Possee of ill-look'd Fellows, that put me in bodily Fear, and made me clap both my Hands in my Pockets, by way of Precaution: But I soon discover'd them to be of the same Clan; for one cry'd out, louder than the rest, Pray, Sir, spare me; I was not covetous of Fame; I desire nothing but Quiet and Rest, and wish, with all my Heart, my

Actions could rest with me. *Troth*, cries another, I do not like this *Way* of trumping up a *Man's Actions* after he is dead; as if a *Man*, when his *Accounts* lie hard upon his *Hands*, had nothing else to do but to mind what is past. Ah! says a third, what is past is past, and who can help it? But the future is what confounds me. After this, such a Confusion of Demands and Desires rang thro' my Ears, that I could not distinguish any one Particular from the Whole. Nevertheless, finding the Generality ran upon an Act of Oblivion, I thought it my wisest Way to stifle their Clamours, and appease the Spirit of Sedition by a Speech of Pacification. *Livy* had furnish'd me plentifully with *Presidents*, and I followed his profound Example in the following concise Manner; *Gentlemen*, said I, you seem apprehensive of *Shadows*. Who has infused the idle Notion into your Heads, I know not; but I take upon me to assure you, I have no Design of troubling myself so far as to bring your old *Actions* into fresh Memory. My Leisure won't permit it, if my Inclination would. Besides, what Advantage, either in Profit or Honour, could I propose in recording those *Actions* which you seem ashamed of? Quiet your Spirits, therefore, and prepare yourselves for the Audit now coming on. From any Attempt of mine, your known Ignominy will secure you better than Threats or Persuasions. If any should escape the Punishment

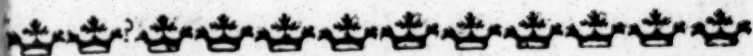
ment you apprehend from Justice, such an Escape might be a proper Topick for Panegyrick; but true Satire can never descend to lash the Unfortunate; of which Number I cannot but include all that are past reforming. Shame is no Part of their Portion, and therefore Satire would be thrown away upon them. Let me, therefore, again advise you to be easy as the Circumstance will admit. Retire to your Quarters till call'd upon, and be assur'd, if you have nothing to fear from Justice, I will be so just to myself and you, as to give you no real Occasion to fear any thing from me. They seem'd all pacify'd, and were quietly departing, when one steps back from the rest, and whispers me in the Ear; Sir, you seem to carry a good Tongue in your Head; if you will give me Leave to retain you to plead my Cause, I promise you I will be generous. I confess, it is no very clean one: There are some ruin'd Widows, and maiden Ladies, will appear against me, and I expect they will neither have Mercy nor Moderation. I intend to plead the Statute upon them; for, Sir, it was in the Year 1720, and they have never proceeded against me, either in Court of Law or Equity. What think you? Is not the Plea valid? You may, perhaps, question your Pay; but, though I brought no Money along with me, I have Credit, and can draw my Bill upon one or two that I left behind me, who keep their Country Houses, and live as
great

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great as the Lords that made them. I was upon giving an Answer, when in rushed two or three Janizaries, with their Whips in their Hands, and gave him such a smart Castigation for his Loitering, that he set up a Roar, methought, sufficient to have awak'd the Dead. It had that Effect upon me, however, and put me under a Confusion that I could not easily recover it for some time after I awaked.



V I S I O N



VISION. IV.

*Of MISERS and USERERS; not
confin'd to either Age or Habit. That a
thorough Miser may go fine, and eat
well.*

COMMON Vogue, with much the same Justice that it represents all Witches under the Shape of old Women, will have none but old Men to be Misers. That old Age is more prone to be avaritious and near than Youth, is most certain; nevertheless, that the Seeds of that Avarice were sown in Nature while young, I think is as little to be disputed. The better to settle the Point, therefore, I think it would be necessary to define what a Miser is. To call him barely a covetous Wretch, is to define by Halves; since, when we have said the most, it will, I am afraid, require more to comprehend his full Character. However, there can be no Harm in making an Effort, since, however short we come of the Original, we are certain of Painters enough among Mankind to finish the Picture. A Miser, then, in my humble
Opinion,

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Opinion, is a Man that has Wealth in Plenty ; but has not the Soul to make a right Use of it. Who, by locking up that Treasure which the Law assign'd for Publick Emolument, and Reason intended for universal Benefit, he so far defrauds his Country, and dishonours both that and human Nature. He has a profound Reverence for old Adages, especially such as hit of his own Humour ; but, above all, that *Charity begins at Home*, as a first Principle, is always at his Tongue's End, and ever nearest in Practice. Offer to borrow Money of him, he will abjure his Ability ; and rather trust omnipotent Mercy with his Soul, than any Part of Mankind with a single Sixpence. Yet is he not so fordid in Attire as common Vogue portrayes him. No ! tho' he allows himself none fit to appear at Court in, he takes care to wear none that shall exclude him the Company he proposes to get by. Gain is his sole Religion, and, to save his Soul, he would not be the Man that should forfeit a favourable Opportunity. He will not stick at Meannesses, if the Means to attain ; for he likes no one Action or Saying of *Vespasian's*, so well as that Jest he put upon his Son *Titus*, relating to the *Stercorian* Duties. In short, to creep into his Favour, is to help him to a good Bargain, provided you are Master of that Self-denial, as, by way of Merit, not to ask a Reward. He has laid it down as a self-evident Principle,
that

that every Man is born to do him Service, as well as Homage, tho' perhaps it would put him to a Nonplus to give an Instance that he ever serv'd any.

Whether this my Miser agrees with the common Notion, or has not somewhat of Singularity in his Character, I will not pretend to dispute; but if I would allow myself to expatiate, I could prove his Legitimacy in all, or every Part, excepting as before excepted, the Sordidness of his Habit. If it should be objected, that he loves to eat and drink well; the best Authority asserts, that *it is at other People's Cost*. And to one that urg'd his Generosity in giving his Footman a small Place, it was, in my Hearing, answer'd, that *he divided the Profits, and made the other Part go to pay Wages*. As to his keeping a Miss, rather than commit Matrimony, if her Keeping was no more chargable than his own, his Family need not apprehend any other Robbery more than the small Pittance he may probably allow her at his last Parting, if his Soul should put a Cheat upon his Body and stay a little behind. As to Charity, he is an excellent Theorist, and talks as much, and as learnedly, on the Subject as any Man; but as to the practick Part, the World may be allow'd to be ignorant, since unknown to himself. And this all that know him are well assured of, that if ever any thing like had amounted to Action, the
Cryer

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Cryer would never have wanted even Two-pence for a Publication, since his own Tongue would have kept the dear Half-pence in his Pocket.

I know not what other People may think of this, but the melancholly Meditation plung'd all my Faculties into such a perfect Absence that the little Sense I had left was beginning to quarrel with Providence, at its giving more than half a Plumb to a poor Soul that never had the Heart to use a Part of it. Arguing with myself, and a little fretful upon this Topick, I undress'd, and toss'd myself into Bed, where I over and over reruminated on the Matter, till Sleep, with her gentle Shackles, came to my Relief, and soon sent an Emisary of her own to resolve all my Doubts, and reproach the wise Imaginations of my waking Spirits. I was got, methought, into the oddest Scene that ever Eye beheld; every thing about me was too hideous for Nature to have a Hand in: Furze, Bryars and wild Hollies, cover'd the whole Area; and if an Yew or Cypress now and then appear'd, it was in such an irregular Manner as gave no Beauty, but rather advanc'd the Horror of the Landskip; every Cypress being without Shape, and not a Yew with Leaves on it. Instead of an Avenue, or any natural Walk, there was a Path so very narrow, that the Furze and Brambles often catch'd me by the Legs, and made me sensible of my Humanity.

How-

However, as there was no other, I made shift to brush thro', as well as I could, till I came to an Opening that presented a House to my View; but such a House it was as gave me no favourable Idea of my Change of Fortune. It was antient, the Windows all broke, and not a Door on Hinge to keep out either Thieves or Beasts of Prey. The Sight was ghastly, and the Appearance terrible; yet I resolv'd to go in, tho' my Courage, at one or two Essays, had well nigh fail'd me. At last, enter I did, where, in a large Hall, hung with Cobwebs, and unfurnish'd with either Stool or Chair, I was accosted by a grim Fellow, who demanded *my Business, and who I came to speak with?* The Questions might be very proper; but sure I am, they puzzled me properly to answer them. At last, assuming a little Courage from my Innocence, I frankly told him, *I was a Stranger, and had wander'd out of my Way, and neither knew where I was, nor any body there, but would thank him very kindly to resolve me.* My Story, I found, had mollify'd him, and altering the Tone of his Voice, and Air of his Visage, *Come along with me,* says he, *and, as a Stranger, I'll gratify your Curiosity. This is the House,* says he as we walk'd along, *of Pluto, the God of Riches: He let it out to some Misers and Userers, who have let it run out of Repair as you see: They thought to have brought all their Wealth along with them, and lay it up*

in this Place, and, according to the Wildness of their Fancy, had provided subterraneous Vaults to secure it; but, since they are not able to pay their Rent, by his Order I have secur'd their Persons, and I expect every Moment a Band of Janizaries to carry them to Tryal, this being the Time affix'd for that Purpose: But, if you have a Mind to see them before they go, as far as Time will admit, I'll shew you them. They are all in seperate Cells, and my Orders are so to keep them till their Tryals are over, for fear they should lay their Heads together, and study how to circumvent their Landlord; for, I can tell you, there are two or three Lawyers in their Number, and they are such a Sort of Vermin no Devil in Hell cares to have to do with.

Just as he had said this, we came to the Door of the first Cell, which, when he had open'd and enter'd, there appear'd such a Figure of a Mortal as my Eyes never before beheld. He was low of Stature, round Visag'd, and stoop'd in his Shoulders; yet even old Age had not depriv'd him of a Sanguinity in his Complexion. Nevertheless, his Eyes overflow'd with a perpetual Rheum, as if resolv'd, by the watering of his Cheeks, to preserve their Ruddiness. All the Cloaths he had on was scarce worth a Sice, and would hardly have been pick'd off a Dunghil by our common Rag-gatherers; and yet neither Voice nor Vivacity would have allow'd him to have exceeded Threescore. As soon as he

He saw us, *Well*, says he, and what am I going to my Tryal? As soon as you please, they'll prove no Usurious Contracts or Extortion upon me. It is well known in the Metropolis I came from, I was too distrustful to have trusted my own Father with five Pounds. All they can lay to my Charge is Thrift; A Sin neither Nobility or Gentry, in my Country, ever were guilty of. If they had, better it would be for the Nation; they might then pay their Debts without starving their Servants, or the poor honest Tradesman. Then fixing his Eyes upon me, And here, says he, they would have me pay Heaven knows what Rent for a House I don't care how soon I am rid of; when I never paid on Earth above Three-pence a Week for my Lodging, and lodg'd well too: 'Tis true, it was four Story high; What of that? It was ascending and descending, and that, from the Creation, has been the common Stage of Life. And how, I pray, do you think I should have got all the Wealth I was Master of, if I had not been saving in that and other Matters. It was not my Paper Merchandize could have done it: No, Frugality and Abstemiousness were the Advancers of my Fortune. A Mess of Porridge, and a Half-penny Roll, have subsisted me a whole Day and a Night; and these Cloaths which you see me now have on, have stuck by me, with a little of my own Application, for upwards of twenty Years. I never regarded Fashions any more than they regarded me; by this Means I grew Rich, and for this I am
 ev'd

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vy'd and malign'd. But could I have thought—
 He was going on, when my Guide whispering
 me, that if we spent so much Time in every Cell,
 we should never go thro' a Tithes of 'em, I obey'd
 the Hint and follow'd my Leader.

Crossing the Place, which was the Way
 my Guide thought fit to lead me, in a Cell
 opposite, appear'd a Person very old, very
 skinny, and very long Visag'd. If I had
 been to paint a Miser, I could not have
 pitch'd upon a Figure more representative
 than his. Had I met him in the open Street,
 the first Onset had so affix'd the Idea, that it
 would hardly have been in the Power of Oaths
 or Asseverations to weaken it. Just as we
 enter'd, *What, says he, are you come to carry*
me to a Hearing? What, I wonder, can any
alledge against me? Is it a Sin to improve my
Talent? I am sure I have the Gospel on my Side,
and sure it would be very hard to suffer for follow-
ing Precept, and obeying Command and Example.
Beside, I had a Family to provide for; and if I
scrap'd hard to cover the Back, I am sure they
will tell you, that I, at the same Time, pinch'd
the Belly, and made Mortification a sufficient
Guardian to Vertue. Perhaps I might now and
then make a Sally against Law, and improve Op-
portunities which threw themselves in my way, to
my own Advantage; or perhaps they may throw
in my Teeth, my constant Use of Procuration and
Continuation; but I dare appeal to the large Fra-
ternity, if it is fit that any thing of that Nature
 ought

ought to be Capital; we run a fair Risque in every Article; but a Blot is no Blot till hit; and if hit, the Law is open, and we must answer it: But when the Law is satisfy'd, sure, in common Reason, there ought to be an End of the Matter. This, if I ever knew any thing of Law or Practice, is an undeniable Theorem, that no Man ought to suffer twice for the same Fact. Beside, if a Sin, I had my Punishment in my Sin; for, after all my Carking and Carefulness to leave behind me Fortunes for my Daughters, what was the Result? they threw themselves away upon Titles, and, by that Means, inlisted themselves under fresh Pennances, till their new Mortifications exceeded their old, and sent them hither soon after their Dad. He would have gon on the Selengers round, if we would have heard him; for his Lungs seem'd to have the full Reverse of his Countenance; but my Guide telling him, *We came on no such Errand, and that he might, as yet, compose himself*, he shut to the Door, and led me across again to a Cell next to that we had first enter'd.

So soon as he had open'd the Door, I observ'd a ruddy Complexion'd, not very old, Man, with a Pair of Scales in one Hand, and, to my Imagination, a Heap of Crown Pieces lying aside him. I perceiv'd he was picking out the heavy, because he threw the other apart by themselves. *What's here?* said I; *a Rosicrucian? an Adept, at least?* Neither, said

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said my Leader ; *this is a young Miser ; for he began to scrape and board before he was out of his Shell : He loves to tell his own Story, and glories in his first Obscurity. Have a Moment's Patience : So soon as he has made an End of that little Heap, you will find he will begin to open.* According as he said, so it fell out. *I shall never get a Farthing by melting these,* says he, pointing to the lighter ; *but these will answer. Have you any to dispose of ? looking upon me ; I will give you a Penny apiece over for all that are full Weight.* I answer'd, *I had none ; but I believ'd that I knew a Friend of mine that had.* With a Smile, says he, *Send him to me ; I'll purchase 'em all, if he has never so many ; or, if he does not care to come so far, let him call at my Partners, a topping Goldsmith, near the Tower, and that will do as well.* If you knew my Beginning, you would wonder how I came by all this Cash, and all this Credit ; for I was but the Son of a Carter in the Country : But even in Youth I had Ambition, and therefore, forsaking my Parents, I trudg'd up to London, and had the good Luck to be entertain'd as Footman to the topplingest Refiner in the City ; he put me out to School to write and read, and having attain'd to a stiff, plain, but legible, Hand, as I had swept the Shop before, he enter'd me into it : At last I grew expert enough to manage the Scale, and be trusted with the Secrets of the melting Pots ; But all this had done nothing, if my Planets had not done more for me than I could do for

For myself. A rich old Citizen, that had long kept his Cash at my Masters, upon some little Disgust that he had taken, was resolv'd to be reveng'd; he sends for me to the Tavern one Evening, and there proposes to set me up in the same Business, under my Masters Nose: You may easily imagine the Temptation was too powerful to be resisted by mortal Man. What? to get into a Shop at one Leap? and to be Master, not only of myself, but others? I could hardly give Credit to any of my Senses: But, he was as good as his Word; and we soon let my old Master see his Error, by the Success of his Servant. In short, I manag'd Matters so well, that I speedily grew Master of Money enough to dispise my Benefactor, as I had before done my Master, and stood upon my own Bottom. After swallowing up a Dozen or two young Merchants and Tradesmen, by lending 'em Money (tho' I never did it without a good Understanding) I arriv'd to the Pitch of an almost Alderman; yet this I can say, if I dy'd before I was one, I made one; and I have heard it said, that, next to being a King, is the Power and Pleasure of making a King. He was so pleas'd with his Theam, that he would have held it on Hours longer, if my Leader had not beckon'd me away.

At our coming out, I could not avoid intimating my Amazement at the strange good Luck that some People had in the World more than others that better deserv'd it. Stop your Amaze, says my Guide, till I have carry'd

carry'd you to the next Cell: But, since you will not find him so open and communicative as the last, before we go in, I will give you a short Detail of his History: He came up to London like the last, in Leather Breeches and Wooden Shoes; had the same good Luck to fall into the Service of one that took a Fancy to him, and, from a Footman, advanced him to be head Cashire. The Master had trusted the Government largely, and that Government took no Care of their Engagements, insomuch that his own Notes were at 40 or 50 per Cent. Discount. In this Exigence he could think of no other Way to relieve himself, than by making use of what ready Money he had by him, to buy in his own Notes. He trusts this Creature of his own making, and delivers him a very large Sum to lay out. The Wretch bought in his Master's Notes, indeed, so far as to make Payment of the Money he had receiv'd, which he delivers to his Master, and put the rest of the ready Money into his own Pocket. The Master broke, and the Servant, a true Child of Mammon, takes his Shop, and sets up for himself. Where he throve, not only to be Alderman, but Lord Mayor; What say you? Will you see him? Not for the World, said I, till he comes upon Trial, and I almost long for it, to hear what such a Wretch can have to say for himself.

The Words were scarce out of my Mouth, when appeared a large Band of the Janizaries, crying, as they came along, *Come away, come away.* The Words were uttered with such

such a hollow Voice, and dismal Tone, that struck me to the very Heart, and made me shudder; then what Effect can we think it must have on those who were Parties concern'd. At the very first Sound, the Doors of the Cells had flown open of their own Accord, and they began to march in a Sort of Procession, two by two; first the *Misers*, and then the *Uferers*. I was for making haste before to save my Distance, but my Guide stop'd me, and cry'd, *Let 'em go, I'll shew you a shorter Way, and be in Court before 'em, let 'em make what haste they will.* Such a melancholy Cavalcade never was seen upon the Face of the Earth; they wanted nothing but mourning Cloaks to make a downright Funeral Mummery of it; with this Difference only, that their Countenances did not seem to betray any want of real Sorrow. So soon as they were all past by, my Guide was as good as his Word, and we got into Court before the first appear'd. There my old Friend receiv'd me at the Hands of my Guide, and I took my Station as usual.

I know not how they had manag'd Matters, but the *Uferer* last spoke of was got first. A Precedency from Superiority it could not be; for Death makes all equal. I apprehended it therefore to be a Contrivance of my Guide, that I might be an Ear Witness that he had told me nothing but Fact. Whatever it was, he came first up to the Bar, and with an Air

as if he had still been Chief Magistrate of a Metropolis. *Minos* ask'd him his Name, and he told it; which beginning with the Letter D, the Register was examin'd, and read, which agreed to a Tittle with what my Guide had told, only he had forgot one Part of his Charge, which was *his cheating the Publick in Exchequer Notes*. However, *Minos* insisted mainly on the Cheat he put upon his Master, and therefore order'd him to the Mansion of *Judas Iscariot* and *Ziba*.

The poor old Miser in the first Cell came next, and made such a deplorable Figure, that, had it not been known to be voluntary, it would have mov'd Compassion any where. *Rhadamanthus* ask'd him, a little insultingly, methought, *What was become of all his Riches?* To which he reply'd as peevishly, *They would not let me bring them along with me; for which I hope the Court will take a Time severely to punish the Defaulters; for, had I brought them here, seeing my past Error, I might have done some Good with them: But, as it is, they never did me any Good, living or dead. They that have got 'em, will take as much Pains to duck 'em away, as I did to scrape 'em together; and yet there is no Extortion, or Usury, to corrode them: Mine was all pure Thrift; not one bit of Sin, but mere Mortification.* Immediately I perceived a Sign given; upon which, I saw a Fellow enter with a Fool's Cap, the Bauble and Bells reversed, which clapping on his Noddle, he

was led away to the Lake of the *After-thought* Men. *A just Punishment*, says Minos on his going out, *for such as starve their Bodies in love to their Country, and their Country in love to themselves.*

The hagg'd Uferer came next; but he bawl'd out, as soon as at the Bar, that *he had his Punishment since he came hither*: However, finding, upon Enquiry, that what he meant was only upon account of the Miscarriage of his Daughters; *Will that lessen your Crime?* says one of the Judges: *Does it not rather double it? Why did you not choose to dispose of them while they were young? Less Money would then have served them; and, in all Probability, giving 'em less, you had marry'd 'em better, which had lessen'd their Misfortunes, and your Demerits.* Such Scenes of Extortion and Sordidness would not then have attended you to your Grave; and the bitter Curses that follow you here, had probably, then, all evaporated on the other Side the Water. The Lot therefore was of your own casting, Providence seems hardly to have had a Hand in it. Therefore take him away to the Oppressors of the Widows and Fatherless.

The next, who was the young Miser, heard the Sentence, and trembled grievously: But the Name being ask'd, and the Letter given, by the Advice of his Attorney B—d, who was always at his Elbow, he would fain have evaded his Trial, and have pleaded Unpreparedness. *Ay*, says Minos, *if that*

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would do, we should not have a Trial here once in an Age: For, by what I have seen, few, very few, are prepared to come before this Board. He then made an Offer of substantial Bayl; but neither did that avail: *Minos* cry'd out, *Read, read.* The Attorney thus put to all his Quirks, demanded, in Behalf of his Client, a Copy of his Indictment; for he was sure, he said, he could pick a Hole in it. *Radamanthus*, in a Rage, bad one of the Janizaries lay hold of him till the Register was read; which was done accordingly, and the Criminal, according to Sentence then pass'd, was order'd to a Hole where he would neither want Fire nor Aquafortis for his future Operations: And, added *Rhadamanthus*, take that officious Gentleman along with him, and let him learn his old Companion there to patch Holes as well as pick 'em. The Lawyer cry'd out, *The Sentence was not just, and, coram non Judice,* and abundance like stuff, but the Noise of the Principal was so much louder than that of the Agent, that, if I may so speak, he went off in a noisy Taciturnity along with his Client.

After this, methought, appear'd a Group of such ill-favour'd Faces, that I had scarce Stomach enough left to cast Eye upon 'em. In a terrestrial Court of Judgment they would have been in danger, to a Man, of suffering unheard, under the Condemnation of their aboding Countenances. Nevertheless, their Names were all demanded one by one, and the

the Register consulted, and Sentence pronounced accordingly: But what surpriz'd me most was, a parcel of Males and Females mixt together in a Corner. They had every one a Petition ready to hand up to the Bench; but the Cryer refus'd to touch any one of them. *Minos*, at last casting his Eye on that Side, ask'd aloud, *What they had got there? A Petition, my Lord*, cry'd all together, that the Hall rebounded with the very Eccho. *Minos* ordering one to be taken and read, as near as I can remember it was to the Effect following:

*To the most Honourable the Bench of Judges, now sitting for the Ballance of Affairs Human.
The humble Petition of Achan Pinch-poor,
Citizen.*

Sheweth,

THAT your Petitioner, as long as he
 “ could, liv'd in an honest Calling;
 “ but finding Things run awry, he wisely made
 “ a Stop before all was gon, and set up the
 “ Charitable Trade of a Pawnbroker.
 “ That your Petitioner, in order to render
 “ his Charity more extensive, divided his
 “ larger Sum into smaller Portions, which he
 “ lent out diffusively to such as were really
 “ necessitous.

“ That your Petitioner humbly hopes, in
 “ Consideration of the Premises, that this

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“ honourable Board will not put him among
 “ the Bankers and Uferers, but allow him a
 “ seperate Time of Hearing; when, it is not
 “ to be apprehended, but his great Services
 “ and Merits, in respect to the Common-
 “ wealth, will condeignly exact your Fa-
 “ vour.

*And your Petitioner, as in Duty
 bound, shall, &c.*

The Board lay'd their Heads together, and it was some Time before they could come to a Resolution: 'Till *Minos*, demanding, *If any there had anything to offer against the Petitioners*, a large Troop of disconsolate Figures, from the Bottom of the Hall, made up to the Bar; but in such Confusion, that the Cryer was over and over oblig'd to call out to Order. I observ'd among 'em several that were half cloath'd, and many that had little else besides Smocks and Breeches: But, above all the rest, there was one so very remarkable, for Youth and Beauty, that I could not avoid sending my Compassion along with her before she had utter'd a Word. At last, *My Lord*, says she, *I hope we shall be heard against the Enormities of those Wretches. Under very grievous Exigencies, I sent to this very Petitioner, Mr. Achán, a Gown that I had never worn six Times, and he would advance no more than a Tithe of what it stood me in, over and above my Mantua-maker's Bill for making. Necessity had*

no Law, and I flatter'd myself I should be able, in a little Time, to redeem it. Instead of which, my Lord, the Villain dispos'd of it, and broke my Heart; of all which I have my Witnesse here in Court — My Case, my Lord, says another interrupting her, is harder still. I wanted a larger Sum, to try my better Fortune at dear Hazard; and therefore sent my repeating Watch — The Money came, but came, sure, from an unlucky Hand, for it soon forsook me; and, for want of an Ability to get it home to wear at my Side, as customary, I caught such a Cold as carry'd me off before I could ever again set sight of it — Twenty more were ready to rejoin, which Minos perceiving, order'd the Cryer to demand Silence, and then spoke: Let the Petitioners have their Petition so far granted, as to appoint 'em a Day of Hearing; and let Proclamation be published, signifying the Time when; let all Parties that have any Complaints to make, enter their Names, and then appear to prove their Allegations; specious Pretences of charitable Undertakings, should never mislead the Discerning, but much less should over-violent Prosecutions proclaim Men guilty: We shall be able, on a fair Hearing, to distinguish between Malice and Justice, and punish those who seek to prevent the one, as well as those who enslave their Reason to an infamous Idolatry of the other. The Speech was receiv'd with such universal Applause, that my Ears seem'd to be runn'd with it many Hours after it wak'd me.



VISION V.

Of the BIBLIOPOLS. Characters of many. Some worse than Book-worms that feed on what supports them. Gratitude, or Generosity, no Part of their Portion.

SITTING alone the other Day at a Coffee House near the Temple (I humbly beg leave to premise it was not at the Grecian) I observed a young Gentleman to Eye me very wistfully for a whole Hour that I had sat waiting there. At last, with an Air of Modesty and Complaisance, he came from a Table on the other Side, and accosted me in the following decent Manner; Sir, says he, *I see you are alone, and therefore I hope I do not break in upon you with any Ill-manners. If you are at Leisure, I have an humble Request to make to you; or, if not at Leisure now, be so good to appoint me an Hour when, and where, I may wait on you.* I thought the Application somewhat singular; and, had not my Petitioner been very decently equipp'd, should have been apt to conclude the Business

was a genteel way of begging: But he soon dissolv'd all such Apprehensions by adding, *If I was now at leisure, he had a Bottle of Wine at my Service*; and intreated I would not refuse him the Honour of my Company. Sir, said I, *I don't know what your Business may be, but you behave yourself with too much Modesty and Decorum for me to entertain any Distrust or Jealousy. I do not often allow myself to be prevail'd upon, by Persons so unsuitable to my Age, to go to a Tavern; but apprehending, by what you have said, that I may be of Service to you, by my Advice, I will go along with you; for I find the Person I stay'd for has forgot himself as well as his Appointment.* Upon which I arose, paid for my Coffee, and went along with my new Acquaintance to the Sun; so soon as the Bottle was brought, I ask'd the young Gentleman, *If he was known there*; which answering in the Negative, I call'd for *Towers*, and gave Orders, that that no-body should interrupt us on any Account whatsoever.

Alone, as we now were, I expected every Moment when my Youngster would begin to open; but two or three Glasses having pass'd without any Advance, I began to suspect the old Fool was like to be the Dupe of the young one. At last, perceiving it all to proceed from a Struggle between Modesty and Timidity, I resolv'd to break the Ice myself: So taking the Glass, *Come, Sir*, said I,

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to the Business that brought us here. Sir, said the Youth, I return you my most hearty Thanks for your Motion; for I profess I was under some Diffidence, that if you had not by the Mention inspir'd me with fresh Courage, I should hardly have been able to have utter'd the Burden of my Heart. You must know, Sir, I am a Student of the Temple, of some standing; where, altho' I have not fail'd to pursue the Intention of my Father, by a due Application of my Studies of the Law, I have always found it a necessary Relief to me, in proper Intervals, a little to unbend myself in Studies of another, tho' very inoffensive Tendency. I neither much frequent Taverns, or Plays, tho' far from any Inveteracy to either: If an Acquaintance that I am well assur'd of, invites me to a Bottle, I accompany him; or when I find myself quite weary'd with Study, if a Play that I like offers, I go to it, either with a Friend, or by myself, as it happens: But my general Inclination is, to enjoy myself by myself; and, as Osborn, in his Advice to a Son, directs him to try his Pen on all Occasions; liking the Advice, I have follow'd it, sometimes to the pleasuring myself, and now and then with the Approbation of others: I never was ambitious of being in Print; for, as my Lord Verulam says, I look upon it as no little thing to be an Author. Let not my Impertinence fatigue you, Sir, if you please I'll pledge you.

Such

Such a Briskness of Spirit, mix'd with so much good Manners and good Nature, surpriz'd me: However, pursuing his Motion, I took the Glass and drank to him, desiring he would proceed as soon as he had pledg'd me; and to give him Encouragement, I assur'd him, *I lik'd the Preface so well, that I did not much fear liking the Book.* I spoke this figuratively, tho' he took it literally. *The Book, Sir?* says he, *I profess you have bit it; that is what I want your Advice upon.* So putting his Hand in his Pocket, he drew out a handsome Octavo, and put it into my Hands. I look'd on the Title and lik'd it: *But, Sir,* said I, *I cannot suppose that you expect my Opinion of it immediately?* Far from it, says my Youngster; *If you will please to burden yourself with it home, and peruse it, I will wait your Sentiments at your own Appointment.* Why then, said I, *let it be this Day sevensnight, at the same House, and I will take care we have the same Room.* We made an end of our Bottle, paid for it, and so parted.

I went home with all the Impatience of a Lover; but the Result was, I found myself more substantially rewarded. The Theme and the Management both pleas'd me, and the Style, allowing for a little youthful Floridity, was inimitable. I read it over, but found it was only to read it over again: I ran it through a second Time, and that prepar'd me for a third. In short, I was so pleas'd with

with it, that I could not but meditate with myself what should be the Meaning of his putting it into my Hands. The Reason that first occur'd, I thought to be the most likely; that the young Author, being bashful, had a Desire, after Perusal and Approbation, to have it publish'd. Perhaps, said I further to myself, his Pocket may at present require a little Replenishment: It can be no Breach of Trust; I'll give a Character of the Book without shewing it, and feel the Pulse at a Distance of a topping Bibliopol of my Acquaintance. If it won't do, there's no Harm done; and at all Events I shall be better able to talk with my Youngster when we meet again. I dress'd, and away I went, full of the Treasure that I went to offer; and set it out accordingly: But, in short, I found him surrounded with so many *If's* and *And's*, that I soon began to discover that I had mistaken my Man. As first, *the great Charge of Press and Paper was certain, the Disposal uncertain.* Besides, he could not think of entering upon a Thing of that Nature without the Advice of a Friend, and that Friend would require Time to pass his Judgment — Well, said I interrupting him, you need not lay so many Blocks in the Way; for I have yet no Orders to offer it. What I did was ex mero Motu, and in Expectation of having your Thanks for it in Return. But, since — I found here my Chap began to look very grave; and,

in his Turn, interrupting me, says he, *If the Author is young, and wants Encouragement—and my Friend approves of it—I would give, whispering in my Ear such a damn'd out-of-the-way Sum, as drove all the Blood out of my Face, and myself out of his Shop, faster than I went in. What a strange Pass is Mankind come to, said I cogitatively going home, that he should be backward in giving Encouragement to what he gets his Bread by? As if, like the Worms bred in the Books in his Shop, he was to thrive by defacing only. Pernicious Wretch, or rather grinding Mortal, if it should be publish'd thou'lt curse thy Error, and be the first that will lament the Loss of the Copy. I had hardly finish'd this short Soliloquy, when, passing by the Shop of another who stood at his Door, with Hat in Hand, he desir'd me to walk in, and, if not in haste, allow him a quarter of an Hour's Discourse. This seem'd as odd as the other; but knowing my Conversation among Authors, and that I did not spend my Time with the worst, Do you know of nothing, says he, as soon as I had seated myself, that would be worth a Man's printing? We are in a perfect dead Calm, and half the Presses in Town are piratically employ'd in stealing other Peoples old Copies, for want of new of their own. We see it every Day, said I; but I believe the Government will get more by their Advertisements, than most of 'em will get by their Labour. I can compare it, continu'd I,*

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to nothing better than the Vice of Building, which at present overspreads the Suburbs ; for tho' one Man trusts him with Brick, another with Lime, and another with Timber, yet the inconsiderate Builder must run his Country, if ever it comes into the Heads of the Wisdom of the Nation, to fracture this Exorbitance, and lay a Plaister to this Imposthume. You need not trouble the Wisdom of the Nation, says he, with our Malady ; it is in the Power of any two or three good Authors to put a Stop to the Evil I complain of. Whether it be to instruct, or divert, a Book well wrote would take People off from the piratical Art, especially as their Eyes begin to be open, and they find that by the Shoeing Horn of a little a Week, they pay the Price of an old corrected Edition for a new one ill printed, and worse perform'd.

Closing in with his Sentiments, now thought I is the Time to open. Why, said I, I have the Offer of such a Book as you speak of, that, in my Opinion, when publish'd, will answer both the Ends you speak of, and both instruct and divert. He seem'd overjoy'd at the News, and ask'd, If he might have a Sight of it ? Who doubts it, answer'd I, when convenient. But not to give my Friend nor You any needless Trouble ; What Encouragement ? Alas Sir, cry'd he, how is it possible to give an Answer to that Question till I see what it is ? The Quantum I agree, said I, is impossible ; but you need not be afraid of making your own Sense

Caterers ;

Caterers: For every Thousand you sell what shall the Author have? That, Sir, said he, you know is an out-of-the-way Traffick. It may perhaps be a new way, and therefore I propose it; as likely, said I, to answer the honest Ends of either Bookseller or Author. Consider, you will have a large Field to take in the Buckram, Stay-tape, and Canvas of the Trade; and if the Certainty should happen to look greater one Way, the Uncertainty would be much less the other, which, in my Opinion, would be a sufficient Equivalent. It would leave room, answer'd he, for Censure and ill Names; and, perhaps, end at last in a Law-Suit. That sure might easily be avoided, said I, but, however, it was only a Notion of my own, and so let it die. Nevertheless, continu'd I, this is certain; such a Book I have, and now in my Possession: I have no Leave nor Directions, as yet, from the Author to communicate or propose; but, if his Inclinations tend that Way, sure I am it will richly repay a Publication; and could I find a Person of your Profession, which, I profess, I never yet found, that was of a generous, free Spirit, that would not cramp, but encourage the Author, he should be the Man I would recommend it to. You ought first to consider, that good Authors, and Men of true Taste, do not spring up every Day; and when they are sprung, that if they deserve Care, they should not want Encouragement. One good Work may produce another. Jacob had never set his pair of Left-legs right, if he had
nipp'd

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nipp'd his Flowers in the Bud, before they had blossom'd. Trifles should be born with, and Pe-nury banish'd. To have noble Thoughts, you should always take care that your Hot-bed does not lose its Heat ; for if it do, the first nipping Wind blasts your Pains, and one Hour may carry away a thousand Beauties that Ages can't repair. The best Author is but a sort of a head Journeyman to a Bookseller, who is sure to reap the solid Part, whatever Share of Fame may be the Portion of his Benefactor. If you will let me bring my young Friend to your Market, on these Preliminaries, it is very likely I may.— With all my Heart, says my Bibliopol, and the sooner the better. Upon which I took my Leave, and return'd to my Lodgings.

I had just settled myself in my Elbow Chair, when my Servant brought me up Word, that There was a Man below, with a very hard Name, waiting to speak with me. How hard is it ? said I in a little Warmth ; If it is too hard for thy Tongue, bring it in thy Teeth. The Words were just flown, when he answer'd me, He was at the Door. If he's at the Door let him come in, said I. Ho ! Mr. Salmongundi, is it you ? said I ; What is your Will and Pleasure ? Why, Sir, said he, I am told you have a Copy to dispose of, and I am come to traffick with you ; I'll give you as much as any one. In the first Place, answer'd I, your Informer, whoever he be, is a false Loon ; I have no Copy to dispose of, tho' a proper Purchaser should offer.
No !

No! says he, Mr.—— naming my first Chap, told me you had, and proffer'd me a Share in it. Then you are come, I suppose, to beat down the Price; but, I assure you, your Labour is in vain; for, as I told you before, I have no such Copy to dispose of, and if I had, I should take care who I dispos'd of it to; and that you may tell him. If you are so hot, reply'd he, I'll give you this for a Cooler; that if it takes I'll print it upon you, and so good-by. The Impudence of the Fellow, tho' nothing better was to be expected from him, put me in such a Fluster, that, if his trapstick Legs had not carry'd him down like an Arrow, I should not have been able, with all my Philosophy, to have kept my Temper. However, after about a dozen Turns in my Room, I grew cooler, and, at last, so compos'd, that, seating myself again in my Chair, I fell into a sound Sleep; the Result of which was as follows:

Methought a Person enter'd at the Door, of an Aspect so very awful and reverend, that I could not say whether I was more surpriz'd, or pleas'd. When I rose up to pay him that Respect I believ'd his Due, he made a Sign to me to wave Ceremony; and, seating himself in the Chair next me, would not permit me to quit my own to him, tho' I offer'd it over and over. I still kept my Eye fix'd; for, indeed, there was somewhat so fascinating in his Countenance, that I could
not

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not remove it. He observ'd it, and, at last, Broke Silence in this Manner; *You do not know me, I am certain, and yet you seem to have some Idea would persuade me that you did. And perhaps you are not wholly mistaken: My Portraiture has been no Stranger to Booksellers Shops; nor my Writings to the Learned. However, to keep you no longer in Suspence, I am the unfortunate Raleigh, the Sacrifice of Pusillanimity, and the Martyr of the Publick Good— But no more of that— The Occasion I now visit you upon is of another Nature— It is a little good Advice, which I imagine I am as capable of giving as Experience can make a Man. You are going to introduce a young Author into the World; it is a nice Point, and it behoves you to take all the Care you can of him; by the Hands he first falls into, he may be either marr'd or made: You know the Sort of People you have to do with; and, I believe, you are not ignorant of the Usage I receiv'd at their Hands. Where Ingratitude predominates, who can propose Generosity? The Saviour of Mankind has told us, *We are not to expect Grapes of Thorns*; which, in my Opinion, tacitely teaches us, to make Proof of Men before we trust; and that is the Lesson that I now would inculcate. However, if you will go along with me, I will demonstrate to you, if your own Eyes will suffice, the different Stations of those sordid Ingrates, and their ill-us'd Benefactor. My Heart, methought, had no sooner given its Assent to the Proposal, but we were both*

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transported, I don't know how, or which way, into the most delicious Vale my Eyes ever beheld; Jasmims, Myrtles, and Marum were as plenty as Thistles in Scotland, only they grew in such Order, that plainly display'd how much Almighty Power exceeded all that's human. What to me added strangely to the Rapture, was the Company that there was walking and conversing together; not a Face but carry'd Wisdom without Care, and Vivacity without a Tinge of Levity.

When he had let me contemplate a while, which I observ'd he did with Complaisance and Pleasure; *This, says he, is the Seat we are doom'd to walk in till our final Doom, which I will leave to you whether it can admit of any Alloy of Happiness, but what may arise from our Expectations of greater: This is the Company I converse with; and, tho' you don't know 'em, I leave you to judge by Appearances, if we can want any of those vulgar Amusements we are now proud to be divested of, and debarr'd from. For my part, I must declare it, I was so pleas'd with his Discourse, the Place, and all Things in it, that I could have wish'd it could have been my Lot to have stay'd with him, and there have taken my eternal Leave of all I left behind. He guess'd at my Acquiescence by the Delight that play'd in my Eyes—and gently nodding his Head, only answer'd, *All Things in their proper Season.**

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Season. Moving a little forward, Come, says he, I must now shew you another Landskip; not so pleasant and ravishing as this, nor will you wish to stay there, as I believe you do here: But, in order to gain our Admission, and secure our Retreat, we must first gather a Branch of this Tree, which will answer the Ends of both. What the Tree was I cannot say, having never seen any thing like it on the Face of our Region: But as soon as I had the Branch in my Hand, methought, I apprehended nothing of Danger; and, notwithstanding his ill Success once before, could have follow'd my Leader on another Expedition to *Guiana*, with his old Intrepidity and Bravery: But this short mental Soliloquy was soon put an End to by the reiterated Word of Command, *to follow my Leader.* It was impossible to express the Deliciousness of the Plain we walk'd over, neither would a Man believe, if I told him, the Swiftnes of our Passage: What the Great *Virgil* says of the Speed of his *Camilla*, will be allow'd to be far short; since in a Moment of Time, which was as swift as Thought, we had reach'd the other Side; where we were stopt by a large and strong Pair of Iron Gates. A Figure of an uncommon, and no less ghastly, Size, stood on the other Side, whom I suppos'd to be chief Porter; and who no sooner spy'd the Branches in our Hands, but the Gates were open'd, and we permitted to enter. Permitted, did I say? I question

Question whether, under the Conduct of any other Leader, I should have found Courage to have made the Attempt. Such a Change of every thing, from pleasant to dismal, prodigiously shock'd me; and if he had not frequently reviv'd my Spirits with chearful Speeches, I had certainly flag'd before my Race had been half over. Goss, Thistles, and Brambles were all the earthly Product; and, which added most to their Hideousness, at almost every Step we took a Viper or a Rattle-Snake were popping out their Heads, and saluting us with their Hisses, or caudatal Bagpipes. Tho' what gave me a little Comfort was, to observe that even Goss, Thistles, and Brambles made way, and open'd, of their own accord, a Path for us to pass along; and that even their hideous Inhabitants made no Attempt to annoy us. But what most of all inspirited me was, the Observation in the Countenance of my Leader, who, without the least Concern, conducted me along, only now and then reproaching my Trepidity with a smiling Air. In this Condition we had march'd painfully till we arriv'd at the prodigious Mouth of a large Cave; that in the Peak, tho' with a little Town in the Mouth of it, was nothing in comparison to this. Our Branches, whose Virtue I found had preserv'd us before, gave us ready Entrance here; but another grizly Figure demanding *Whose Quarter we came to visit?* my Leader telling

telling him, *The Bibliopols*, we were guided to it directly, and without Deviation.

I found they were plac'd all in several Cells, or Apartments, excepting the three Factors of my Leader, who were plac'd together; that, as their Injuries done Mankind, in the Loss of his second Volume of *The History of the World*, were then match'd in concert, they might together receive the Rewards of their Folly and Avarice. However, before we came to the Cell of that Triumvirate of Politrons, our infernal Guide let us into several others. In the first I remember we saw a Man lay'd on his Back, and another sitting over him, with a Hammer in one Hand, and a Chissel in the other: My Curiosity strangely led me to ask who they were, but not knowing how such an Inquisitiveness might be taken, I had resolv'd to succumb under my Ignorance; when the Fellow, of himself told me, *That was a Bookseller, and the other upon him his Author, whom he had cheated of his Copy; for which he had been doom'd to undergo the Torture of the Hammer and Chissel to his very Heart; the Wound healing up again every Time, as fast as made, for a new Operation.* The Operer was as tir'd as the Operator; for, tho' the Fellow roar'd out perpetually from the Exquisiteness of his Pain, the other found that his Thirst after Revenge, which had drawn him in to the Choice of being his own Executioner, render'd what he dreamt would have been

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been a Pleasure, so laborious and irksome, that he underwent a Pennance little inferior to that of the Criminal: So blind is Revenge, and so extravagant are human Passions!

From that Cell he led us to another; and there both Author and Bookseller were hard at it in the Dialect of *Billinggate*, reproaching one another for the Disasters they had mutually contributed to. *I'm sure*, said the Author, *I follow'd your Orders, and fill'd it so full of Obscenity, that you found the Devils themselves were asham'd of it; and yet you pretend, that you lose the Sale of it for want of Salt; but that's one of your old Tricks to avoid Payment. And what has your confounded Jest, I pray, cost us? Because, to shew your filthy Taste of Wit, in order to save your own Bacon, you asserted, the whole of my Brains lay in my Guts: I must be doom'd to have my Guts spun out upon this damn'd Wheel, and you to swallow the Ordure. A mighty Satisfaction with a Murrain to you. You liv'd upon Ordure all your Life; but I never imagin'd my Guts were ordain'd for Chitterlings. Leave your Brabbling,* says the Porter, *and to Work, or I shall make you.* Upon which the *Bibliopol* began to twist both Ways, and lay'd before our Eyes such a Scene of Nastiness, that we were glad to leave the Glutton to his Repast, and the Providore to his Pain, and get away as fast as we could: Yet I could not but think, at parting, there was Justice, as well as a great deal of Humour, in the Thing. In

In the next was a meagre, lean Connoisseur, as he call'd himself, with his Dictator close by him. I found by their Recriminations, that they had been Partners in framing a Society for establishing Blasphemy and Infidelity: So soon as the Porter enter'd, *Where are your Tormentors?* cry'd he; *How will they answer this Neglect to Lucifer?* Nay, pray, Friend, says the Dictator, *give a little Truce to your Wrath; we have suffer'd sufficiently, and heartily condole our former Follies; let it suffice.* No, no, says the rough hewn Jailor, *you must be wiser than Providence decreed you; and broach Opinions, that the wisest of Men always detested, to get yourself a Name in your own Conceit. Where are the Feathers, and Cap, and Bells? Why are they lay'd aside? Great Officers always wear the Ensigns of their Prowess. Besides, here's all your Doses of Fallop and Oxy-mel lie by you; how will your Brains ever be clear'd if you don't Physick? Your great Goddess, Reason, will tell you, that strong Deliriums require strong Purgations. I'll send 'em to you; and I'm sure Lucifer will not take this Neglect of Duty at all well at their Hands. When your Guts are transparent thro' your Skin, it will be time enough for Mitigation.*

In parting from that Cell I was struck with a horrid Outcry, that I could not tell what to make of at first; but coming near, I could very distinctly hear one bellowing out, *My Sentence is unjust; I appeal, I appeal; I*
am

I am no Bibliopol; I am no Bookseller; therefore I am coram non Judice, and condemn'd against Law, Gospel, or Conscience. Heyterocket, says one of the Janizaries; this is a delicate Medley, indeed; no Bookseller, and yet condemn'd on the Booksellers Day? Minos does not use to commit such Mistakes. If you are not a Bookseller, pray what are you? What are you condemn'd for? Indeed, and indeed, said the squab Wretch, I am no Bookseller; and that was all they could get out of him, tho' many other Questions were ask'd over and over. At last said the crafty Janizary, imagining some Evasions, If you are no Bookseller, I'll go and search the Records, and if I find you are condemn'd irregularly, I'll acquaint the Judges with it. O do not, do not, says the dispirited Wretch, tho', indeed, I am no Bookseller. What are you then, with a Murrain to you? Can't you answer a plain Question? I'm sure you are some Implement or Appurtenance of a Bookseller, or you had never been sent to this Place. To confess seriously to you, then, I am — and there he stopt. I'll be hang'd, said the Janizary, if thou art not some Bookseller's Bye-blow. Why, indeed then, says the Wretch, in the other World I was a Promulger of Sciences, Anglice, a Printer. I thought so, said the Janizary; I knew you could not come here for nothing: And so the Bookseller brought you Blasphemy, Smut, and Treason, and you were his Promulger of those noble Sciences; the Sink of

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other Mens Iniquities, and the filthy Puddle of your own, and theirs too. Come, confess in Short-hand, and open your Heart honestly, and I'll see what can be done for you. In the mean Time you may set down your Mess; for I don't think it fair to choak a Man in his Tale. Sighing roundly, he set aside his Gallick Oglio, and began as follows:

I began the World with little, so very little, that it could hardly be call'd a Beginning; but Fortune taking notice how much I resembled her in my Variability, soon mark'd me for her own; and, in spite of my Planets, made a Man of me. She began with a Paradox; and, tho' my Wife was vertuous, made her the Means of my Advancement. Money lent was as good as my own, and I, who before could hardly waddle, swam in Business, like a Gudgeon in a Mill-pond. To make myself famous, I set my Press to work against the Government, and should have got a deal of Money by it too, had not my Water-course broke its Bank, and carry'd the Stream a different Course to what it was originally intended; which, and my Fears of a perpendicular Figure at another sort of Tripes than Apollo's, made me change both Resolution and Inclination. The same Engines that had been at work against the Government, I now embarrass'd for the Ministry; and here I found a double Advantage, both Profit and Security into the Bargain. To sleep in a whole Skin was comfortable; but to sleep with full Pockets was the Comfortable of Comfortables.

Whatever

Whatever was sent to me, I immediately usher'd to the Publick, tho' some of it was by far more wretched Stuff than ever I printed before. For this some call'd me a Renegado; but how can he be a Renegado that holds fast to his first Principle, getting of Money? And so you were condemn'd, said the Janizary, for being a Jack a both Sides? No, no, says Squabby, I had got off of all that clean enough, had not an unlucky Countenance or two brought in their Bills of Indictment for Ingratitude, Hypocrosy, Inhumanity, Treachery, and a few other Lapsus Naturæ. Eat your Porridge, says the Janizary in a Rage, I'll bear no more— A few other, say you? the four mention'd are enough to damn a Nation; and, I suppose your et cetera might sufficiently serve of themselves your private Corporality. Away he flew in a Passion, and left poor Squabby to renew his disconsolate Lamentation over his Mess of Frog-spawn Soup; and we follow'd him to the next Cell, which was that of the three *Bibliopols*, whose Avarice and Ingratitude had lost Mankind so vast a Treasure; a Treasure that none but a modern Fool was ever known to have found fault with; and he only, as he had done in Religion, purely to oppose the Opinions of the wiser Part of Mankind. Their Names were wrote in Capitals; but I observ'd they had no Tormentors near them; the Reason of which I could not refrain enquiring into. They need none, said the Porter, they are their own

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*Tormentors ; their Hypocrisy in concealing their past Advantages, and their Disappointment in their future, so perpetually gnaw upon their Livers, that the Punishment of Prometheus would be nothing to it : Besides, if you stay a little, you will find them under a Redundance another way. Not to speak of their continual Brawls, and bloody Skirmishes, one with another, in order to lay the Saddle upon the right Horse (which they will never agree upon, tho' they have Eternity itself to accomplish it) they are oblig'd to undergo a perpetual Ordeal, worse to them than that of either Fire or Water. He made a Stop, and I could not but imagine it was to give me an Opportunity of enquiring into the Nature of it; but, before I could frame the Question, in rush'd a Parcel of as ill-favour'd Faces as Hell itself could furnish, and call'd them to Exercise. My Leader, I saw, by the Change of his Countenance, was inclin'd to interpose; but sensible that final Doom admits of no such thing, he turn'd his Head away, as if he was going to leave me. Apprehensive of the Consequences, I call'd out as loud as I could, but he seem'd not to hear; and the Criminals roaring out, oblig'd me to turn my Eyes that wayward; when I saw every one of the *Bibliopols* in an apparent Flame; the Tormentors having administred to every one a Drench of flaming Brimstone, to cure them inwardly of the *Scotch* Distemper. They roar'd out so excessively, that put my whole Corporality under a grie-*

vous Agitation: But the fear of being left, and forsaken by my Leader, who was almost out of Sight, drew away my Eyes from those miserable Objects, and necessitated me to speed after him. As Men often stumble when they make too much haste, so it was with me; for, thinking to overtake him, I fell, methought, into a Pit that I could not see for the Brambles that cover'd it, which, to double my Terror, I found not full of *Booksellers*, but of *Adders*, and other venomous Vermin. I was so affrighted with the terrible Apprehensions, that it wak'd me, and I never in my Life was more glad to find I had been in a Dream.





VISION. VI.

*Of AUTHORS, in Prose and Verse,
especially Title-Page Authors, and la-
borious Collectors. Profit, not Glory,
mostly their Ambition.*

I*T is no small Matter, said the Great Veru-
lam, to be an Author. I suppose he does
not mean such little Authors as the Town
now abounds with, whose Works fly about
the Streets till quite weary, and then take a
new Flight in Paper Kites, unless the Sea son
better suits 'em for little Grenadier Caps, or
Pye Bottoms. Neither can I believe that he
intended to honour with that Title the Col-
lectors (however diligent) of other Mens
Works; who, like bungling Builders, raise
their Fabricks on other Mens Models, and
then, if there happen to be any, assume all
the Glory to themselves. These are the
Ogilbys and—— of the Age, who run deep
in their own Conceits, but are the standing
Dish for Jest and Ridicule at other Mens
Tables. To be an Author within the Reach
of his Intention, if I mistake not, a Man
should*

should be Master of a sound Judgment, quick Fancy, and flowing Invention; nor should Truth be wanting to crown the Whole. Thus set out, he may propose to himself somewhat above the Common, and divert his eager and attentive Readers without sleeping. The no-beautiful Babes of the ancient Family of *And also's*, and the *Likewises*, lying quiet in their Cradles, good Sense, in a free and easy Stile, leads a Man on to his Journey's End before he is half weary'd enough to wish it: For a Man may be satisfy'd that his Author gives him real Delight, when, with a little Anxiety of Mind, he looks forward, under an Apprehension that his Pleasure draws too near a Conclusion in the Conclusion of the Book.

But let all the Lords in the World say what they please, there is yet one other Sort of Author, that, under the Terror of the Loss of the good Opinion of most of the *Bibliopols* in Town, I dare not omit to mention; those are the *Title-page Authors*; the very Scaramouches of the Profession; under whose Absence neither Buttons or Stays are in danger of cracking; yet, as soon as ever they appear, nothing is heard but *Billingsgate* and *Beargarden*; and Silence and Attention, which had prepar'd their Entry, leaves Noise and Nonsense to provide their Welcome. They are the very Emblem of those notch'd-handed Gentry (as *Oldham* calls 'em) who give their

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Attendance at Conventicles to make old Women cry, and young Girls giggle ; laborious to imprison a whole Sermon in a Side, tho', when all comes to all, the Whole proves a Scene of Cyphers, which the grand Cypher himself is often at a Loss to find the Meaning of. Or may we not rather compare them to our *Grubstreet* Hawkers, who, in an audible Voice, publish to the World the full Contents of their Half-penny Ware, and yet meet with Fools in abundance after to make a Purchase. The grand Perfection of these Non-Students is to comprize the whole Medley in the Side of a Leaf, and, if it fall into the Management of the top Proficient of the Science, it is then forty to one but he will promise much more there than will be found in any Part of the Performance into the Bargain. So *Mountebanks*, by their *Merry-Andrezes*, and *Tooth-Drawers* by their Girdles, toll in the Unwary, who remain profound Idolaters till Experience opens their Understandings. I dare by no Means deny, that a pretty Title is a taking Thing ; especially when it lies compact, and couch'd in few Words, which cleverly hit of the Design of the Author: But sure this might be done (and without any great Talent) without mustering up a dozen or two of *Or's*, or *Also's*, those common Fringes or Scollops of this modern fine Writing. Mr. *Dryden* (tho' no Man in Life made more free with his own Prescriptions) I think,
lays

lays it down for a Rule, that *no dramatick Piece ought to carry in its Title an Or with it*: And, if I remember right, the Reason assign'd is this, *Because, contrary to Rule, it must imply a Doubtfulness of the Action*. It may carry some Face and Colour in that Way of Writing, but will not hold in all others; tho', I confess, I cannot recollect any one of the Classicks that ever made Use of it. But if we give ourselves the Trouble of searching into the Design of our modern Practitioners, we shall find the whole Detail of their Industry to end in this; to set off a Book that wants Merit, in order to get off an Impression to their own Advantage. Profit is that they live by, and, in order so to live, what matter is it how unprofitable soever the Work. Thus far it must be acknowledg'd, that the Truth, how distant soever from them, is on their Side; that the Fools among Mankind maintain more than the Wise; and, if they persist to appropriate the Proof, they shall have my Consent most heartily.

But there is another Division of Authors, much more material than the former; and that is the *Verse Writers*, and the *Prose Writers*; and, notwithstanding the Witticism of Sir Henry Savill, who being ask'd by a noble Lord, *What he thought of Poets?* made answer, that *He thought they were the best Writers, next to those who wrote in Prose*. I would leave the Observation I have made to the

Judgment of others; whether they have not known many excellent Writers in Prose, that never could arrive at any thing tolerable in Verse? or, *vice versa*, whether they ever knew any excellent Writer in Verse, that could not manage his Pen as dextrously in Prose? It is in Writing as in Dishes; what pleases one Palate does not hit that of another; and yet I think I may venture to say, without the Danger of any Hyperbole, that there are some Writings, as well as some Dishes, that will, in spite of Spleen or Criticism, touch the Humour and Goust of everybody. As *Verse*, it may displease Singularity and Humour, or perhaps Affectation; and, as *Prose*, tho' never so well wrote, it may want that proper Acumen to touch the Passions, which can never be wanting in good Poetry. If this Observation will hold Water, and I should not be very much griev'd to find the Objector give a good Answer, the Advantage will certainly fall on the Side of *Poetry*, to the utter spoiling of the *Prose Idolator*. And, therefore, *Pindar*, whom I quoted on another Occasion, was not much out of Bias, when he makes *Jove* to lay it as a Curse upon all Despisers of Vertue, to have inharmonical Ears; but whether Verse or Prose compose the Subject, if not attended with smooth and easy Periods, and harmonious Cadencies, the Work may weary, but will never please, even at a first Reading.

It has been a Question among the *Literati*, *Whether a Translator may be properly listed in the Number of Authors?* For my part, I should agree with those that declare in the Negative: So far, indeed, as he makes a bad Translation, he makes it his own; and so far he may be deem'd an Original: Whereas, if he makes a good Translation, and answers in Spirit and Sense the Design of his Author, he does him Justice; but remains a good Translator only. What shall we say then of such as are not only bad Translators, very often giving a *wrong* Sense, and not often a *right*, but pretend to write Dissertations upon the translated Author; which, for Matter and Meaning, might every whit as well be entitled, *Dissertations upon Tom Thumb*: Shall such a one be deemed an Author? *Boccalin* would otherwise determine; and, instead of giving him a Place upon *Parnassus*, undoubtedly would have plac'd him upon *Silenus's* Ass. The same Beast might, in all Reason, be allotted among many other Translators, more particularly to that of * *Julius Cesar*, *Boccalin*, and Monsieur *P — alt*; who, were they now sensible of the many Wounds their Murderer has given them, would vote him, in return, a Wound for every Stab, which would render him much more terrible to look upon than the Man in the Almanack. Much the same may be said of some painful and laborious Collectors; those painful Architects, as I first call'd 'em,

* Not *Bond's* Translation,

upon

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upon other Mens Models, whose main Employ is to raise a Reputation upon Cavil, rather than Criticism, and mar, by Mistake, very often, what they thought to improve by a false Ingenuity : Yet, while they extract and quote fairly and truly, they will deserve some Commendation ; but still remain in the Station of mere Collectors : Nevertheless, when they act retrograde, and resign themselves up to Partiality, making half Sentences, or leaving out Words, to captivate the Sense to their own Emolument, such Collectors ought to be look'd upon as far worse than those upon the Highway ; since those only defraud our Pockets, but these attempt a Burglary or Felony upon the Intellects of Mankind. I would call all such the *Posture-Masters of Mankind*, who go out of the Road of Nature to set out Art.

Full of these Elucidations, I laid myself down to my Repose ; and, before I could compose myself, plainly found what was like to be the Result. Such a Contingency of Ideas swarm'd in my Brain, and yet such a seeming Connection through the Whole, that I could not but fancy that Authors and their Productions would make my somniferous Entertainment. In such a Situation a Man would not greatly wonder, if a Propensity of waking Thoughts produc'd the like Tendency when sleeping. According to my twilight Apprehension ; for, as I before intimated, it was
between

between sleeping and waking, so soon as Nature was fully obey'd, and all my human Faculties at rest, methought I found myself in the Middle of a most delicious Grove, perfectly absorb'd in the Contemplations of the Delights of its regular Walks, fine Cascades, and murmuring Rills on every Side me; yet all the manifest Handy-work of Nature, without any Assistance of her Handmaid-Art, put my Fancy into some Confusion, to imagine where I was, or who could be the Owner of a Seat so excessively alluring. *What happy Mortal?* said I; *Or can it be that there is any Mortal upon Earth so happy as to be Master of such a poetical Tempe?* *Tempe*, said I, seeming to recollect myself—*'Tis more—'tis much more — 'tis all beyond poetical Imagination or Invention. If the chearful Quiristers around me did not convince me where I was, I should think myself in Elizium. Nor would you be much in the Wrong*, said a Person coming out of a little Bower compos'd of Jasmin and Roses; *Did ever on Earth your Eyes behold any thing that might admit of Compariſon?* Never, indeed, said I profoundly bowing; *but since I am under an Error, be charitable (in Concert with your Aspect) to set me right; and tell a Stranger where he is. You are in Elizium*, reply'd my Leader smiling; *and got into the Quarter you most revere, and where your Inclinations most lead you. Come along; since good Fortune has thrown me in your Way, I will take*

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take upon me to be your Guide, and shew you Rarities that far exceed any or all you have yet seen. I again renew'd my profound Obedience, which I could not have refus'd, so great was the Respect the Visage inspir'd into me, tho' even Inclination had resisted.

The Person (for I was not yet able to affix what Sex distinguish'd, the Face so like an Angel, the Shape and Mein, and every thing agreeing) making a Sign to me to follow, led me into a Walk, green, fresh and shady, as if compos'd of Cedars only: This is the Resort of the Contemplative; here you will find the Faces of many Men better known to you by their Works; here the Hales's, the More's, and Cudworth's think away their Minutes with a yet wish'd-for Happiness, of which this is only an Earnest. That is the great Newton of your World; he is but lately come into these Parts; but had you seen with what Respect he was receiv'd, you would be forc'd to confess, that the Honours you paid him below were far short of his Merit; and, therefore, in a good old Age, was he summon'd to have 'em made up in another Place; and here is he come, by way of Probation, to fit himself by the Conversation of those other illustrious Shades for an Eternity they all wait for; and they are as well known to one another, as if they flourish'd in one Age, tho' Ages intervening. You see there are at due Distances, plain convenient Seats for every one, when he is dispos'd to make a Sally from himself
into

into the greater Eternity. I was almost rap'd
 methought with them, where St. Paul had
 led them the Way, and could entertain no
 other Wish than to remain in such good Com-
 pany : But apprehensive, I fancy, of giving
 Interruption to their Meditations, my Guide
 led me thro' a close, but fragrant, Avenue into
 a Quarter more spacious, but full as alluring ;
 for it was set out in quite another Manner,
 and bless'd with Odours superior to any I
 ever felt in Nature.

So soon as we were enter'd, three or four
 of the Inhabitants approach'd with a Reve-
 rence that declar'd their Esteem ; and one in
 particular saluting my Guide, by the Name
 of *Phantasia*, I could not help rejoicing to
 find myself under a Regimen so auspicious.
 Without speaking, I guess'd myself among the
 Poets ; and the immediate Appearance of
Cowley, *Waller*, and *Dryden*, convinc'd me I
 had not been out of the way. *Cowley* and
Waller, I observ'd, walk'd Side by Side ; but
Dryden seem'd to lag behind, in order, I per-
 ceiv'd, to rub out a numerous Fardle of Lines,
 which his own, and the Viciousness of the
 Age he liv'd in, had deluded him to foist into
 his Works. *Otway*, *Congreve*, and *Rowe* fol-
 low'd next, and all directed their Steps to a
 noble Amphitheatre which stood in the Mid-
 dle. *This is Council Day*, said *Phantasia* to
 me, *and they are going to hold a Council*. But
who, I pray, said I, *is that who comes alone ;*
and

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and why so grave and solemn? Do you not know him then? said my Guide; *sure you must have forgot, or have liv'd out of the World: He is fit only to walk alone; since his Pen never offended either his Maker Morality, or Good-manners. It is Addison, said I blushing, as justly ashamed of my Oblivion, and was advancing to make Atonement by a decent Prostration: But Phantasia check'd me, saying, No such Actions were allow'd here, whatever were in our other World; and so bad me follow, and observe their several Motions. At the very Entrance of the Dome I found merry Mat, who, staying for t'other Bottle, had been distanc'd, had not his genuine Air procur'd him Admittance. Phantasia told me, That, according to Order, we could not be admitted to hear the Debates. Nevertheless, continu'd my Guide, have a little Patience, and we shall hear what passes; for tho', like other Councils, they are sworn to Secrecy, there never wants one or other addle-headed Member that is guilty of a Weakness he has often reproach'd his Mother with. Accordingly in a little time out bounces Dryden in a furious Chase, that, Addison had been, by a vast Majority, chose President: But what he seem'd the most to resent was, that a Fellow, as he call'd him, should be admitted to sit amongst them, who had deny'd his Hind and Panther to be a Poem. But Phantasia told me, in a Whisper, that We might rather believe he came away so suddenly for fear of the*
Castra.

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Castrations they were resolv'd to make in his Works, to allow 'em the Name of Passable.

He had not gone far before he was met by two others, to whom, he seem'd to me (for I was at too great a Distance to distinguish) to be laying open his Grievances. They appear'd to be not a little affected at what he said, and having parted, made up towards the Dome, with a little mending of their Pace, as People in a Heat generally do. *Who are these, I pray?* said I to my Guide; Spencer and Milton, answer'd Phantasia. *I suppose he that parted from 'em has infus'd some little Venom into 'em, and that is the Reason of their Haste.* They had not been long enter'd before I perceiv'd Otway and Rowe leaving the Place in a like Fluster. Says the latter, on coming up, *A fine Piece of Witticism rather than Criticism; a Fair Penitent without Penitence; and a Whore for a Heroine. If such Stuff as this will pass, I wonder who would ever write.* Well, says Otway, *and they allow'd me but two Plays; and if it had not been for the mere Force and Dint of Passion they would very charily have granted me them.* What out-of-the-way Objections were they framing: But, as soon as I saw those two old-fashion'd Fellows enter, I thought it was my wisest Way to withdraw. Their modest Party, as they term themselves, were too powerful before to hope any Good after such an Accumulation. *We shall have their Orders out in a little Time;*

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Time; and then, says Rowe, we shall better know what to make of 'em. Yes; says Phantasia to me, Rule and Order are such intollerable Burdens to the Poets of this Age, that they are never well but when they are complaining, even while they neglect them: Yet who so ready to fall upon the Memory of poor Shakespear, whose very Irregularities were beautiful. I saw his vast Genius, and resolv'd, by my Assistance, he should commute for all that Want of Skill they so liberally imputed to him. And, I think, I gave him a Taste of my Favour, when a great Man, of his own Country, made it a Challenge to produce any thing said on any Topick, by the Antients, that he would not produce much better said by my Pupil. But see, the Council is up: What is that Paper they are fixing up? Come along, and let's go read it.

“ It is order'd, That from this Time forward, no Poet be admitted into this Poetical Quarter, whose Writings shall any ways transgress Religion, Morality, or good Manners.”

Upon my Word, continu'd the Lady, after she had read the Order, you are resolv'd you will not be croud'd: Nevertheless, the Resolution is so just and equitable, and so amply speaks the Sense and Merit of the Authors, that, if it does not produce good Poets, it will probably mend bad; and Mending is a fair Step towards Perfection.

section. But come, I have another Quarter to lead you into, which, in my Opinion, will delight full as much as this.

Now, says she, we are entring into the Quarter of the Historians; employ all your Eyes to observe Persons and Things; for you will find here nothing not worth Notice. I find it is Council Day here too, and see there they are sate: They have chosen Bacon for their President; he on the Right is your great Camden; and he on the Left is Clarendon: But hush, said she, the Council is rising; let us withdraw under that Lentisk Tree till they are pass'd, and then I'll inform myself, by their Clerk, what they have been upon. We retir'd accordingly, and so soon as the Council were gone by, Phantasia met the Clerk, who had his Books under his Arm, and ask'd him, *What grand Point the Council had been discussing?* No very grand Point, reply'd the Clerk, nor any very strong Debates; where there's no Opposition, all Debate is frivolous. And yet I thought, said Phantasia, that Clarendon did not look as if he was over well satisfy'd. You know, answer'd the Clerk, he was always a stanch Hierarchist; and he would fain have sav'd a Bishop, and, indeed, took more Pains than the Bishop had taken to save himself, but all in vain. Is it a Secret then, said Phantasia. Not at all, reply'd the Clerk; it will be publick as a Lady could wish it, or make it, in a little Time. They had sent from the other Side the Water two new Histories to be repositied

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*reposit*ed in the Library; but, on looking into, there was found so much Partiality, Misrepresentation, together with a Blend of Falshood, here and there, that the Title-pages were order'd to be torn off, and the Books sent back. This is one of 'em. How's this? The History of his own Time? says Phantasia; if a Man fail'd of Truth there, where would he find it? Who was the other? A French Hugonot, reply'd the Clerk. A proper Person, you'll own, both by Country and Principle, to write the History of an English Monarchy. There was another of the same Metal coming over; but some of Charon's Passengers having committed Uncleanliness, they were forc'd to make use of the Leaves; which sav'd the Council a little Trouble. But, before they rose, the Council came to this Resolution:

“ That no History should be receiv'd into the Library, that carry'd any Tokens of Falshood or Partiality.”

It is a safe Method, said Phantasia smiling, to keep your Shelves from bending; but if they are thin, they will probably be clean, and that will richly compensate for the other. But could you not, continu'd she, oblige this Stranger with a Sight of your Historical Library? I am sure it will be grateful to him, as I know it will to you to oblige. To tell you the Truth, reply'd the Clerk, it is at present pretty much in Disorder; for

For having lately receiv'd Directions to put 'em under a proper Regimen, I am now about it. However, if he will be so kind to pardon the Confusion, I will open the Door, and he may enter, if he pleases. Ent'ring continu'd he, That larger Heap consists of monkish and fabulous Writers, which will take me a good deal of Pains and Time properly to distinguish; for as some are more monkish and fabulous than others, my Orders are to set 'em in a Range; not according to Time, but according to their Veracity: Truth being the Basis of all History. That lesser Heap more valuable, as more certain, being often upon Knowledge, will not exact one Quarter of the Trouble of the other. The Fabulous here is quite contreband; nothing but Fact, and very short Comments (and the shorter the better) are admitted among these Gentry: But then, like Diamonds in the Dark, their Lustre does not glimmer, but dart its Rays. And the Reader knowing he may depend, his Pleasure goes along with his Instruction; and that Information is certainly most solid which carries its Authority along with it. If your Friend's Occasions, Madam, should call him again this Way, I hope, in a little Time, I shall be better in Order; but at this Time I must beg to be excus'd; being oblig'd to go and give the great Armagh, and the nervous Stillingfleet, an Account of the Transactions at this Council.

We are going to the same Quarter, said Phantasia; for I resolv'd the Stranger should not quit these

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*these Regions till he had seen what makes 'em doubly worth seeing. If I have any Skill in Physiognomy, continu'd she, those, and such as they, however offensive now to many on your Side the World, are Persons whose Conversation will be far from being irksome to you. I gave my full Assent, with a Bow and a Smile, and so we jogg'd on. Flowers and aromattick Herbs had been all along the Carpet we walk'd upon: But now, upon the same beautiful Tapestry, we enter'd into a spacious Walk of Cedars, whose intermingling Branches spread thick enough, in our World to have turn'd broad Day into Night. Notwithstanding which, we here wanted neither the Assistance of Sun, or Day-light; or rather, all seem'd a Noon at Summer, without the Inconveniences of Heat, Rain, or Wind. So soon as we were got through this agreeable Avenue, we enter'd into a surprizing and spacious Plain, bounded at a Distance all round with Plane and Palm Trees interchangeably, under many of the Branches whereof, on Seats of Thyme and Camomil, sat Shades all venerable, and emerg'd in deep Discourse. What pleas'd me much, when I drew a little on one Side to approach 'em, was to see B— and Bat— familiarly talking together with S— and Sh—; then thought I with myself, this is *Elyzium* sure enough. Consciences truly scrupulous are here laid aside; and even occasional Conformity is a Thing now quite out of*

Doors.

Doors. Whether she guess'd at my Meaning by the Motion of my Lips; or whether she had the Power of mental Divination, I know not; but *Phantasia* burst out-right into Laughter, and told me, *She would not have me surpriz'd at what I now saw, since greater Things than these were at hand. Do you know them two?* said she; I answering in the Negative; *I believe not,* said she, *they were afore your Time. The Shorter of the two is the great Hooker; and he that holds him so fast by the Hand is his Contemporary, Reynolds. But, I pray,* said I, *who are these in a Body, coming down this Way?* By the Clerk's having join'd them, you may imagine that two of the Company are those he went to speak with: *He between 'em is the pious Tillotson; and he that is now speaking to him, is the no-less pious Sharp: Those that come after are a Band of those pious Veterans that offer'd their Throats to the Knife, in a time of the utmost Peril; while others, that you will see by-and-by, in an inferior Ward, were complimenting away their Religion, and the Liberties of their Country. Sure,* said I to myself, *this is the Company I ought to expect to find my dear Alter et Idem in; a Person in whose Breast Piety and Humility perpetually contended; and of whose Merit every body was conscious but himself.* Is not that the Party? said she again smiling, and pointing to a Shade at a little Distance and alone. *It is, indeed,* said I, *and offer'd to make up to him; but* *Phantasia* stopping

stopping me, told me, *It was enough that we had seen one another ; all Conversation of so delicate a Nature must be postpon'd till you are refin'd and qualify'd for it.* It was with great Regret, methought, that she got me down another Walk ; at the End of which, there was a Pair of Iron Gates, stronger than any I had seen before. *That leads to the Quarter of Religious Lunatics,* said she : *I wonder the Porter should be off Duty ; for the Inhabitants are very apt to rave and be frantick ; and in those Humours have very often endeavour'd to give Disturbance to their Neighbours, and set all in an Uproar.* The Words were hardly out of her Mouth, when one on the other Side gave a Randan, with a large Brass Knocker, that made the Place ring, and drew many of the serious Shades that way to know the Meaning. *Here,* says the ill-favour'd Fellow that had given the Alarm, *I have brought your Doctors a Book to put in their Library ; they need not be asham'd on't ; he that gave it me says, it was wrote by a Bishop ; and a Father of the Church, sure, can never write any thing against its Doctrinals.* Curse ye Meroz, was the Text I hung upon ; but not with the least Design to have hang'd for it : But that was the Fortune of War : Had not my dear Protector rid in a Whirlwind to his Ally, I would have scorn'd the Protection of any Power on the Face of the Earth. But here, take the Book, and don't keep me here mortifying at the Sight of
other

other People's Happiness. The Fellow made such a Bawling that a Messenger was come from the Council to know what was the Matter. *Why, I tell you,* said he, *I have brought a Book for your Doctors. And who are you?* said the Messenger; *What's your Name?* *My Name?* says the other: *You'll not like it, and very likely will say, you never knew any Good of it: 'Tis Peters. Ha! my Friend, do you start? Have you caught a Tartar: But here, take the Book, and deliver it, and tell your Doctors, I say 'tis Orthodox. And, if they have any Answer, or Thanks to return, I am here ready to hand it to my gouty Correspondent.* The Messenger took the Book of *Hugh*, and posted away with it; and return'd back with it before I could have thought they had read the *Preface*. *Here,* says he to *Peters*, *you may take the Heretical Burden back with you; for the Doctors had heard of the Performance before, and had pass'd a Censure on it just as I came.*

That whatever *Sincerity* there might be, there could be no good Intention, the Author, like the Giant in the Fable, leading his Herd backward into the Cave of Perdition.

The Severity of the Censure incited my Curiosity to see the Title, which, on Examination, I found, began, *A Plain Account*: But before I could reach any farther, *Peters* had snatch'd it out of the Hands of

the Messenger, and, on my gently offering to stop him, in order to read on, he up, methought, with a Bunch of Keys, numerous and large enough to be those of Hell and all its Apartments, ready to strike. The Dread of which frighted me, and drove away all the pleasant Discoveries that *Phantasia* had flatter'd me with.



VISION



VISION VII.

The PROMISER: Shewing the Nature of Promisers, the Abuse, and lashing the same in all Sorts of People.

IF People would consider rightly the Meaning and Nature of Promises, they would certainly be more cautious in the Breach of them. A Promise is an Engagement to do any thing that we know to be in our Power; and, therefore, as certainly oblig'd to perform. I know the Lawyers of our Times to make it consone to their own Emolument, have crowd'd in the Words, *on a valuable Consideration*: But this is *new Law*: The *old Law*, and the *Psalmist*, its *Commentator*, speak a quite different Sense, and declare a Man under the Obligation of Performance, tho' to his own Loss. For my Part I always made this a standing Rule, and endeavour'd to inculcate it into all whom I ought to have an Ascendant over, to observe rigidly their Promises in small Matters, and that would innure them to be punctual in greater: But the Validity of Promises, now a Days, are dissolv'd by a homely,

vulgar Proverb ; and yet, as vulgar as it is, it often, too often, has the Sanction of the greatest : *E. G.* Go to Court ; however sparing in their Purfes, you'll find a Mint of Promises at the End of every Tongue, from the great Lord to his Valet : But whose Image, or Superfcription, they bear, you may guess, since, before you get over the Threshold, they are forgot, or, as if compos'd of Quick-silver, evaporated by the Heat of the Alembick. Repair next to the *Court of Requests*, that intermediate State between the two *Lobbies*, and turn to which Hand you will, the Promises of both are of equal Value ; for he that depends upon either, is sure to meet with the Fate of the Man between two Stools. Where shall be our next Resourse ? To the *Royal Exchange* ? Once Integrity took a Pleasure there ; but of late Years the Alley near it has diffus'd such a dangerous Contagion, that hardly the Court itself, notwithstanding their Improvement by their Alley Practice, can pretend to hold a Hand with them. I believe we must, at last, take the honest Tradesman from behind his Counter, and make him the Man-like Model of Sincerity and Integrity. All Subalterns of the Court, act meerly as Subalterns, and, therefore, a single Grain of Credit would be wasted. Excisemen, Custom, and Salt Officers, have so near a Resemblance of the Catchpole, that it has induc'd contemplative Men, and Students in Natural Philosophy, to conclude

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clude, they must there seek their Legitimacy.

But to wave such Rubbige, where Promises, tho' bound with solemn Oaths, could only merit Laughter, let us return to see if we can fix this *Land of Promise* either in Societies or single Bodies. The Quaker makes strong and extravagant Pretences; but try him when you will, you will find him, however lavish in his Profession, every whit as lax in his Performance: And all his Affirmations here not to be regarded, however indulg'd in our Courts of Justice. Or should we apply to any other Sect or Sects of Dissenters, I am afraid we shall find 'em mostly symbolizing with the Church of *Rome*, that Faith is not to be kept with Hereticks; that is, all those who are not of their own Clan. Shall I be partial? No: I am in Distress, to own that I must say not much better of those who boast the Trinity of Primitive Doctrine, and who, could they be persuaded to live up to the Precepts of their Mother Church, would never be prevail'd upon to violate their Promises, *tho' even*, as the Psalmist says, *to their own Loss*. In short, *Promise-breaking* is grown a Custom of as large a Latitude as *Promise-making*: And, like common Swearing, too rampant to regard either Law or Magistrate. Men throw 'em out as if they did it to ease their Stomachs; but take care to cast 'em far enough ever to offend their Consciences: Tho', as

I hinted at first, a Promise, let it be of what Nature it will, ought to Affect those that have any : Since, if not intended to be kept, it had certainly better never have been made.

Not that I would be thought to rank all Promises in one Class : For, most certain it is, tho' all Promises ought to be binding, some are far more superior in their Quality than others, and require a more specifical Observation. Of the last Sort are those that regard the Good of civil Society, or the Weal of any particular Person or Family, and so much as either the one or the other shall suffer by the Disregard or Breach, so much ought the Promiser, *in foro Conscientiæ*, to look upon himself as answerable : And if the Effects exceed his Responsibility, his Conscience, if he had any, will never acquit him of the Deficiency till made up, or atton'd for. A wise Man, therefore, would consider with himself before he makes any Promise, of what Tendency it may be to himself or the Person promis'd ; and that what may seem light in his Eyes, may be of greater Moment to the Person he makes this Promise to. He would take care never to promise but with an Intent to perform, or a moral Assurance that he shall be able to perform : For, tho' a Person may have promis'd me the Payment of a Sum of Money such a Day, upon whose Promise I have promis'd another the Day after, if I have not specify'd the Promise to me, as a Condition

tion, I should hold myself responsible for all the Inconveniences the Person I made the Promise to, should be brought under for want of my Performance. This may be call'd *Summum jus*, but I am sure the other is *Summa Injuria*.

As to Marriage Promises, the Law has shewn pretty good Regard to them; sufficient to instruct over-rigid Parents, how foolish, as well as how dangerous, a thing they go upon, when they seek to compel their Children to break or infringe them. And if particular Judgments have attended such Infractions, and many Parents have liv'd to see themselves miserable thereby, what dismal Apprehensions should the Parties themselves lie under from a voluntary flying off either of one or the other, whither it proceed from Levity or Interest. We have Instances in this respect, more than enough, that both Sexes have been tardy; but certain it is, Levity has been the Cause in both. The poor Lady has su'd and recover'd; tho' the base Man would have not only out-fac'd the Court, but his own Letters: Yet I never heard that any poor Dupe of the Male Sex ever yet recover'd on his Side; tho' common Opinion would lead us to believe the Occasion has been much more common. If this Omission proceeded from a manly Disdain of exposing himself to the World on account of his having been the Dupe of one of the weaker Sex; or if any Re-

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mains of Tenderness for the fair Transgressor prevail on him to stifle his Resentment, so far at least as not to gratify the Publick with a Hearing, the Consideration may be so far commendable in him, tho' sure it ought, in no ordinary Manner, to affect the Aggressor, altho' the Law, which I do not know that it does, should have been less favourable in that Point to the Male than the Female. I have heard of a Husband that has sworn the Peace against his Wife, and fetter'd her for it: Why a Man then should want Relief, where his Peace is the Sacrifice of meer Levity, I should mightily wonder, if Fact: And could wish, if Conscience and Honour are not of force enough, that some more coercive Means might be found to make such young People better observe their Promises, or at least more wisely cautious in the making them: For, when made, in my Opinion, no Reason can be great enough for their Dissolution, perhaps, even not with a mutual Consent, especially if natural Familiarities, which are more binding than Words, have been attendant.

I know it has been insisted on by many, that nothing of a Promise can be binding, that is not absolutely express'd in Words. A Jesuit may argue in that Manner, and by the same Logick prove it true Doctrine; and, *ad Hominem*, the Doctrine may be true. But what consciencious or considering Person will be of his Opinion? May not Actions be more
expres-

expressive than Words? And if Actions have given full Assent, can the Obligation cease because Words are wanting? No honest Man can affirm or think it. Words are often fallacious; but Actions can hardly ever deceive: And therefore, in my Opinion, may safely be believ'd the truest Index of the Heart. Our Saviour seems to have set this Matter in a full and fair Light in the Parable of the two Sons; where Deeds had the Preference of Words in the Judgment of all the Audience.

But the better to establish the Standard of Promises of every Sort, I beg leave to ask this Question, Whether the Breach of any Promise is not, in real Strictness, a giving our own Honour the Lie? No considerate and unprejudiced Man can answer in the Negative, and therefore must assent to what I have been all along pleading for: Or at least he must have recourse to a *Spanish* Concepto which I many Years since translated from *Gracian*, which begins

Esto es facil de inferir.

And in English runs thus ;

*Is it easy to conceive,
Since a Reason none can show,
Why the Lie affront should give,
Yet to lie be nothing so.*

The Solution of either my own, or the Question of the *Spaniard*, will answer my Purpose: Nothing being more palpable than that

the Breach of every Promise made, is a giving the Lie to the Honour and Credit of the Maker; and I am afraid it will then puzzle him to answer the *Spaniard*, why the Lie should be esteem'd so unpardonably affrontive, while our Practice renders it so familiar. Let common Vogue then, or if you please, vulgar Custom, run away with what idle Notions they think fit of the Immateriality of Promises, the immaterial Part of my Humanity will never allow me to run any of their idle Lengths. A Promise will ever, in my Eyes, carry an Impress upon it sufficient to make it Standard and Current; and tho', *in prima facie*, it may seem of no great Moment in the making, it shall not fail of a full Canvassing; as to the Weight it may have on the Party I made it to, before I offer to allow myself the least Tendency towards an Infraction. If after such a serious Reflection I can find no such Consequencies as may be inconvenient on one Side or the other, or if the Inconveniencies on either Side are no way, or in no proportion, comparable to the Conveniencies, Nature or Interest may incline me, but sure I am Reason and Religion will, with great Difficulty, let me be prevail'd upon. Since, in my Opinion, a Promise is the engaging my Honour, which nothing can dissolve but an intire Conviction of Conscience. *And what is Conscience?* may the Infidel ask; and I will answer him fairly and fully, that he may

no longer be a Stranger to it: *An inward Conviction, that in what I am going about no Injury shall accrue, either to the Publick, or any of my Fellow Creatures, nor any Deceit reproach myself.*

But how dissonant to any, or all, such Rules is the Practice of the Generality of Mankind. Ask Lord Giddy to do you a verbal Favour, *No Man in Life*, he vows, *shall be more ready to shew how much he values you*; but ask him the same Question six Months after, and he shall give you the same Assurance; and at the End of six other Months, complain that *his Wit is so much superior to his Memory, that he will take it as a Favour that you will put him in Mind of what he had promis'd you over and over twelve Months before.* Would it be any way unreasonable, that a Clause in an Act should pass to allow such Itinerants to charge Shoe Leather: Sure I am it would be more than half of them get, Waste of Time and Attendance thrown into the Bargain.

Lord Solemne, you will say, does the same Thing; but then you must grant he does all with a different Air. Under the Umbrage of a vast deal of Business, and the visible Burden of some, he promises — What? *That he will consider of it?* No! That's a Court Negative — What then? *That he will see what he can do* — That's no Promise — Nor does he intend it any: Yet it is all that Acquaintance or Humanity can extract from him, till
after

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after many and many Attendances, perhaps, he shall vouchsafe to assure you, that *it is not in his Power to do any thing* — What is the Meaning of all this? All that know him, allow him to have Power, and to be a Man of his Word? Is he mercenary? The farthest from it of any Man living, and a Person whose Bravery and Courage never could bear any Dispute — Resolve the Riddle — He has put himself under the Tuition of those who are Mercenaries, and his Ambition has him in such leading Strings, that he finds himself oblig'd to sacrifice his Native real Honour to the Trappings of that which is imaginary; and thence he immolates his antient Esteem to the Petulance of one that will serve him, as he has done many others, and trip up his Heels on the very first Occasion.

But, of all living Creatures, sure Sir *Jeoffery Addle* is an Original. It is a Pleasure to him to make Promises; but a greater to shew his little Esteem of 'em: Yet he does all in such smooth Words, and in so clean Language, that a Man would say it were impossible he should mean otherwise than he speaks, if daily Experience did not speak better for him. No Man can go away from him displeas'd; and I have heard of but very few that ever came to him a third Time with Pleasure. He will make the same Promise to several Persons; but in this all Men will justify him, that

that he is a profound Master in Equity, and serves every one alike.

Who is he that stands there ready to charge me with Partiality, and looks with a cloudy Air, as if he was apprehensive of Oblivion? What? Don *Carlos's* Gentleman Usher, and our most Polite Master of Ceremonies? Give me thy Hand; and permit me to have the Honour of introducing our great Introductor. I'll put him out of all Pain of being forgot, and I wish it were in my Power with the same Ease to lay him under the Pleasure of being well remember'd. Much and long has he dealt with People who allow no Faith to be kept with Hereticks, and is of a Faith of so extensive a Latitude, that he holds all Inferiors (tho' once himself inferior to all) in a State of Heresy, and consequently inevitably excluded the Benefit of any Promise he has, or can make. But did ever *Jew* despoil his own Tribe? Let Justice then explain his Charity: And, while he builds Hospitals with poor People's Money, I leave it to *Turk, Jew, Pagan* or *Papist*, to clap in their Claim, assur'd Christianity will never own him.

You, Sir! Are you a Christian? Do you remember what your Godfathers and Godmothers promis'd for you? Perhaps you will say you were then in swaddling Clouts—But you were adult when you promis'd your Corporation, that *you would serve them honestly and faithfully*

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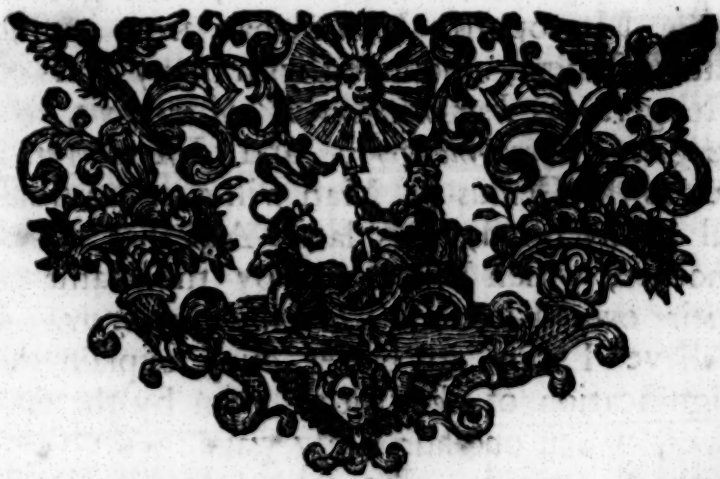
faithfully, and stickle, like a true Patriot, for the Constitution of your Country. You will say, peradventure, by way of Excuse, that that was a Ceremony that requir'd no Gossips — What pity it was that Honour and Honesty were gon a Gossiping : I would have laid ten to one on their Heads, that they would never have appointed BRIBERY and CORRUPTION to have been their Proxies.

After all this, what Wonder will it be if one somewhat less than a Mechanick, who, in the Jouissance of his Soul, made a Promise in order to testify a grateful Sense of past Obligations, should plead Years and Changes, in order to discharge his Promise, without discharging those Obligations ? True it is the squab Self-absolver did not (tho' it might have given him a fair Opportunity of justifying the Parish Trustees) subscribe his Name to his own Absolution, and in that, those who know him, have offer'd in his Excuse, that, *it is the first Instance of Modesty they ever knew him guilty of.* But is not this putting the *Duncomb* upon the World, and paying off Ingratitude with Shame ? Yet for his Consolation I can say, that I have known a great Man act in the same Manner.

My Bookseller now looking over my Shoulder, tells me, in somewhat more than a Pet, that *this will no way answer the Title, having nothing of a Vision in it.* I endeavour'd to pacify him

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him with all the Reason I was Master of ; but all in vain, till at last I brought myself off with this downright Assertion : That it was all a *Vision* from Top to Bottom, and, therefore, in my Opinion, more a *Vision* than any. However, to please all Parties, I told him he might call it, if he pleas'd, the WAKING VISION ; since I dare affirm myself not to be the only Man that ever dream'd waking.



VISION



VISION VIII.

*The NATURE of FRIENDSHIP, as
now in FASHION, and the RULES
and ORDERS of the new SOCIETY.*

THE National Bee-Hive, this goodly Metropolis, *London*, has, from its first Establishment, abounded with many Sorts of Mongers, as *Iron-mongers, Wood-mongers, Fell-mongers, Cheese-mongers, and Fish-mongers*; but as the Genius of Man will ever be fruitful in Invention, this latter Age has added another, which I shall call by the Name of their own Election, *Friendship-mongers*. I believe I can no better way explain the Signification of the Title, than by the Answer, which one fair Lady gave to the Question of another, who ask'd *the Meaning of the Word Metaphysick*; the Solution was, that *Metaphysick was Physick that regarded the Soul, as the common Physick had respect to the Body*. Thus, in my humble Opinion, the new Society of *Friendship-mongers* must have Mysteries wholly mental, such as I never could discover, since I have liv'd in the World,

any

any thing like Materiality in the Principles of any of the Professors. I will not pretend to defend, either the Ladies Definition, or my own; but as few think it any Derogation to encline to the Fair, I trust my present Bending will not be imputed to me as criminal, since, if either Opinion wants Support, they will be better able to support one another. This, however, I am informed by a Member of this new Society (I know not whether he was chose President the last Election, yet, if he then mist it, this I know, that he will certainly set up at the next) He informed me, I say, that all their Laws, by which they regulate their great Body, are By-Laws, not like the By-Laws of other Societies, which are standing Rules; for these are to be thrown by on every Occasion. He tells me too, and by his own he tells me true, that every Member must be Master of a prominent Lip, a florid Flee, and a Countenance that seems too full of Meaning to contain any. The prominent Lip is to garble and barb every Sentence before uttered; the Flee, like the Lace on the Hat of a Footman, serves to set off the Quality of the Master, and the Use of the other was explained in the Definition. One of their By-Laws, as I remember, decreed, That none of their Proceedings shall ever be recorded, and for an evident and wise Reason, because they will take care never to have any thing appear
against

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againſt them : For as to Words, ſhould any be ſo weak to plead them, he will find his Maſter full charged on all Emergencies, with the grand Counter-plea of Cuſtom. Another By-Law, which they would have you imagine they took from the Law *Salique*, excludes all Females from being admitted into the Society. Tho', I rather fancy they borrow'd here of the *Free-Maſons* ; unleſs it be, that they apprehend, that the weaker Sex, by their Practice, might invalidate their Precepts, and, by ſome ſiniſter Innovations, endanger their Conſtitution.

I have been much ſolicited to enter myſelf a Member of this illuſtrious Society ; and the great Conveniency and Emolument of ſuch a Conceſſion has been plentifully lay'd before me ; but whenever I was attack'd on the Foot of that good old *Mahometan* Argument, their Epidemicality, I have always found an unorthodox Thing, call'd *Sincerity*, has been a mighty Enemy to my Promotion. I know not how it is, but when Words have an apparent good Meaning, I cannot bring myſelf to think, with the Multitude, that they are on any Occaſion or Conſideration to be perverted. I am ſenſible this is not, as the World bowls, a Tenet to thrive by ; but till they bring better Arguments than Cuſtom to untie the Knot, I fancy we ſhall live as conjugally as Man and Wife, and not quarrel neither. I was got thus far, and had
many

many Things more at my Pen's End, when I found myself surpriz'd with such a Drowsyness, that my Quill slipt my Fingers, and I fell back into my easy Chair into as profound a Sleep, as if I had taken *Laudanum*. By the Result, however, it will appear pretty plain, that my previous Meditation went along with me; and Fancy had no sooner set me off her Wings, but I found myself in the old Court, and before the same old Judges. Methought, my Friend, the Clerk, as soon as he set Sight on me, beckoned me up to him; and I was no sooner near enough to hear, when he told me, *You are come in an opportune Hour, a Cause or two coming on, that will both please and surprise you.* I ask'd him the Names of the Parties; but he had not Time to answer; for, pointing to the Bar, he made me take Notice, that the Scene was just going to open.

There were two Persons stood at the Bar, much of an Age, but of quite different Aspects. One was of a rotund Visage, hale and healthy; the other seem'd equally hale, but his Phiz was upon the Oblong. After they had stood some little Time in a profound Silence, *Minos* call'd out to know which was the Plaintiff? *This*, says Mr. Oblong, *if he would speak.* Well, Sir, says *Minos*, and what have you to say against the Defendant? *Nothing at all*, my Lord, says the other. But you have, says Mr. Oblong, in an almost crying Tone. The

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The Court was extreamly surpris'd at the Oddness of the Adventure, and *Minos* again asking the Plaintiff what he had to say, he returned the same Answer. Upon which, the Defendant addressing himself to *Minos*, *It is very hard, my Lord, that I must be my own Accuser ; but I cannot help it, since he and my Conscience will have it so. You must know, my Lord, when young, our Tempers seem'd to correspond as much as our Years ; we were always together, or at least never at Ease when asunder. Pleasure, Business, or Diversion, rarely could divide us. In which Manner, as we grew up, so when we came into the World, we maintained the same Harmony. But it happened he had Misfortunes, so had not I. Nevertheless, as I grew rich, my Lord, I grew negligent and forgetful ; and, instead of being mindful of our former Friendship, at last grew so reserv'd, as if I never had heard of such a Name. How he behaved under all this, would only double my Confusion to repeat ; and, therefore, since he is willing to spare me, I hope this honourable Board will do the same ; I am willing to make any Attonement. He was going on, when *Minos* interrupting, said, *Those Thoughts are too late now ; you should have considered that before. His Forgiveness will not avail you : For Justice is what you must expect in this Place, where Omissions will be laid to your Charge, as well as Commissions, and all personal Retributions are impossible. Methought the poor Man*
deserved*

Deserved the Pity his Looks pleaded for, and yet I did not see any one in the Place would afford it him, beside myself. He was ordered away, and, at Parting, he was heard to say, *That he was pleased, however, he should not suffer for Self-Interest, but meerly for the false Glory of aggrandizing his own Family.*

The Plaintiff thus left alone, I observed many came up to the Bar, and looking in his Face, shook their Heads, and then hastened away faster than they came. Among the rest, one that I took to be a Foreigner, who, in broken *English*, with a sort of a Sneer, own'd to the Judges, that *he had been very intimate with the Plaintiff; but,* continued he, *that was in his Prosperity: For, so soon as Fortune turn'd, I was complasant, and turn'd with her, and thought I did very rationally, having the Example of his own Countryman; tho', I must say, had his good Fortune continued, I believe, in my Conscience, we had continued good Friends to our dying Day. Conscience, said Minos with a Frown: Take him away, take him away; he has confess'd enough, and makes his Confession a Matter of Merit, not of Conscience. However, carry him to a separate Mansion, where he may be distinguish'd by his Punishment.*

The Words were hardly uttered, when flock'd in a whole Bevy of Mortals, with a Lawyer at the Head of 'em. Minos demanding who they were; *We are,* says the Lawyer,

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Lawyer, stroking his Band; for, by way of Distinction, he wore a Band, tho' not call'd to the Bar: *We are a small Part of a vastly great Body, call'd Friendship-Mongers: Says Minos, What are those? A Society like the Jews, dispersed all over the Universe, said the Lawyer. No Country upon the Face of the Earth, that I ever heard of, that does not abound with 'em; and few, if any, but encourage 'em. This considerable Body, my Lord, have elected me for their Council, and I hope to evince this honourable Board, they have made no bad Choice for themselves. But before I proceed, I am apt to imagine it will be necessary, and no way displeasing to your Lordships, a little to open the Nature of our Constitution, and our Antiquity. To do this regularly, I shall begin with the last first, a Rule in Rhetorick, my Lords, which, if uncommon, is certainly more suitable to the Subject. As to our Antiquity, my Lord, we are as old as the Old Testament. Ziba was first Grand Master of our first Lodge, and has left us such a noble Body of *Æconomicks*, that I may set the World at Defiance to find a Parallel. Those golden Verses of the Philosopher, so much boasted of, in my Opinion, were not half so comprehensive in End and Use. Give me leave to recite a few, not to inform your Lordships Judgments, but to affirm the Equity of our Foundation.*

I. Let all Sincerity be banished, or be used only upon trivial Occasions.

II. If

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II. If any Member contracts a Friendship, let him take care to do it with a full Salvo to his own Emolument.

III. If one of the contracting Parties fall under any *Delema*, let the other look upon himself as, *ipso facto*, discharg'd, not only from Assistance but Concern; for, Promises, like Spiders Webs, may hold the Weak, but are always too weak for the Wise.

IV. Nevertheless, to all that want either, offer the smoothest Words, assuring every such Person, that you would oblige him with all the Pleasure in Life. However, always take care to be provided with an essential *But*——

V. Good Turns are no longer to be valued than felt.

VI. The Memory is too volatile a Thing to be burthened with Services past, to which no Returns ought to be made but with Regard to the future.

These, my Lord, are a few of the Principles of our Institution. But—Enough of all Conscience, said Minos interrupting him, unless they were better. Pray, were you ever incorporated? Not yet, my Lord, very pertly reply'd the Lawyer; but we have prefer'd our Petition; and our Tenets are so agreeable to the Mode of the Beau Monde, that we have no fear of Success. Then you are, at present, a Body inanimate,

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mate, reply'd the Judge sternly; and the hottest Flames in Hell can only consume you. However, I'd advise you, so soon as you get to that Place, you would get leave to look over their Records, and see if you can find such a foul System in all their Annals. That will demonstrate to you the Justice of your Sentence, and so, Janizaries, carry 'em all to the Place allotted the Hypocrites and Lyars. The Lawyer would fain have demurred, but the Court overrul'd it: Upon which, methought, they set up such a hideous Schreme, as a Man might as well have pretended to have slept under the Sound of the last Trumpet.



V I S I O N



VISION IX.

*That the WORLD is a SCENE OF
CYPHERS.*

A Young Scholar asking his Master, who taught him Arithmetick, the Meaning of the Word *Cypher*, was answer'd, that it was a meer round O, which, by itself, stood for nothing, but, with a Figure before it, was of some Signification. Let me be far enough, said the Youngster, if that be not our John exactly. And I am afraid this goodly Metropolis of ours, and its Confines, would furnish us with Regiments of such our John's, and, as the Youth said, exactly like him. What Company? What Society does not abound with them? and very often in such Plenty, that they are even serviceable to make the Society considerable. *Cyphers* are found to be mighty necessary Nothings at Musick Meetings, at Assemblies, Operas, and Farces: So necessary, that they would all want of their real Essentials, if without them. What an unshapely Figure would 500 make, if it was not for the *Cyphers*: Tho' some silly, or rather rigid Criticks pretend, that the *Cyphers* there

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would be more properly placed before than behind. I was once put upon, and by a very great Man too, the writing of a *Treatise of the Usefulness of Cyphers*; in which I was to have pointed the *where* and the *when*, and other material Observations. He himself gave me some Hints, of which the best was from himself. However, I could not bring my Reason to quadrate altogether with his Plan, and so the Project drop'd. He would have it as a Postulatum, *That Cyphers were wholly useless, at present at least, in enumerating Statesmen*; but his Reason was too fine for me to close with, *That we always took care to send the greatest into foreign Service*. Another Notion he advanced, as singular as the former, *That Cyphers, tho' they made, ought not to be reckon'd in Societies*. An Assertion as wild as any in the plain Case, since, if you take away all the Cyphers, how would you ever be able to compose any Society. But more to evidence their Usefulness, it were not difficult to prove, that some Societies are wholly composed of Cyphers, the *Leatbern Apron Brotherhood* in particular, and many other that I could name, if Time would admit of it. Go to the *Golden Pill* in *Warwick-Lane*, or visit the Office in *Crane-Court*, and you will be forc'd to confess, that when *M. P.* and one (or two more at the most) are absent, the Cyphers make a more solemn and splendid Appearance, than if they were present. This
plainly

plainly demonstrates, that *Cyphers* can stand by themselves, and, without the Help of a Figure, be significant. Examine all the Companies in the City, what a wretched Figure would any one of them make without a *Cypher*? The old plain Story of the School Boy, *Three blue Beans in a blue Bladder, rattle Bladder rattle*, and there's an end on't. Our Sage Governors, it is true, having a wrong Notion of the *Cypher*, resolv'd to exclude the whole Race all Benefit of publick Commissions; and, therefore, confin'd their Numbers to three, seven, or nine; but the cunning *Cyphers*, aware of the Trick, prevail'd on their Masters to go snacks; by which Means there are few of those Offices, at this Time, without *Cyphers*. Nay, if they would confess truly, they would say, that the *Cyphers* are the most useful Part among them; they drudge, take true Pains, and do all the dirty Work; so that, without them, in what an uncleanly Pickle would lye most of our publick Offices?

Cyphers are useful, even in the Law; and her Ladyship is so sensible of it, that she affords her benigne Countenance to them, ten for one, of all, or any other. The Knaves of the Practice, its true, are most redundant; but your heavy sojourning Heads are not without their Weight, and, at Trick and Covin, can come up to *Wreathock* or *Jones*. *Welland* was a good third Man, but he is

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gone. Well for the Honour of the Fraternity was it, that he left *J——* and *Of baldiston* behind. It is true, they are properly *Cyphers*; yet it cannot be said, that they want a Figure before 'em, having *Tyburn* always before their Eyes in Idea, if not in Vision. How many round O's, or *Cyphers*, might we find on a Search among the Gentlemen of the Long-Robe, who, as *Hudibras* says,

*Never ope
Their Mouths, but out there flies a Trope.*

An Excellence very familiar to those Gentry, and coming from the perfect Resemblance of a round O, I appeal to any sensible Person, whether it be not manifestly deducible, they must retain much of the *Cypher*. In the twelve Judges, it is certain, there is never a *Cypher*, having two Figures to support them; but take those two Figures away, and I dare set at Defiance the whole Wit of Mankind to recruit or patch up the Number, without having Recourse to the Race of *Cyphers*. By all which, I think it is pretty apparent, that our *John* is not so despicable a Creature as the raw Arithmetician would insinuate him, being sure of a Set of Associates in all Ranks and Classes of Mankind.

That there is a vast Difference in *Cyphers*, can never be deny'd; for, tho' to be genuine
Cyphers,

Cyphers, they must needs carry a sort of Roundity or Ovality (I wish by my hard Words my Reader may not apprehend me putting in for an *F. R. S.*) and, I confess, *in prima facie*, it may look a little a squint, as if I coin'd them for some such Purpose; yet a *Cypher* may be a true *Cypher*, tho' a little out of Shape or Size. I have known such a one make a most profound Statesman, nay, a Secretary, nay, an Ambassador; but then, I must confess, it has been by the timely and prudent Application of proper Supporters: For, you know, it is a common Saying, *that a good Clerk may make an excellent Justice*. I shall not digress so far, as to tire my Reader with a Bead-roll of the Qualifications proper to all, or any of them; it is sufficient for my purpose, that *Cyphers* have more than once shewn themselves significant in such high Posts and Stations, and in more Reigns than one.

And if *Cyphers* have shone in those mighty Orbits above-mentioned, what Wonder, I wonder, would it be, if they should now and then inanimate our Courts of Justice? Let malicious People say what they will, Variety is the Perfection of Nature. What a tiresome Group, if I may so name it, would it be to the visive Faculties to have all one sort of Flower, one sort of Fruit, or one sort of Green? In such a confin'd Landskip, even the beautiful *Belladonna*, the charming *Peach*,

or fragrant *Marum*, would only tire and weary. Sensible of which, the bounteous Lady indulges Mankind with a boundless Variety, and very often variegates her own Productions to enlarge the Pleasure. Thus, in her great Grace and Goodness, she adds *Cyphers* to make up Numbers, and very often, by such Additions, renders the few much more significant and conspicuous.

What does that sneering Fellow there in the Corner mean? A Deist, or an Infidel, I warrant him. By his awkward Grimace, he would insinuate that I am partial. I will disappoint his Malice every way, and yet confess, that our Divines are not without a Mixture of *Cyphers*. But, after this Concession, what will his Vanity conclude? Does it not confront his Impudence that will have 'em all such; yes, indeed, such indeed they would have 'em all; but how then would the World be satisfy'd that their Worshipps act upon no Principles, build upon false Arguments, and, in choosing to die like Beasts, and be nothing, demonstrate they are little more, either in Precept or Practice, previous to the Annihilation they wish for and choose. The *Cyphers* may deliver Strings of Government, and *plain Cases*, but not without a due Rebuke from the Figures without *Cyphers*.

Thus far, however, I will agree with the Cavillers (those Cynder-Sifters of Truth and good Nature) that tho' *Cyphers* are of Use,

it is not every *Cypher* that is useful. There are *Cyphers* of Indolence, to which some mistaken Men give the Title of Men of fine Parts; there are *Cyphers* of Self-Interest, to which others more wrongfully give the Name of Patriots; there are Bacchanalian *Cyphers*, who will not leave the Bottle to save the Nation, but will guzzle down, till no one Figure in Arithmetick is sufficient to support 'em; there are *Cyphers* of *Venus*, who will dismiss Affairs of State to follow a Whore, tho' he is certain of the Issue, and that it will prove the poxing of an honest Woman, his Wife; there are *Cyphers* military, who forsake the Pursuit of real Glory, and, distrustful of their own Merit, affirm the Distrust by a sedulous Attendance at the Leveés of Men of Power; in short, every Man, in my Opinion, is no other than a *Cypher*, that does not take care of his Morals, and to apply those Morals to the Benefit of his Country. What can demonstrate a Man of fine Parts, but this? Activity and Sensibility will attend in Course. What can display the Patriot better than a Preference of the Publick to the Private? Men may Drink, Whore, Swear, Lie, and boast of Honour; but, unless their Actions witness the Fruits, they must be meerer *Cyphers* than our *John*, or any yet spoke of, that will prostitute their Faith and Credit on the idle Breath of such supercilious Phrases. A Man would shew himself wiser

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to believe a Whore at Confession, or a Bawd in the Execution of her abominable Function: For our Saviour has said, *by their Fruit ye shall know them.*

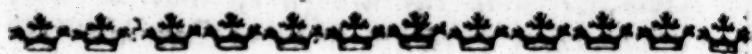
Under this comprehensive Conclusion, I fell into a Slumber, and found myself in a Room full of nothing but round O's, Wainscot Chairs, Stools, nay, even the Bed itself was cover'd over with them. I walk'd the Room several Times over, thoughtful of the Meaning, but, without any Probability of a Solution, for no Soul came near me. After I had perplex'd myself sometime to little purpose, casting my Eyes on a little Table in the Corner, I observ'd a handsome Globe upon it. Curiosity led me up to survey it, when, just as I was got within a Yard of it, methought it divided of itself, and out starts a little Creature, but, tho' little, seemingly a compleat Man. Surprise and Amaze did not hinder my viewing him thoroughly, but without any Ability of uttering a Sillable to ask Questions, in order to resolve Doubts.

At last, said the truly aboriginal Gentleman (and very glad was I to hear he could speak) *What is the Meaning of your Surprise? Do not you see the World itself is a Cypher? And if the World is a Cypher, or a round O, why should you stand amazed, that Cyphers are its Production. New-born as I am, as yet you see me a sort of a Cypher, but as soon as I can get rid of my swadling Clouts, and join myself*

to one of those Multitude of round O's you see in the Room, I shall cut a Figure, and be able, some approaching Election, to stand Candidate for some Cornish Borough, or one of the Cinque-Ports, and, in a little Time arrive to be a Commissioner. It is nothing but the Effects of a little Forehead and Dexterity, as you shall see.—

At which Words, methought, he threw himself out of his Shell—join'd himself to the next round O, and, in a Trice, rose up to the very Top of the Room, that before could hardly crawl at the Bottom. Now go, says he, and satisfy your intolerable Scepticks of what you have seen, and hereafter learn to be a Champion of this uncontestable Theorem, that Cyphers are not despicable, and may be useful. But what most surpris'd me, this new great Figure, so soon as he had thus speech'd it, was reclaim'd by some invisible Power into his original Shell, the Globe, which clos'd upon him, and I saw no more of him. The Oddness of the Thing so surpris'd me, that I wak'd with this Aphorism in my Mouth ;

That to make a Figure in the World, some Men must be Cyphers.



VISION. X.

*The new Way of Raising MUSHROOMS;
Good and Bad.*

MY Gardener having long solicited me for leave to make a *Mushroom Bed*, to be rid of the Fellow's Importunities, I gave way to his Humour, and, at his Request, stood patiently by to see the Operation. *Mushrooms*, I confess, are what I like well enough for a Rellish in Sauce, but I never could reconcile it to Reason, to make a Repast of that, which Experience has declar'd dangerous to Nature. However, my Gardener having prepar'd his Off-sets, and provided a proper Quantity of Dung, went to work; and I cannot say but I was extreamly well pleas'd to see the Regularity of his Regimen. The larger Off-sets he plac'd a top of every Ridge, the less aside and underneath. He then cover'd them with a sufficient Covering of Horse-dung, and that with a due Course of Litter. This finish'd my *Mushroom Bed*; and from this I was to expect a Supply of that delicious Implement for my Family, or those who love them. About a Week after, my Gardener came to me,

me, earnestly begging I would come and cast an Eye upon his laborious Laboratory. I profess, when I went down, I was surpris'd to see the Beauty, as well as the Bountifulness of the Production. The Beds were all as white as Snow, and more crouded than Hop-tops in a Hop-ground that had been too much neglected. My Gardener taking upon him to assure me, they were of the right salubrious Kind, I gave him leave to gather a Dish, and carry them in to the Cook to make ready for Supper. There happened to be a good deal of Company, and some of 'em profound Epicures: the Dish surpris'd, and pleas'd, and I was so drawn in by their Recommendations, that I was deluded enough to keep 'em in Countenance, and eat plentifully. Nor did I find, after the Company parted, that they sat at all uneasy on my Stomach; and, therefore, after the necessary Duties of the Night, I went to my Repose, without any Doubt of sleeping heartily.

I have heard that it is a common Saying of old Women, and such as are Reverees or Venerators of *Artimadorus*, that *it is better to dream of the Devil than a crown'd Head*: For my part, let People make what Deductions their great Wisdoms shall lead them to, I shall frankly declare, I did not dream of the Devil, and yet had no Ill-luck follow'd after. Methought I was at the Seat of a Great Lady, near to the Town, and walking in the Gardens,

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dens, when a Person of uncommon Appearance advanced up to me, demanding, *If I was come to learn the Manner of making Mushrooms?* With a reverend Bow, and my Hat under my Arm, I made answer, *That having a Mushroom-Bed of my own, I had not presum'd to come there to learn an Art I was Master of, but to enjoy the fresh Air, and, with the good Leave of the Owner, to take a View of those fine Gardens.* *That's all very well,* reply'd the Lady: *But come along with me, and see whether the Mushroom-Bed you boast of, is to compare with those before you.* I follow'd, methought, but with a profound Awe and Respect, till I came to a large Area regularly full of such Ridges as my own, but with Distances between, such as my smaller Spot would not admit of. *This is the Time of Rising,* said the Lady, *and therefore observe them as they spring.* Upon this Notice, methought I fix'd my Eyes upon the first Ridge, and the Ground immediately swell'd, opened, and broke out in a round Knob, or Head; when, instead of a Mushroom, I saw a human Face that I thought I knew, and whom, on a narrow Scrutiny, I found to be Tom Noodle. I had almost forgot where I was, and was going to hail him; when, with a sort of a grave Frown, he stopp'd me, gently crying, *Hush, hush, I am no more your old Acquaintance Tom; I am a Knight, and must now be called Sir Thomas Noodle. Take Notice how the Bed swells*
all

*all over, and, if you stay a little longer, you will find it cover'd with them. I would fain have ask'd him a few Questions for my farther Information, but he stalk'd away with so much new Majesty, that I perceiv'd there was no Likelyhood of obtaining one Word; for which Reason I dropt all Pursuit: But, as he had foretold, the Bed swell'd all over like so many Mole-hills in a Warren, and out of every Tumor came a Knob; or, as I may say, an Eminent Knight, that the Place was quite alive, yet full of new Tumors. I did not know any one of the Number, nor could I find that many of them was more known to themselves. However, there was such Walking, Strutting, and Stalking, that, quite weary of the Pageantry, I could not avoid shewing Uneasiness, which my kind Hostess perceiving, led me to the next Ridge, saying, as she left the other, *These are my petty Champions: The next is of a higher Ridge and Goust. These are by no Means fit for Pickling; they change almost as soon as risen, and therefore are only fit for present Use, being very apt to have a strong Taste of the Dung, which renders 'em, to nice Palates, not very agreeable. But come,* says the Lady, *I'll shew you another Sort. Take Notice of that Ridge before you.**

I did so, and found they were all mark'd with a B: which, in my Apprehension, denoted Best. As soon as I had fixt my Eyes on the Bed, as before, the Ridges swell'd, open'd,

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open'd, and brought forth. I could not observe that there was any great Difference as to Size; nor were their Knobs any whit whiter, or rounder, than the other, only every one had a B at Top, which I still ignorantly enough, as before, understood to denote the Goodness of 'em; and what help'd to confirm me in the Mistake, was the Lady's giving them the Name of Buttons. *These, doubtless, Madam, said I, are all Picklers; they bear their Signature in their Stems, as well as in their Fronts; and ought to have another B added to make 'em Best of Bests.* The Lady laugh'd heartily at my Simplicity, saying, *If I was to make a Tryal, it would soon reform my Error, since I might find some of 'em retain a stronger Twang of the Dung than any of the last. But they that take Delight in Gardening, you know, are liable to little Inconveniencies and Errors, caus'd by the Wantonness of Nature, who takes a Delight to put a Change upon Mankind, and sometimes variegates, and sometimes degenerates, the most beautiful of Flowers, as well as the most delicious of Fruits.* However, continu'd she, *I must say, with all its Faults, this is much more profitable, tho' not altogether so productive as the last. However, by Virtue of a peculiar Pickle which I make use of, the Champignons of this Bed, as they are much better for keeping, so the rankest, by Infusion of proper Spices, become sometimes as well-flavour'd as the best.*

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Conversation had now somewhat familiariz'd; and I pray, said I, good Lady, are all these Ridges different Sorts? Do not be so hasty, reply'd the Lady; the Best, I can assure you, are yet to come; but all Things in their Season. What think you of the next? Is it not a Bed of a fine Contexture? Does it not lye handsome, and of a clever Mounture? Observe it well; it will reward your Observations? Bless me, said I, Madam, what colour'd Mushrooms are these? Sure they cannot be of the salubrious Kind. O the Ideot! said the Lady, are they not of the livid Flesh-colour'd Kind? How can you question their Salubrity? You might doubt every whit as well of the Wholesomeness of the Bath Waters, or the Mineral Waters of the Spa, or Pyrmont. Indeed my head Gardener, I must confess, was a little too much directed by his Journeyman, in the framing this Ridge, which requir'd the greatest Nicety of Art and Labour of any thing under the Sun. But the Journeyman, not much given to Thought, and supine in every thing but his own Advantage, order'd, as you see, his Workmen to make the Borders so flat and level, that, instead of Champignons of the first or second Growth, we see nothing but Conical Fungus's, for all the World like the old Wives Hats in Queen Elizabeth's Days. However, the French, who are a sage Nation, have taught us the Use of this (I know not whether I may safely or no call it a) Vegetable; but, by their Example, we have made it an Edible; for sure I am, the Morelle is found
at

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at mine and every great Man's Table. It is a Fungus, its true, that has been look'd upon by us Tramontanes, as one of the poysonous Kind; but so long as the Frenchman eats it, an Englishman will never think he can take any harm by following his Example; but rather look upon it as his Glory. And if Creatures will suffer their Minds to be poyson'd one way, why not in all? Did you mark that Zodiacal Circle of Red? Is it not graceful? Would it not tempt a Man to bite, tho' sure to be bitten?

What will you say then to the next Ridge? Observe, they rise as green as the last did red. Fye upon this lazy Gardener, how has he let this Bed be quite over-run with Thistles? But there is no plucking 'em up now, for fear of disturbing the Off-sets. However, it is no great Matter, since they are of the rankest Kind; tasting too strong of the Dung to be pleasant. Nevertheless, as they are tall and thin, they make the better Appearance; and one singular Quality attends them; infuse a little into Soup, or Sauce, it will go farther than six Times the Quantity of either Onion or Garlick. Besides, they serve for all Uses; but dirty and vulgar Uses seem to be what Nature has best qualify'd 'em for.

But the Bed next to it, Madam, said I, is a very large one. Certainly those Fungus's must be Favourites, or so much Pains and Compass would never have been cast away upon 'em? The Effect does not always answer the Gardeners Labour, reply'd the Lady, they are, at best, but a Sort
of

of a meſſin Crop; ſome *Wheat* and ſome *Rye*. Take ſpecial Notice, however, of one thing; there is not a *Fungus* that riſes here, but carries a perfect *Coronet* on the *Crown* of it, which makes a glorious *Shew* on their firſt Riſing; but they ſoon change, and many of them are rotten before they are ripe. I have had ſome Thoughts of tranſplanting ſome of them; but my Gardener diſcourageſ me; for he tells me they will be never the better without freſh *Dung*; and that, in all probability, will give 'em ſuch a Taint, that there will be no enduring them at the Table. He tells me too, as a farther Diſcouragement, that an Experiment had been made of three or four, which ſo vilely degenerated, that they grew to be worſe than common *Toad-ftools*. However, I am fully reſolv'd to adviſe with a French Gardener; if any can, he will moſt certainly find a Way to make 'em uſeful. Perhaps he will put ſome of 'em into a *Fricaſee* of *Frogs*; and I ſhould think, if there be no great Pleaſure, there could be no great Danger. But, after all, perhaps the Experiment may not anſwer the Charge, and I find uſeleſs Things in our Days ſtand in no need of increaſing.

The Lady talk'd ſo pertinently, methought, that it was pity to interrupt her; and yet happening to caſt my Eyes forward, I found it was impoſſible to reſreſs my Surpriſe. She took Notice of it preſently. And well, ſays ſhe, I cannot blame you: It is in the Nature of Things glorious to attract. That is my Maſter Muſh-

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Mushroom, and has a *Bed* to itself, because he grew so fast, that he has mostly supply'd all the other *Beds* with *Buds* and *Off-sets*. Is it not a hopeful *Plant*? What say you? Do I not do wisely to encourage it? Besides, if you mind, it is of a different *Kind* to all the former; and not altogether agreeable to the next, tho' of the same *Species*. It has the *Ultramarine* Cast, but wants the superior *Coronet* on the *Crown*; tho' I have been credibly inform'd, it has it at *Bottom*: If so, all the young *Off-sets* will partake of its *Qualities*. Is it not pretty wonderful, that *Naturalists* should not yet have been able to agree upon the *Virtues* of this *Fungus*? Some affirming it to be of a *Styptic* Quality, others of a *Caustick*. Yet certainly we may safely conclude, that it has some *Virtues*, which, whenever discover'd, the *Philosophers* and *Adepts* will agree to be valuable. I am sensible my *Gardener* thinks me too fond of a *Plant* that, as he fancies, only takes up *Room*, without either *Use* or *Beauty*; but why should they deny me my *Expectation* for an *Amusement*? It will cost little to keep the *Bed* clear of *Weeds*, and to *People* that have little else to do, the very *Watching* is a *Diversion*. But I hope better Things, and will therefore persist to cherish my *Fungus* till the *Coronet*, which they say lies at the *Bottom* of its *Heels*, rise up to the *Crown* of its *Head*. You know *Women*, when they set on a Thing, are not easily baulk'd; and when they get their *Ends*, *Opposition* only advances the *Pleasure*. But you may think me too fond, perhaps, as well as others.

others. Come, we'll adjourn the Debate and go to a new Cause.

This is my last, and largest, Mushroom-Bed; and a fine one it is. Tell me sincerely, did your Eyes ever behold the like? Here's Cloth and Colour. Not one of these are of your ragged Norman Breed. Fresh and well-liking as if this Morning's Dew was the Mother of every one of 'em. They may talk what they will of Cressy and Agincourt; none of these ever sprung up in the Fields of Hockstet; for my Part I am for encouraging the Herald Office, and since all our Old Arms are lost, let the poor Rogues be paid for finding New for others. But it may be offer'd, that the Arms of the Family of Fungus's ought to be alike. What need I wonder for that? Are we not all from Adam? And yet we find his Posterity affected Variety of Bearings. Why should the Family of the Fungus's be debarr'd the same Liberty? I do not know but, under the Management of a good Etimologist, he might go near to derive himself from somewhat like Royal Extraction. There will be found no such great Difference between Fungus and Fergus, but an ingenious Man might make them identical. Men scientifick in those Arts, never stand upon a Letter or two; and in that Case it is plain the Rabbi would find himself within Compass. Or if that should fail, and the Family should, with profound Humility, drop their Pretensions to Royal Extraction, sure their Numerousness might stand in Competition with Antiquity; for

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I have heard, that of five Hundred Families, choose where you will, near three Hundred and Ninety must claim Relation, and never blush at the Matter. I say, therefore, let us go on to encourage Mushroom-bed making: I'll under-take to find you a Grand Master of the Lodge, and I doubt not but, under his Management, the Society and Honour of the Fungus, or Mushrooms, will, on a Poll, quite distance the late much-venerated Society of Free-Masons. And the rather because the Fungus shall be ty'd to no Oaths they shall be necessitated to break, and yet, like the other, have under a Comprehension, Brokers, Taylors, Fiddlers, Coblers, Carmen, and every other Degree of Man that may swell their Fame in their Number: What think you of the Project? in my Opinion there is Encouragement enough for you to persist. If you cannot arrive at the raising Fungus's of Fashion, you may raise enough of the common Sort, and, perhaps, in a little Time, if I can find my Journeyman Gardener in a special Good Humour, I may prevail on him to spare you a Bud or two out of our Beds; for, in my Opinion, a good Thing can never be in too many Hands, nor too amply propagated. I saw she was about to leave the Garden, and prepar'd accordingly to take my leave, with an humble Obedience, but some unhappy way or other my Buckle took hold of her Petticoat, and down I came on my Nose. The imaginary Indecorum put me all into Confusion, and that Confusion soon convinc'd me of the Fallacy of my Dream.

VISTON



VISION XI.

*The GLUTTONS. That such are their
own SEXTONS, and make their own
GRAVES.*

IT was certainly intended as a fine Encomium upon a noble *Roman*, that he was *Helluo Librorum*, anglice, a *Glutton of Books*, a Race of Hereticks, quite extinct in this prolifick Age, where all other Heresies abound prodigiously, till, like other Streams they are swallow'd in the wide Sea of Infidelity : Yet, to supply that Mortality, there is another Race of *Helluos* sprung up, not so commendable, I confess, as the *Roman* ; tho', perhaps, every way as valuable in their own Eyes. Paper Diet is but a feeble Nourisher ; tho', I can say this for some of 'em, they would live but poorly, very poorly, without the Benefit of it ; but with some Constitutions every thing procures an Appetite. And Intenseness of Thought extends the Stomach, as well as walking, or any other Exercise, provided the Subject be of an edifying Nature. I confess, the Subject I am upon is
not

not of that Nature to me; yet so many of my Countrymen have of late, within my own Knowledge, dug their Graves with their Teeth, and since the Subject is of itself new, and, as I think, yet untreated of, Charity inclines me to throw away an Hour, and a Sheet of Paper, in hopes to make some few of the surviving Number a little sensible, that they are quite out in their Reckoning.

The Taste must be acknowledged not the least nice of the five Senses; perhaps, were *Apicius* to be Judge, he would meet it with pompous Superlatives. But that prodigious Glory to the *Roman* Table is long since departed, and, distrustful of his Countrymen's doing Justice to a Person of his Merit, would not suspend his own Fame, but fairly choose rather to suspend his Person, in order to leave an instructive Memorial to all his Followers. It may, without Offence, I think, to Probability, be offer'd in Excuse, or by way of Extenuation, that the Man had over-eat himself, and, for want of my Countrymen's Recipe, rolling before the Fire, so stupify'd his Senses, that he could not distinguish a Halter from a Table: But, tho' I satirically hinted it for an instructive Memorial to his Followers, I do assure the whole Race of my Countrymen, his Disciples, that I am so far from any Desire that they should follow the Example of that grand Master of their Lodge, that I have it now under Pen and Ink to prescribe
a Re-

a Recipe for a Cure, and I hope they will be ready to give it a Sanction with their *Probatum est*.

I have heard (and I am apt to believe more Truth than I could wish in it) that not a few of our Livery-Men and Citizens will purchase a Ticket at any publick Feast, in order to over-do Nature, which they term having a Belly full. To be sure, these must all be staunch Trenchermen, and such as go with a full Resolution to have their Pennyworths for their Penny. These are true Warriors, that do not crack but do; they are Men of Sincerity; they do nothing from their Teeth outward: The Teeth inward is the Affair they are intent upon. Yet is not their Devotion meerly mental; for, tho' a fine Appearance may afford a very promising Prospect, till they substantially gratify the Sense they are most devoted to, all the Pleasure the other Senses can impart to 'em, is only tantalizing. The *Cæna dubia*, may make their Mouths and Imaginations run over; but they have an utter Aversion for bare Landskips, when they can enjoy real Nature. To see how such Heroes twist (as they phrase it) would certainly induce a Man of no very great Appetite to wish he could tithe with them; tho', perhaps, upon Experiment, a Tithe might be more than his Constitution could dispense with.

But

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But the eating Part is not all the Diversion the Spectators will be delighted with (tho' it be the principal Delight of the Performer) the Manner is as astonishing as the Matter. I myself have seen one of his Majesty's Justices sleep and eat, and eat and sleep alternately, three good Hours away, and yet rise hungry. And most of that sort of Gentry impart the Pleasures they feel to others, by assigning some small part of their plentiful Refection to each Side of their Mouth. Whether they do this communicatively, or by way of Exultation, having never asked any Question, I cannot say. But this I can affirm to have observ'd, that where it happen'd to a Man that was truly an Oeconomist, he has taken care to croud those Over-flowings in with the next good Mouthful.

But of all the noble Heroes of the Trencher, recommend me to those, who, like old Soldiers, fight their Battles over again in Recital, and, by the twisting of their Chops, and watering at each Side of the Mouth, seem all the while to re-enjoy the past Pleasures they entertain you with. These are the Race of the Epicure in a right Line; they want no Herald's-Office to affirm their Pedigree; Blood and Family appear in the Tongue and Teeth of 'em; not but I have known a *Welch* Parliament-Man on this Occasion make Recourse to *Merlin's Cave*; but this was merely

meerly *ex abundantia*, since the Clerk of the Kitchen could have given him a Certificate as effectual to all Intents and Purposes as the best of his own Country. He knew the Man so well, and was so much (as a Man may say, without a Figure) to his own Taste, as he would have refused him nothing, but, doubtless, have allow'd himself great Lengths in his Service that way, as he had done in the more immediate Way of his Office. What a noble Shew must half a score of these Worthies met together make? What a Consort, without Musick, must be the Production of their Brains, which always lie at the Roots of their Tongues, or the natural Palisades before 'em. *French* Cookery is of no Use here to whet up the Appetite; for, what Whetstone is needful to give an Edge to a Razor? *Ortolans*, *Turkey-pouts*, and such like will go down with them *in puris naturalibus*; but *Woodcocks*, *Pheasants*, *Quails* and *Snipes* require a little good Sauce to compleat them. These qualify them for *Champain* and *Burgandy*, and *Burgundy* and *Champain* require the Favour in qualifying them again for a Repetition. Can it be a Wonder, that the Blood is fired and thrown in a Flame? or, that they are forced to tell Toes, Thumbs and Fingers twice over, to keep a Reckoning of their Byblows? How in Justice can they complain of Diseases? or, that unmannerly Death approaches them with too long Strides?

Their own Teeth daily prepare the Table ; and their common Usage would make it much more unmannerly in a Guest that was invited to stay away. The honourable Society of *new Cholick Water-men*, the *Apothecaries* (who generously converted *Galen's* Repository into a *Gin-Shop*, tho' under a more specious Title) are sent to in vain for Relief ; they and their Masters the Doctors, only make their Appearance after they have taken their Fees, to shake their Heads and depart, leaving their Substitutes to prepare the Wretch's winding Sheet in a decent Bill of *Ana's*. Let 'em complain as long as they will, the whole is a true Scene of Nature ; who, ill used by her Servants, wisely, like Rats, by Instinct, forsake a falling Fabrick, and leaves the Tenant to lament too late the Justice of his Doom.

Such is the Distemper ; yet Epidemick as it is, Reason might propose a Cure, if the Patient would contribute his Mite towards it. But ask these Rosicrucians, what contributed most to the long Lives of the *Antideluvians* ? or, if they are not able to answer (as few of 'em read any other Book than the *Art of Cookery*) tell 'em of Temperance, Chastity, and Regularity of Life, they will stare like a stuck Pig, and, with the Man at the Gallows with the Rope about his Neck, cry aloud, *Drive on Carman*. Yet in Hopes there may be some few (as it must be a very scabby Flock
that

that affords not one sound Sheep) Let us see if we cannot light of some good Rules which might hit the Eye-Tooth, at least, and save their Understanding, together with their Bodies. I would not deny them, therefore, the Liberty of indulging their Appetites so far as may be consistent with Health; but the Stomach being like a Piece of wet Leather, which may be stretch'd to almost any Dimension, I would desire them, since it is for their own Sakes, to be careful not to over-stretch it, meerly to humour a Boast of the Prodigy of its Contents. The Boast of such a Prodigy, among wise Men, must be a prodigious letting down of the Understanding, and, therefore, I have friendly blush'd for one that seem'd not at Leisure to blush for himself, when he has vapour'd in my Hearing, how often he has eat a hundred of Oysters after a hearty Dinner. No doubt to him there appear'd a mighty Piece of Prowess in the Matter, but to me that happened to be endued with a more contracted way of thinking, it carried the Face of no better Triumph, than of the Mountebank that swallow'd Poyson, to shew the Value of his *Orvietan*, which has so often failed, that it has brought wiser Men to assert, *That none but Fools would try the Experiment.*

Simple Diets are allow'd by all Naturalists to be most wholesome; yet, would I by no means seem to confine these modern Vir-

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tuos in eating, to generous Beef and Pudding. Certain it is, this was the Food of our great Ancestors, and some as roundly attribute to that, in a great Measure, the Victories of *Cressy* and *Agincourt*. Yet, as wholesome as they are, if a Man, after he has eat a *quantum sufficit*, will gorge Nature with new Additions, he ought to be assured of the Property of the Falcon, a Power of casting up what is offensive ; and even in such a Case, I question whether, in the Judgment of a great Majority among Mankind, he would find any other Glory in the Action, than transferring the Beast to himself, instead of the Bird. To satisfy Nature in a rational Manner is commendable ; and what makes a finer Distinction between Man and Brute, than in curbing too violent Inclination, and throwing a Rein over the Will, to curb Exorbitance and Excess. No Man can have such a Stomach, as to conceal Sufficiency ; and, whoever he is, like a wise Man, he would obey the first Fruit, which to do is highly natural ; I cannot think that any Man is without an *Alarum* within, that might keep him within Bounds. As much as Nature can well and easily digest, no Man could deny him, and no Man in his right Senses would desire more. There is as great a Difference in the Constitutions of Men, as in their Complexions ; and, therefore, to make my Measure that of another Man's, would

would be to transgress the Rules of Equity, as well as Reason. But yet there is neither Stomach or Constitution illimitable ; and, therefore, to hold Things within the Limit of right Reason must be the Standard, which no Man will be so well able to be a Judge of, if he will duly weigh Circumstances, as the Person whom I am advising. Let him add to all this, that every Excess is dangerous, being very likely to be attended with Fevers, Rheumatisms, and a Multitude of other Diseases ; and he will soon learn to despise that silly Vaunt of a profess'd Mugletonian, *That he had made use of his Teeth and his Lips, and had rather they should dig his Grave than the Sexton.* But, in a little Time the first relign'd their Office to the last.

All Subjects long ponder'd over grow irksome, and so did this ; for I was caught with Sleep before I had any Notice of it ; and, tho' I had taken a cautious Modicum to my Supper, by way of Prevention (which I premise, lest the Dream that ensu'd should be interpreted to be the Effects of Emptiness) I found myself in a spacious large Room, larger than ever before my Eyes had beheld, full of Tables well spread, and garnish'd, and every Table full of Guests. Wondering a while at the great Order and numerous Company, a Lady of uncommon Beauty enter'd the Place, and seem'd to make directly up to me. She was very plain in her

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Dress, but so neat and clean withal, that neither Silks, Brocades, or Diamonds could have made her look more beautiful. So soon as she was come up to the Place where I stood, and I had pay'd the Homage which her very Charms exacted; *You are come in good Time*, says she with a smiling Air: *I will now make you a Judge of the unpardonable Wrongs I daily suffer from your fellow Servants. You are my Servant, as well as all these before you. I am Nature, this is my Birth-day, and I have order'd this Feast to be prepar'd, and you are to be my Guest; but first let us take a Walk round, and then pitch upon your Table and Company, and feast and welcome.*

The first Table she led me to was full of fine Folks, and as well cover'd with Variety of Dishes; but the Guests were generally of such an out-oth'way Aspect, that at the very first Cast I noted 'em all for Quality. The fair Part were, its true, many of 'em excessively fair, but it was of so livid or wan a fair, that I could not help concluding, they had either suffer'd by their Nurses, or had used Violence to themselves, to preserve their Complexions. After I had, with my Eyes, con'd over the Guests, I gave them leave to wander over the Dishes; but I could find not one of the whole that suited my Appetite, not one of the whole being, in my Opinion, fit to make a Meal on. One of the Servitors was very officious to reach me a Chair, and
three

three or four Times over pronounced all to be *fort gallante* ; but, perceiving him to be a *Frenchman*, I, with his own Superfluity of good Manners, refus'd the Chair, tho' I could not so easily get rid of his Civility. To free myself of which Redundance, I turn'd my Eyes to a side Table, at which were a Number of pretty Masters and Misses, who had every one their waiting Female at their Backs; these fetch'd from the grand Table what any of 'em call'd for, of which they fed so feelingly, that I ceas'd to wonder at their Parent-like Complexions.

The next Table was fill'd with awful Shadows, the Age of the youngest of which I should have guest at Fourscore. I expected, before I came up to it, to have seen it cover'd with Conserves and Gellies ; but, when I came near, I found 'em all feeding very heartily of what I could not tell what to make of, till one of 'em shaking his Head; in another Manner than it shook before, cry'd to his Neighbour, *This is excellent Viper Broth : Ay, says another, This is good Crawfish Soup too as ever I eat.* The Lady of the Feast looking wishfully upon me, shook her Head too, but in a disdainful Manner, and, as if she saw into the very Soul of me, gave me the Signal to leave 'em to themselves, and follow her directly.

She led me cross the Room to a Table crouded with *Bona Robas*, and fine Gentle-

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men in their Cues, Pigtaills and Powdries; This, thought I, sure enough, is the Table and Company I shall fix upon. And this Imagination I was the easier seduced into by the Sight of a plain Joint or two, which I fancy'd I could most heartily have fed upon. But their Talk was so frothy and futile, that it soon gave me a Surfeit of the Company, as the rest of the Dishes did of their Diet. They were all, but the two Joints of Meat, artificial Composts, and, like them, in my poor Opinion, fitter for dunging of Land, than the nourishing of human Bodies. A Man might swear by the very Hautgout, that a *French* Cook had had his Nuckles in every one of 'em; but what vexed and surpris'd me most was, that not one of the whole Company had touch'd the Dishes I had mark'd out for my own Palate. One, indeed, had his Knife up ready to enter one of 'em, when the Lady next him reproach'd him with an, *Ab Pauvre! will you rob the poor Servants?* Nay, thought I, if that be the Case, I'll make *my* Observation where the Servants dine, for I shall choose to feed with those that feed better than their Masters. I spoke this, as I thought, in a serene Soliloquy, but my Resentment, it seems, thrust the Words so far from between my Lips, that the Lady's Ears caught hold of 'em, and she laugh'd very heartily.

But the Table we came next to was, the very Counter-part of all I had seen before,
both

both in Guests and Garnish. Healthful Complexions, ruddy Faces, and chearful Airs seem'd to vie in all ; and the Dishes were all plain, native and wholesome, and such as invited, without any fore-stalling of Appetite. Peevishness and Ill-nature did not seem to attend so much as one of the Attendants ; for they appear'd to have borrow'd Chearfulness and good Humour from every Soul they waited on. The Lady express'd a visible Pleasure at the Complacency she discover'd in my Countenance ; and, I observ'd, that so soon as ever the Servitors saw her approach, there was a perfect Contest who should carry her Chair. Then turning to me, *This, said she, is my Table, and here I delight to solace myself. Set a Chair for the Stranger,* said she to one of the Servitors, who immediately paid Obedience, and, in spite of all the modest Excuses I could make, I was oblig'd to sit by her, where she directed the Chair to be placed. Every Soul of the Company was, emulous to shew their Belief of the Heartiness of their Welcome, by their chearful Feeding ; yet was there not the least Tendency to any thing like Voraciousness, but Mirth and inoffensive Pleasantry went round the Table. In short, my Heart was so overflowing, that I could not avoid declaring myself, *that I never saw the like Merriment and Freedom at a Country Wedding. Is there nothing wanting,* said the Lady, *to make it*

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yet compleat? without my answering, *I see you think there is*, continued the Lady. Upon which she gave a Signal, and two of the prettiest Creatures I ever set Eyes on (so pretty, if in another Place, I should have taken 'em for Angels; or, if I could have imagin'd myself on Earth, for *Melinda* and *Chloe*) who, without further Solicitation or Courting, entertain'd the Company with a Song so moving and *apropos*, that all the Hearts of them were charm'd up to their Ears, where they kept beating of Time till the Song was ended. For my Part, I speak the least of what I felt myself, and, therefore, can hardly think I speak too much for any there. So soon as the Song was over, *Well*, says the Lady, with all her Fund of Good-humour, turning to me, *How do you like our way of Living? Is it not quite inoffensive? And the more agreeable, as it contributes to Health and Peace of Mind? So well, Madam*, reply'd I, *that I think nothing on this side Heaven can come up to it? And I shall ever make it my Endeavor to pursue it all the rest of my Days.* I believe you, said the Lady, and yet to make you more in love with it, would be to mark the Issue at the rising of the Companies at the other Tables.

At the first, you will now find they are hard at Cards or Hazard; there Avarice is their Attendant, and what by the Peevishness of their own Tempers, and the Capriciousness of Fortune, their whole Frames are put in a Fret, inward or outward,

ward, that, when they leave off, they find themselves rather weary'd than diverted. The little Side-board is the most innocent at present, tho' there are promising Hopes they will, in Time, come up to the perfect Imperfections of their Parents; yet these pretend they follow Nature: I desire, therefore, hereafter you will disabuse the World.

As to the next Table, their whole Discourse is fuitable to their Bill of Fare; and the Incentives they make use of, take a wrong Turn, and flie up into their Heads; whence Obscurity and Rudeness blisters their Tongues, and leaves the human Microcosm in a most deplorable Condition. In short, Modesty and Good-manners, in their own Defence, are compell'd to forswear their Society.

The next which you seem'd inclinable to join, is not half a Degree on the best side either of the other; they are a Commixture of both, as you saw in Diet, so in Humour. Nevertheless, in one Thing they are worse than either; they are in full Heat of Blood, and think, to be natural, they must be quarrelsome: And this silly Humour they irritate by passing the Glasses so fast round, that they drive Reason out of the List, and forty to one sacrifice one or more of their Companions to their Intebriety; and then, at last, to justify their Follies, would throw the Blame upon me. I leave you to judge, continued the Lady, looking again on me, how justly; and, therefore, I desire you will remove the
Mistakes

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Mistakes where you find them, and lay the Blemishes where they ought deservedly to lye. I had given my Promise, and was preparing to take my leave; *No*, said she, *we'll have the other Song first.* To this free Proposal I had given a most willing Assent, and the fair ones had just began to tune their pretty Pipes for it; when in rushes Half a Dozen of the Cues and Pigtailes from the next Table, with their drawn Swords. The Ladies and *Nature* shreik'd aloud; but seeing their Swords tremble in their Hands, I put myself in a Posture to defend my Charge; at which Instant, I observed one of the false Heroes making a Push at the Back of the Lady of the Feast. It put my whole Man into a Ferment, to see such a Piece of Brutality, and aiming to throw myself between, I found I had thrown myself out a-bed, and, on the Floor, soon recollected that I had been in a Dream.



VISION



VISION XII.

The GENTLEMEN JACK-PUDDINGS. *A*
GENERAL SATYR *on* DRESS.

A Little weary, as I was, with Writing and Reading; I went t'other Day to take a Walk to refresh myself. The *Park*, tho' a Place I have no great Fondness for, yet, without Aversion, being near, was the Place I pitch'd upon, and the Calmness of the Evening made me hasten to get thither, that I might lose so much less of the Benefit I propos'd by it. As is very common, I met with many that I had paid the Ceremony of the Hat to; but had taken a full Leash of Turns the Length of the Mall before my good Fortune presentèd me with what the World calls a Friend, and I a Familiar, being unwilling to abuse either the World or myself. Just as I was taking the Critical Turn for my Farewell, who should make up to me, but *Tom Plainwright*. *Tom* is a facecious, pleasant Fellow, and, for an Hour or two, the most diverting Creature in the World; but what renders him infinitely more agreeable is, that under all his Ludicrities, he takes care to
throw

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throw out nothing that may be shocking to the best of either Sex ; so that his Company is sure never to be offended, but pleas'd. *Well*, says *Tom*, at our first meeting, *I am glad I have met with you abroad. Prithee keep your Shell off your Head a little longer ; it is a charming Evening, and we shall have all the Beau Monde here in a Moment. The last, Tom*, said *I*, you know, is no great Inducement to me ; and therefore I came an Hour or two the sooner to avoid that great Embellishment of your Pleasure. My Ramble had ended with this Turn, and I shall be half sorry if you press me to more. *Pshaw, pshaw*, says, *Tom*, I won't part with you so. What ? not see you once a Month, and then not half see you ? Come start fair ; and if you are not diverted, I'll forfeit a Bottle of Burgundy. In short, I knew my Man ; and that all Dispute was Loss of Time ; so I suffer'd myself to be over-rul'd and turn'd about.

Just in the very Face of us, who should we meet but a Thing as finically bedress'd as if he had just had all his Mother's Maids about him to set him out. *To see what Luck you have at the very first*, says *Tom*, *what Ladies die to look on, and he in a Glass expires to see, you have here before your Eyes, without drawing the Curtain. Observe ; to begin at his lower Parts, which are most substantial, would not you imagine he had borrow'd a Pair of his little Sisters Shoes ? Or rather, that it is his whole little Sister in Disguise ? It is so ; I was mistaken.*
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The whole pretty Master is lost in the pretty Miss. She has been taking the Air, was set down at the Park Gate, and, out of a Frolick, resolv'd to puzzle Mankind in the Distinction of Sexes: Yet sure the Ferk of the Tail is his — If his Face is without Patches, I'll still venture an even Wager — I'm gone — I've lost — But never sure was Nature or Sexes more confounded. I was once or twice forc'd to whisper him to be a little lower in expressing his Particularities, which he promising, we went on.

See you those there, says Tom, that Mixture of Cues, Toupeés, Powdriers. Those are all foreign Ware; and it will be worth your while to mark with what an Air of Contempt they survey their own Mimicks of our Country. The Row aside of 'em are all Native Apes of this blessed Island. Compare 'em as they walk Cheek by Jowl; can you discover that essential Difference to deserve Derision. I declare to you, in my Opinion, if they deserve Derision for any thing, it is for being so much like 'em. What a Multitude of Mountebanks would an honest Countryman suppose us to maintain, seeing such Crouds of Jack-puddings in his every Walk? But see, the English have insulted their Merriment, and — So, both Parties are peacably walk'd off, to prevent further Disasters; for some People assert, that all the Fire of a Toupeé lies at Bottom.

*Tom was rattling on at this mad rate, when a Person well dress'd, but not to the Height of the fantastical Mode, cross'd over the
other*

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other Walk, and made directly up to him. I found, by the Sequel, that he was well acquainted with *Tom's* satyrical Genius, and that Fear, more than Love, was the Motive. *Tom* receiv'd him in a Gentleman-like Manner, and he would have kiss'd *Tom* in return of the Favour. *Tom* avoided it as well as he could, but, at the same Time, whisper'd him so loud that I could hear, *To beware of such Indecencies for the future, for that a Dutchman, last Week, had been committed to Newgate on such like suspicious Symtoms.* Tho' *Tom* utter'd every Word with a great deal of Gravity, the Credit, and the Concern, that the other seem'd to receive it with, forc'd me into a Laugh in spite of my Teeth. The Gentleman apprehending it to be a Trick of *Tom's*, made a handsome Bow and walk'd off. *What? have we lost our Friend?* said I, *Let him go,* answer'd *Tom*; *he would have made no Shew; when you have once seen him, you have seen all.*

But if I am not mistaken, continues *Tom*, *yonder comes an Original; one that will shew twice over, and be ready for a third Shew at Night.* He was dress'd up with Ribbons like a Filly at a Fair; and came tripping along the Mall like a Deer from a Relay. The Eyes of the whole Mall were upon him, and, tho' he had but two, he was even with 'em all. So soon as ever he came near, he skrew'd himself into so many Shapes, that I was every Minute

Minute in Pain for his Hip Bone, and heartily wish'd the *Epsom* Bone-setter at Hand, for fear of Disasters. To shew him off, *Tom*, I found, discharg'd a little of his Humanity, to play his Part the better, till they had drawn such a Medley of Spectators upon them, that I, perfectly asham'd, was forc'd to quit the Ring and walk forward. But *Tom* had more Eyes than I thought he had; and, missing me, soon disengag'd himself and follow'd. So soon as he had overtaken me, *Why*, says he, *will you always remain that unpolish'd Mortal, and so near Court too? I warrant, had we staid together an Hour longer, we should not have been without Company; and yet you ran away before the first Act was over. Well, Tom, said I, I'll bear your Satire on that Head as long as you please, provided you will tell me who the Mortal was. Ah? Pauvre*, says *Tom*, *not know him? But one bright Star in a Firmament, and an Astronomer profess cannot tell his Name? Continue in your Ignorance*, says he, *however, so much I'll tell you for your Comfort; describe him to the next Friend you meet, and if he does not answer your Questions, I'll—What?* said I, perceiving him hesitate — *Take the t'other Turn*, says he, turning me about for that purpose. I was half disenclin'd, but *Tom* had hold of me, and resolv'd to hold it, so on we mov'd.

What are those young Fellows? said I, meeting three Arm in Arm; *I think I know one of 'em.*

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'em. If you don't, says Tom, I do. They are Sucking Officers; but what, I wonder, do they here at this Time? It is common to see 'em coming from the War Office, after Dinner, to take a Breakfast here; but an Evening Saunter must have somewhat ominous in it. Young Hobnail, there, who always walks on the Outside, has been long in hopes that his Father's Merit would make a Man of him; but some out-of-the-way Planet or other has still interpos'd. The Truth on't is, by a Friend's Account of him, he is but of an odd Composition. He thinks his Passions the superior Part of Man; and I am afraid somewhat of that wry Notion has made a Boy of him. Reason he has little; Discretion less. Pride enough to serve two Regiments; and Forehead enough to overstock a Nation. People admire his Face, and he admires his Hands; tho' from Topicks as different as Light and Darknes. You see him a little bare now; but had he got the Fortune he aim'd at (and there wanted nothing, as he asserts, but Father, Mother, and Daughter's Consent) the Devil would not have taken a Farm under him at a Pepper-corn Rent. As for the other two, they are hopeful yet, but need be in no greater Danger (of Corruption I mean) than his Company. But pass on, and imagine all this Parentbesis. Things more significant exact your Eyes.

Ay marry, Tom, said I, here is an Appearance. The House is broke up, says Tom, these
are

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are most of 'em Members. Members? quo I, do they debate in Masquerade? for, had not you set me to rights, I should have really thought 'em just come from another Quarter; or perhaps they are going thither? yet certainly such a Number of Scaramouches can never be wanting. I tell thee, says Tom, thou'r't a strange out-of-the-way thinking Fellow; there's not a Man there but carries a Piece of the Wisdom of the Nation about him; but, because his Curls are quill'd, and his Bag put under the Meal Tub, thou let'st thy Thoughts ramble I know not where. Keep them together as a Body of Reserve; then, like the little Gentleman in the Middle, you may come to make three Speeches in a Day, without saying one Word. But sure, Tom, said I, they cannot be at Age? Oh! you are mistaken, says Tom. They are, as it were, in a Hot-bed, which brings Things forward to a Miracle: Yet, true it is, a sudden cold Blast has nip'd 'em, now and then, especially if they grew in a wrong Quarter. And is it, said I, to such Representatives as these we owe the Settlement of the Nation? Let me go home, I beseech you, for I am of Opinion, Sleep itself will hardly compose me? Truce with your Patience, says Tom; here's another Shoal a coming will make amends for all. What do you think of that old Fop of a Beau? Would not a Bib and Apron before better become him, than that ribbon'd Dingle-dangle behind? When a poor Wretch wants to appear somewhat, and has not wherewith, it is
par-

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pardonable to do as well as he can : But for a Man of Fortune, and who lays claim to Sense, and more than well stricken in Years into the Bargain ; when such a Man, I say, mistakes his Q, and disguises himself in a Poudrire, and strives to stumble in feminine Shoes, when it is more than he can do to walk upright in Men's--- My Patience must keep Time with your's, my Friend, and declare it the Abomination of Abominables.

Tom had almost ran himself out of Breath upon this Occasion, and I avoided, for that Reason, putting the Question to him upon a Covey or two of little Spruces that pass'd by us——He observed it, and, with a Toss of his Nose, Pugh ; says he, a Parcel of young Merchants and City Prentices, that come weekly here to shew their Posture-Masters how well they can mimick 'em, and reap the Praise of it. Nothing whets up a young Cur like Encouragement ; tho', I confess, a little Correction, now and then, would do very well, and is necessary. But, continues Tom, to take Notice of these, were to make 'em appear somewhat in their own Eyes, more than they will ever appear in the Eyes of any other but their own School-fellows. Come, come, lay aside your Chagrin ; I see the Quality begins to swarm upon us. We shall have as much Work upon our Hands now, as ever we can turn to. Then, to ease the Labour of your Hands, Tom, said I, you must go on to make use of your Tongue. That

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is needless Counsel, replied Tom; tho' the Tongue is as much bound to its Good-behaviour, on this Ground, as the Hands. But see; here comes a Man indeed, walking alone, because he wanted his Fellow — O! the Duke has join'd him. Without Spectacles tell me, Is there any Comparison? Does not the plain Lord look most like a Duke? Or, if the one has all the Gentleman in his Countenance, can you blame the other for hiding his in his Sleeve? But they have taken our Work off our Hands, and observe us; let us play the Parts of those sullen Birds in a Cage, who never feed while an Eye's upon them.

So, now, says Tom, we have pass'd 'em. But see; a Leash more; and all so alike figur'd, that it would puzzle a Man to throw out the very'st Figure among 'em: They Whore in Society, they Game in Society, and Drink in Society; so that among themselves they are the most sociable Creatures living; but were they to play for Sense, and stake, the Bank would be in Danger of breaking before the Game begun: But what Danger of quarelling, since, as Sir William Temple says, Nature has furnished every Man of 'em to their full Satisfaction.

Variety may be tiresome, and what was pleasing to my Companion, began to have a different Effect upon me. Constitutions nor Tastes are alike in all: And therefore, what will divert one Man a whole Week, may tire another in an Hour. Tom began to perceive it, so, to prevent my being uneasy, Come, says he,

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one gentle Sauntre to St. James's, which is our nearest and cleanest Way, and then we'll go home and take my Loseings, while my Man puts the Horses in Coach to carry you home. I burst out a laughing, which Tom wonder'd at, and enquir'd into the Occasion. At thy Unprofitableness, said I, in throwing away such a fine Speech, as if I did not know, without that Flourish, that you had your Coach at Command. But why Unprofitableness, says Tom? Because I should think, says I, my Vanity in accepting, as great as your's in offering, when your Footman can call a Hackney from the End of every Street. Well, well, says Tom, that shall breed no Dispute; your Will shall be my Pleasure. But see now; would you have lost this glorious Spectacle? What a Group of Garters comes upon us. Call for which of the Colours of the Rainbow you please, and if you are not answer'd, I'm mistaken. The Feathers are fine, indeed, said I, but tell me, Tom, are the Birds all alike? All alike feather'd you see they are, says Tom, in their several Orders. I began to be a little weary, and, consequently, somewhat cynical. I deny that, says I: In their several Orders they are not all equally feather'd. It is not here, as in Nature; she works by Line and Rule; and the Birds inherit the Feathers by Descent and Birthright: Which of these do that? Pshaw, says Tom, you are too curious. If these don't inherit by Nature, they inherit by Custom; and that's a Second Nature. Nay, I
will

will uphold it, continued Tom, Custom is more than Nature. Nature can never displace Merit, but Custom can. She can do more yet ; she, as before our Eyes, can sow Merit upon barren Ground, and yet reap a full Crop. Not all Thistles, but Roses, and — Ay, what, said I, Tom ? — Blew-bottles, I think they call 'em, said he. But, — Here I burst out again. — Why ? says Tom, What do you laugh at ? — You are in a tittering Humour now you're tir'd. — At the fine Emblem of Merit you have cull'd out. — A Weed that grows in every Field. In good Faith, says Tom, I took the first that came into my Head ; if a Man may conjecture from some of their Faces, they had never been taken, if not so mistaken.

We were now come to the stipulated Place, where we turn'd off, and went directly to Tom's Quarters. There I found an elegant Collation ready to be thrown away upon me ; after which, and taking a Bottle or two of Burgundy, the Footman, by my Orders, call'd a Coach, and away went I for home.

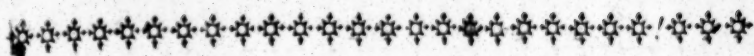
So soon as I got there, and had a little relaxed myself in my Elbow Chair, I prepar'd for Bed, not at all apprehending but Repose would be as complaisant as welcome ; but I found myself mistaken. A Footman learning to fiddle at the next House, was practising, when, methought, I heard the finest Musick that Ears could be entertained with : I listen'd a while, and was so delighted,
that

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that I could not keep my Bed, but literally made Truth of a poetical Fable. The Sound directed me to the Window, where, throwing up the Sash, I was surpris'd with a great Concourse of Monkeys, Apes and Baboons, all dancing a *Selenger's Round*, only three of the largest were dancing the *Hay* in the Middle. Wonderfully diverted I was, till a lazy Hussy, as I after found, loth to take the Trouble of descending three Pair of Stairs, empty'd somewhat out of her Window, and threw it full in my Face. It immediately awak'd me, and Musick and Morris-dancers, being much of a Model, vanish'd in an Instant. On rubbing my Eyes, I soon found how Matters had gon; so, without more ado, I pull'd down the Sash, and went to Bed again, where I slept the rest of the Night without further Molestation.



VISION



VISION XIII.

*The ABUSE OF CLUBS, especially of
such as reckon themselves VIRTUOSOS
to countenance their Pretence.*

YOUR greatest Sticklers for Clubs always alledge, *The Good of Society, or the Benefit of Conversation.* On this Basis they pretend to erect their Fabrick; but rarely, very rarely, shew Skill enough to make the Building answerable to the Model. But sure a Club that carries the Title of *Connoisseurs*, can never run into any like fundamental Error; for, a *Connoisseur*, according to the modern Acceptation (and the Word is but modern even among the *French*, who claim its Original) implies a Person curious in any Art or Science, and ready to push on the Improvement of all. Our *Royal Society* were all *Connoisseurs* in Intention, and some few of 'em have answer'd the Intention by Practice; at least so far as Intellects allow'd, and it would not be the Part of any *Connoisseur* to expect more. But to leave *French* Nicknames to those that like 'em, and therefore to come back to our Club. And first let us examine
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how they answer the two great Postulatums of their Establishment ; and next, if they any way come up to their fanciful Title. Society, it is true, is not confin'd to Number ; large or small, it may still remain a Society ; many or few does neither make or mar it as to its Existence ; but it is so necessary to the Essence that we take in the first Part of the Proposition, *that it be for the Good of Society*, that the very Word remains a meer Term, and no more, without it. Unless this be allow'd, how will you distinguish between a *Society of Cut-purses* and a *Society of Connoisseurs*? The Term is the same ; but the Design makes the Difference : For which Reason, in my Opinion, nothing should be allow'd the Name of a Society that carries not along with it somewhat tending to publick Good. The second is but an Emanation or Consequence of the first ; for if it be for the Benefit of Conversation, and that Conversation be duly regulated, it will, in some measure or other, answer a publick Benefit.

It is time now that I address myself to my *Club of Connoisseurs*, who, tho' few in Number, are a Society, and must remain such, if their Deviations do not dissolve 'em. But their Meetings, like the Misteries of *Ceres*, are not to be pry'd into by the Eyes of any but those of their own Members. How then shall we arrive to the Knowledge, that their Practice answers the Ends of their Pretences. *Ex pede Her-*

Herculem is the Rule the Poet has set. And the *Mahometans*, who hold themselves to be prodigious Artists at Physiognomy, pretend to tell you the Inclinations of the Heart, by the Features of the Face ; but if the Actions are a surer Card to steer by, we who are not so skilful in Physiognomy had best make use of those.

In the first Place then, let us draw a short Sketch of their Characters ; which will prepare us for the other. A Gentleman of an acquir'd Estate, some Learning, and constant Reading ; but tho' Master of a valuable Library, never yet could meet with any Books that could inculcate into his *Perecranium* any Notion of Religion. All this you will think a Paradox, till I tell you, in his Favour, that his Search that way, has been no ways ardent, as fearful to meet with somewhat in it that may oppugn some former Practices which may make his Mind a little more than uneasy. A Follower of *Vitruvius*, tho' out of Danger of treading on either his Heels or his Toes, who is yet so much a Master of his Science, that he would rather choose to build ten Churches, than hear a Sermon in one ; for with him the Steeple and Porch are the most ornamental Parts of the Fabrick. A Disciple of *Titian*, who, even in very advanc'd Years, had rather draw the Picture of a naked Woman, than our Saviour on the Cross ; for, as he has no Hopes of being sav'd by the one, he does not

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apprehend being damn'd by the other; and tho' he never look'd into either, prefers the *Old Testament* to the *New*, because that allow'd of Fornication; but this gives no Toleration to any Sort of Adultery, as he has been inform'd by many of his Acquaintance. An Imitator of the *Rhodian*, who, tho' he never chissel'd out a *Colossus*, has made a *Colossus* of a Woman; and be-perriwigg'd an antient Doctor more beauishly, than any Basish Visiter of a Birth Night; but keeps Company with such as he calls Men of Sense, that those who know him not, may judge as favourably of him. An —

But why should I waste Time on more? where all are of a Piece, a Man cannot be tempted to be particular by either Variety or Pleasure. The Landskip, like that on *Salisbury Plain*, may promise much, but you descend one Hill to rise up another, under the same Expectation to the last. The Hour appointed, therefore, being come, I shall, without further Circumlocution or Ceremony, repair to the Club, in order to shew that their Actions are no way discrepant to their Morals; tho' both run Counter to their Pretences. *Hic labor, hoc opus*. I have it. *Ithuriel* has sent me his Wand; and now, unseen, I see and hear. They are Gentlemen, by Curtesy at least, but the Man of Figure is first, and therefore it is but fit he open. The Topick next his Tooth (an intermediate State between
his

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his Heart and his Lips) was an Argument against a future Judgment; and well might he argue against that which he dreaded in this World more than the other; which makes me sometimes apt to think that most of that Set of Sciolists quarrel at the Word, not the Thing, as implying somewhat like my original Title, a *turning Men inside-out*, in order to expose their secret Vices, and horrid Enormities. Which way he took the Word I shall not take upon me to say; but which way soever it was, the Fabrick propos'd was Infidelity. And however he was prov'd to cut a Figure here, his great Wisdom rather chose a poor Asylum among his Cattle, than run any Risque, as he thought, hereafter. At that Day, which, alas! whatever he flatters himself, must come, had he not better, like a wise Man, burn his fine Library, and order the Ashes to be put in an Urn with his own, that he may take care they do not rise in Judgment against him.

Judgment, says *Vitruvius* the second, *What an Oddity you have started? I have spent my Hours to special Purpose, and been all my Life at a delicate Labour in vain to secure Eternity by my Labours, if it were to be found without it. For my Part, I desire to be try'd by the Judges of the Land; I know of no other, neither will I choose any other: And if my Morality will not save me, my good Works must. They may cry, perhaps, I am paid for those already. Be it so; I'll give*

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'em my Acquittance, provided they will acquit me of being punish'd for what I have been paid for. Why do they talk so much of Religion? Is Mankind only to have the worst Part of it? I have indeed had some of the Good, and I desire no more, if they would let me be quiet.

Upon this, up starts little Titian. I wish, says he, you'd put the Glass about; I'm sure while that stands, Conversation must sleep; and whatever we pretend, the Good of Society must starve at this rate, before it will be in any Danger of drowning. They tell us St. Luke was a Painter; but I much question the Tradition; for tho' I never look'd into his Works, those, who have, tell me there is not one Word of it in his Text. We keep his Day, its true, but that is meerly the Consequence of Custom; which, in my humble Opinion, is the only and best Authority Men can plead in Favour of any, or, all the Religions now in being.

Come, I'll pledge you, says the Rhodian: You talk against Talkers and out-talk yourself. What, I wonder, have we to do with what nothing concerns us? Conversation like that can never be for the Good of Society. I wish they were all to be excluded who prate unintelligibly, or of unintelligible Matters. This pathetick Speech was receiv'd with general Applause; upon which the Cups went round till they separated.

Now I would thank any considerate Person to point out to me in what Respect, or upon what Account, a Conversation like this can be term'd

term'd, with any sort of Reason, *for the Good of Society*, or for the Benefit of any Man living. I have put it under the most modest Attire; for I am very well assur'd that our *Connoisseurs*, generally speaking, make their Approaches much nearer to Outrage. But if this will not make 'em wiser, I am sensible grosser Exposures never will. I can readily agree that, in mixt Companies, all Conversations upon religious Matters had better be let alone, than enter'd upon in a frothy ludicrous Manner. But neither will that answer their great Ends. Their Care is to cultivate for their Master the Devil, or at least to see that he may hold his Ground. Should they permit a Subject of that Nature to be debated seriously, they are apprehensive that something or other might drop that would stagger the boldest, and quite unharness their Novitiates. If their Researches were worthy Men, endu'd with human Reason, tending to the Improvement of any Part of natural Philosophy, or even of their own commendible Arts and Sciences, where is the Man that would oppose? Call 'em *Connoisseurs*, *Vertuosos*, or what you please, so long as they were employ'd upon Subjects commendable and improving, without stepping out of their way to vent an idle Gall; sure I am, no Man, that has the least Sense of Religion, would think it worth his while to turn on one Side to disturb 'em. But where lies the Part of a Gentleman in laying that un-

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der his little Insult, that has no-body present to defend it ; and which, if he had, you will never fail to find 'em stupidly silent for their own Honour and Safety. It must be acknowledged then, that it is out of a Dearth of Argument, that as often as they meet, they take upon 'em the Liberty of prating. True Sons of their Mothers ; they affect to hear their Tongues without Interruption or Opposition. And this is what they Nickname *The Benefit of Conversation, and Good of Society*, and there I resolve to leave 'em : For being really weary, I want to go to my Repose.

I had lay'd myself down under this necessary Resolution, and my Eyes, seemingly to me, were scarce full clos'd, when I found myself just at the Entrance of a fine Glade, in the Middle of a close, well-cover'd Wood. At the upper End lay a Person of a most engaging Aspect, surrounded with many of both Sexes. An Air of chearful Sweetness play'd in every one of her Features ; but somewhat of a little Bizarre, as if it had the Product of an over-fearful Care, employ'd the Faces of all about her. I had stood gazing a pretty while, wondring what should be the Meaning ; when, at last, with a most affecting Accent, addressing herself to the Company, she said ; *Would you endeavour to persuade me to distrust the Promises of Eternal Providence ; Has not that declar'd, that the Gates of Hell shall never prevail against me ? And have we not seen*

it hitherto verify'd by ten thousand various and amazing Instances? Why then should I make myself that flexible Being that my Enemies so painfully labour to represent me? A Trust already answer'd will engage the Grateful to persevere: And persevere I will, let my Enemies do their utmost.

She had utter'd the last Words but a very few Moments, when, out of the Sides of the Glade from the Wood, issu'd a large Shoal of Vipers. They made directly up to her, and those about her, by the sudden Alteration of their Countenances, were, as I thought, preparing to quit the Place. For my Part, I confess, my Heart was so near my Mouth, that, had not she rais'd her Head and spoke again, I question much whether I could have been responsible for my own Courage. But, Stand still, she cry'd; if you are afraid of these, I must really pity and blush for you. These are the weakest of all my Enemies. They are the Infidels of the World; who, because they have no Arguments to maintain their own Opinions, would fain deprive the wiser Part of Mankind of theirs. And when you have prov'd all their System (if it is worth the Name) a meer Compound of Nonsense and Folly, vindicate all the past, by committing greater. What an Absurdity do they make their silly Asylum? Annihilation? The very'st Solicism in Nature. Let 'em first prove the Materiality of an Immaterial Being, and it will be full time enough then to request them to annihilate Matter: But is not their

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Logick of a Stamp with their Divinity? Let us bear; I have committed many Actions far unworthy of a rational Being; but if I can escape Punishment here, I set at Defiance what can come hereafter. But ask him how so? Because, answers the two-legg'd Brute, I shall dye like the Beasts, and, like them, moulder away and perish. But ask 'em again, who told 'em so? or what Arguments for it they can produce from Reason? They answer you with Silence, or an Assurance far less to be vindicated. But your Assurance, continu'd she, directing herself to her Company, is better, much better founded: Not only Hope has given you a Prospect, but Faith has given you Possession. Let the Infidel then, unenvy'd, pay Court to his Dispair, and sink into his Grave by mouldring there to meet it. Upon saying which, she wav'd a Wand that she had in her Hand, and down went the Hissers with their forked Tongues to prove the Experiment, which most became a wise Man, to Hope or to Dispair, even tho' Faith stood neuter.

Their Room was supply'd by a Parcel of Creatures uglier to the Sight, but so familiariz'd by Custom, that not one offer'd to stir a Foot any further than just to get out of their way. They crok'd like very Toads, and, in all Appearance, were such. With a scornful Look, These, says she, are those that believe without Faith, and have such a strong Opinion of their own Merit (a Whip-cream Sillibub of their own

own making) that they despise the Mercy and Merit of Divinity itself. The best of it is, all their Poison lies within themselves, and therefore they are in no great Danger of hurting many besides. Get you down to the Place allotted, and there wait till the Person you have despised sends you a Summons to his Judgment Seat.

After they were all swallow'd up, an odd Sort of Noise struck my Ears that I could not tell at first what to make of it. At last out crawl'd a Number of hideous Creatures, each eight or nine Feet long, and still making the same Noise at every Motion. These, thought I with myself, must be *Rattle-snakes*; I pity the poor Lady with all my Soul; for they are an infernal Troop. She at the same Time cast her Eyes on me, and, as if she knew my very Soul, with a Countenance full of Indignation and Disdain, directed her Speech to their Leader, who seem'd to have somewhat on his Head to distinguish him. *Why, says she, will you continue to make this rattling Noise? Will you plead Antiquity upon me? Can the Infant be older than she that gave him Birth? Age indeed is honourable, if Honour be preserv'd; but where's the Honour of a Mind unstable and fickle as the Winds. Why are all those Patches of new Stuff upon old Garments? Do they adorn? No! its all Mistake; they disguise. Look on my Vestments; are they not the same they were at first? For where could I change for better? Patch-work is my Aversion; my Master's Coat*

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Coat was without Seam. Cease to reproach others with Novelty, till you have lay'd aside all your own; and when you have put yourselves in a Capacity of pleading that Antiquity you make such a Flourish with, it will be time enough to reproach others for sticking close to my Prescriptions, and despising the Novelties of yours. At this glorious Speech they all rais'd their Heads, shew'd their Teeth and Tongues, and set up a monstrous Rattle, as if ready to make the Onset. My Heart was grievously alarm'd; but the Lady, with all the Unconcern in the World, wav'd her Wand with a Smile, and sent 'em down to consider what she had said.

Nay, then, thought I with myself, the worst is over. Nothing sure can hurt her that has Power to conquer such Variety of Enemies. But the Thought had hardly Birth, when came running a Multitude of *Lizards*, and *Efts*. My Mind was not much disturb'd at their Appearance: For, methought, I rather despis'd than fear'd those. But the Lady seem'd to have a different Opinion of Matters: For she would not let 'em come near her. *Keep off*, she cry'd, *I hate Falshood and Hypocrisy even in a Friend. Judas betray'd his Master with a Kiss, as you would me with a Groan and a Sneer. You rail at Power because you want it. And yet, whenever you have got it, you never fail to abuse it. Decency and Order you hate, because your Heads never are in Order enough*

enough to understand it: And your Pride exceeds that of Lucifer; for tho' he aim'd, as an Angel, to make himself equal to his Maker, you, tho' meer earthly Matter, presume to approach him with less Ceremony than you would the Clerk of your Congregation, and dispute Points with him as if he was your Servant. One of them, methought, lifted up his Head as if he had a Mind to enter into Argument. Begone, said she, Reason never could convince you. Your Consciences were always truly scrupulous against all her Dictates. Upon which she wav'd her Wand, and they went with the rest.

The whole Attendance, methought, were raising themselves to congratulate her Victories, when, with a profound Sigh, No, said she, you mistake, the worst of all my Enemies are still behind. Enter, enter, she cry'd aloud. Shew yourselves, and boast in the Wounds you have given your Mother. The Promise was, the Gates of Hell should not prevail; but you, my Sons, have join'd with Hell to make the Promise null. Where is all that Piety your great Forefathers taught you? Where that Humility and unspotted Conversation they set you such Examples of? Did your blest Leaders, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, for this die Martyrs? Are Irregularity, Pride, and Ambition, the Documents they left you? Could ever the worst of all their many Enemies blemish their Lives and Conversation? Did ever all, or any one of 'em, to shew their Adherence to the Church, betray it? Well
for

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for me is it, that there are yet a few that have not yet bow'd their Knees to Baal. A few in the Almighty's Hands is sufficient. Or, when he will, he can enlarge the Number. As for you, y'have done the worst; y'have join'd with Hell and its nefarious Emissaries to overthrow me; follow, therefore, your Leaders and Associates, for I disown you. She spoke all this, methought, with such a Mixture of Compassion and Regret, as seem'd as if she could have wish'd t'have said quite otherwise. However, on the waving of her Wand, they compulsively obey'd.

They had no sooner disappear'd, but up rose the whole Assembly, and joining in a Hymn of Triumph, were join'd again by Voices in the Air too ravishing to be express'd. I could have wish'd with all my Soul to have made one of the Choir; but, as willing as I was, I found myself utterly incapable. While the Hymn lasted, a bright Cloud descending, receiv'd them all, and carry'd them out of Sight. I was so struck to the Heart at being left alone, that the very Agony of Vexation wak'd me.



V I S I O N



VISION XIV.

*Of the USE of MEDICINE, and
some Account of the ABUSE, and
Proposals for a REGULATION.*

PHYSTICK, like many other Sciences, has receiv'd its deepest and most dangerous Wounds from its own Members. I do not here make use of the Word in its most extensive Acceptation, but merely as it relates to Medicine, and so my Title witnesses. No Man of any Reading can question its Antiquity, and, I heartily wish, there was as little Reason to question the Legitimacy of many of its Members. But while an affected, stiff, supercilious Air, a Hat unsupported at the Sides, and not much better in the Middle ; a Cane prettily accommodated with a gilt Head, and always at his Mouth when he walks, the Whole set off with a solemn Mood, like a Mourner at a Funeral ; I say, while these are the Characteristicks of a young Administrator in Medicine, their Seniors need not wonder, that *Physick* itself is become somewhat of a Game-stock.

But

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But there is another Reason which will be better explained by a merry Story. Being at a Coffee-house not long since, where, upon what Occasion I know not, a Number of Physicians, young and old, were got together; they were jocular, and playing upon one another, till one of 'em went a little too close, and question'd the Qualification of his next Neighbour. The Man had not Patience to put up the Affront, but, in his own Vindication, lugs out his Credentials. They happen'd to be sign'd by a Right Reverend Doctor (not of the College of *Warwick Lane*) seeing which, says the Querist, *A Bishop! A Bishop! What, I wonder, had he to do to make a Doctor for the Body? I suppose it must be by Virtue of some Anti-Power that he had receiv'd; and, instead of laying his Hand on your Head, he laid his Staff over your Shoulders.* The Company burst out into a loud Laughter; and well was it that the reverential Diplomatist was a Man of a peaceable Disposition and slunk out of the Room, or the two Doctors might have made Work for the Surgeon.

But what, in my humble Opinion, administers as much as any thing to their Unvalue, is the great Confidence they repose in Apothecaries, who very often reward that Confidence by turning themselves into Doctors. Whether qualify'd for the Trust, or the Charge, is not my Business at present. All I aim at is to shew that their Prentices are so igno-

rant, or careless, or both, that many fatal Accidents have attended from their Mistake of one Thing for another, which has not a little contributed to the wrong Fame of *Physick*. But this is so easily remedy'd, that, a Remedy has not been hit on, I must needs think it is for want of thinking.

Yet dare I say, it was from none of these that Sir *Thomas Brown* introduces his *Religio Medici* with a *Non obstante*. He had a Value for *Physick*, no Man more ; and, as I have been told by those who knew him, a tolerable Notion of it, considering what Excursions he made in other Parts of Literature, nothing relating to that Study. It must proceed then from the Subject he was handling, the *Religion of a Physician*. That is to demonstrate that, contrary to the common Notion that had at that time obtained, a Physician was not without a little. This is a Sort of Digression ; but as I am upon it, I hope I shall be excus'd if I launch out a little from the Shore, since, in the End, it may be found to be of Service to the main Point. How he manages his Point is here out of the Question : He has prov'd Physicians might have Religion, tho' I am sorry to say, that I have know some that have none. But, on the other Side, let me do equitable Justice, and aver, that I know more who have, and a full Share too. Those who were deficient, tho' they pretended to Books and Learning, I always found

found 'em, as my Lord *Verulam* says, mere *Dippers into Philosophy*; who, like *Swallows*, skim the Surface of the Water for Flies, but never trouble themselves to seek after Things of more solid Substance. Their Genius was answerable to their Capacity, and their Avarice so complaisant to their Understanding, or their Understanding to that, that present *Lucre* and Profit would not allow 'em Leisure to trouble their Heads with Futurity. A wise Result, considering their Inclinations; but, I dare say, nothing like it of their Understandings.

But to return somewhat back to our Subject. And I would offer here, That Man in general, as in most other Things, loves a Latitude in *Physick*. Talk to him of *Specificks*, you talk all in Clouds. He will tell you, we are the Children of *Nature*, and he humbly supposes her not so niggardly a Mother, or so unprovident, to leave her Offspring unprovided of *Specificks* out of her own Laboratory, sufficient for all Distempers we, in this Climate, are liable to, and equal in Goodness, tho' not in the Price, to any imported from foreign Parts. If you should boast their *Cortex*, *Ipococuana*, or a few others, he will be apt to tell you, *Before they were introduc'd, our Fore-fathers made Use of somewhat, which, if you would take the Pains to look for, you would find as good Specificks (tho' of native Growth) and adapted more to our Distempers than all your Foreigners.*
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How much of Truth there may be in the Thing, I must leave to the Learned of the College ; tho', I am apt to believe, none of the truly-learn'd of that great Body will deny, that there is a good deal of Reason in the Thing. For my Part, tho' I always have at Heart my friendly Doctor's Advice (and wholesome Advice it was) *to take as little Physick as I can (confining myself to a Pair of Specificks, confirm'd to me by Experience)* Yet, if it should please Providence to visit me with a Fit of Sicknefs, I should quit my own Specificks, and readily put myself under the Physician's Regimen, out of a Sense that I was at the Fountain Head. Yet would it not stifle my Compassion for those, who being far distant, are so badly served with unspecifick Drugs, and Medicines, that have lost every Bit of the Virtue, that should entitle them to the Name ; and which is worst of all, with Doctors and Apothecaries (if not both in one) worse than either Drugs or Medicines ; can it be uncharitable, I say, to wish, for their Sakes, that Tradition had delivered down, to a Set of good old Women, the Use and Nature of Herbs and Vegetables ? I dare aver, the Parish Books would have been never the fuller for it, nor the Doctors neither.

I must believe too, that *Physick* owes a great deal of its Disreputation to those Handmaids of her's, the Apothecaries. What
with

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with their loading of Families to make up a Number of *Items*, that may make a Bill look prettily to the Eyes, as they term it ; and what by their attempting to commence Doctors, before they were fit for Apothecaries ; and trying Experiments upon their Patients till they have render'd 'em past the Cure of the whole College ; it cannot be deny'd, but they have done a signal Piece of Back-service to the Faculty. Yet it must be granted, that those have acted much more within their proper Sphere, who, when the *Gin-shops* were put down by Act of Parliament, turned their own Shops to that Service, under the Pretence of administring it to poor Patients for *Chollick-water*. It is still *Physick*, you see; tho' instead of a Cordial to the Patient, it prov'd a Purge to the Doctor. Nevertheless, it was still the old Road of mistaking one Thing for another ; and pity it is they do not themselves reap the Benefit of all their Mistakes.

But Apothecaries were certainly an illegitimate Spawn of the Lawyers. True, *fas & Netas*, Men at first, but as soon as got into Business, all fair Practitioners to a Man. And yet they pretend to be elder Brothers of the Surgeons ; but the Surgeons have been even with 'em in taking their own Trades out of their Hands, and acting in a Capacity more than they. On the whole Matter, I should think, that all three together

ther might make a compleat Physician :
 For, I am apt to believe, that I shall not
 want the Sentiments of the College along
 with me in this, That no Man ought to be
 reckoned a compleat Physician, that is not
 a thorough Master of Anatomy and Botany.
 Without the first, he will be often at a Loss
 to form a Judgment, in order to prescribe
 right ; and by the powerful Assistance of the
 other, he will be able to make even his
 Specificks shine brighter. I have, in my
 Time, known some (and of the College too,
 and, if I mistake not, Censors) who, for want
 of these Assistants, have grievously mistaken
 their Patients Distempers, and kept 'em ter-
 ribly lingring, by Piece-meal, when their or-
 dinary Way would have dispatched him at
 once : But, as they were Men that allowed
 neither Hope nor Fear, perhaps they might
 say in Excuse, *Early or late it was all one :*
 For which Reason I shall always say, *Deliver*
the honest Man from hopeless Doctors.

Tom Plainwright is just now come in, and,
 according to his free and friendly Way, has
 catch'd up the Paper, and has read it over.
 Without asking his Opinion, he tells me, *I*
have been guilty of one grievous Omission, and
that is, the exorbitant Fees of every one, both Doc-
tors, Apothecaries, and Surgeons. I made An-
 swer, That *I hop'd he was a Man of more*
Conscience than to expect Good and Bad at the
same Price. If you will have a Monument, you
 ought

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ought to pay for it : But if a Broom-staff will do, I was of Opinion, the least would be too much. And how will you distinguish 'em? says Tom, Are not they all Doctors? If you refer me to publick Fame, I shall be in a worse Condition than before, and, perhaps, take a Mountebank for my Physician. But I'll tell you how I'd have it, continued he; it is no Sin to follow our Neighbours in what is good. In Holland the Price is settled, and where have you better? Are they not sought to, nay, visited by our Nobility and Gentry? There is no Account to be given, said I, interrupting him, of Men's Humours and Dispositions. I have known weak People run after a Burgess, or a Cruso, when a Moss, or a It — has preach'd twenty Doors on the hither Side 'em. Opinion, tho' the common Guide, is a very uncertain one. Because a Farrier recover'd his Master with a Drench he had often given his Horses, and that too when his Physicians had given him over; would you cross the Seas to Barbadoes to consult his Worship? Constitution and Climate must be first consider'd: For, tho' Contraries have wrought Cures in some, he would certainly act like a Madman that prescribed such. Lapland Doctors may cure Lapland Distempers; and why an English Doctor should not best judge of an English Constitution in an English Climate, I desire at your Leisure you will give me a Reason.

Prythee, don't put yourself in a Passion, says Tom; As to the President of the Moderateness
of

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of their Fees, the Instance may be good, however you may dislike their Persons. I say, Physick is grown a Burden next, if not equal, to the Law. A poor Woman can't send to a good Doctor, because she can't find Money enough; and if she falls into the Hands of a bad one, she had better have dy'd before-hand. Did you ever know any of 'em visit Eleemosinarily? That have I, said I; and repeat his Visits too. Make much of the Swallow then, said Tom, tho' it bodes no Summer, nor will it take off one Jot of my Postulatum. You run down, a Parcel of you, continues Tom, your Quacks and Mountebanks. I say they are the greatest Doctors in the Nation. That will be, said I, a Paradox, indeed, when made out. No, Physicians are the greatest Doctors, that is your Nostrum as I take it. Now for the Proof. He that denying his own Ease, travels about doing Good, says Tom, and makes that Cure for a Shilling, which another would have a Guinea for, deserves Encouragement. Let me turn it a little, said I, nearer the Truth, and I shall agree with you: As thus; He that travels about to do more Harm than Good, and takes a Shilling for, perhaps, doing neither, should, by my Consent, be sent to the House of Correction. I could put you in a better Method; if you would hear it, I believe you would agree to it. Away with it then, says Tom; I am all over Ears. What, said I, if an Act of Parliament were to pass, empowering the College to enlist and detach half a Dozen

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Apothecaries, and Apothecary-Surgeons, out of every Parish, as Itenerants over the Nations, to administer to the Necessitous, at the Publick Charge? I fancy much fewer would die at Home, whatever they did abroad; and if their Medicines they carry along with them, were to be supervised, and put up, by Order of the College, I am apt to think more Good might be done Abroad than ever they did at Home? Ha! What think you, Mynheer?

*Think? says Tom. Why, I like the Notion well-enough: But what then would become of the poor Rogues in the Country. Let 'em come up, said I, to London, not as they did at first, to learn nothing, but to pass their Examination in Warwick-lane; and then to be sent back among the Number of Itenerants. The Country will never miss 'em during their Probation, because they will leave old Women enough behind 'em to take Care of their Neighbourhood. But there are Country Doctors too, said Tom; how would you dispose of them? Sure they deserve a little of your Care. And they should have, said I, more than ever they gave any of their Patients. I would have the Farriers take 'em under their Protection, and go Snacks; one to have the Benefit of the Iron part, and the other of the Brass. That is, one to shoe, and the other to drench: For the Brute Part stands more in need of Physicking than the Human in the Country. Healthful Diet, fresh Air, and lusty Labour, set Distempers at Defiance, unless
the*

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the Doctor or Apothecary be near to lend their helping Hand to introduce 'em. Well, says Tom, as Schemes go now a-days, you may build your Bridge : So wise a Head, at the Head of it, cannot fail of effecting Miracles. Ponder on it till I return. In the Interim, Peace be with you ; I must go : And thus the Gentleman left me, as most of your State Projectors do, to digest a Whim of his own Head, that could hardly be said to have enter'd into mine : And I'll follow grand Pattern, and order it to lie on the Table.

If all the Whims in the Brain of Man were to have Labour thrown away upon them, what a wide Field would such a Brain as Tom's afford Mankind ? Not that he often offers at weak Things ; but is of so volatile a Spirit, that Thought can hardly keep Pace with his Fancy : For which Reason his Judgment is too slow to manage half his Conceptions. Nevertheless, I cannot but in Justice agree to his Notion of the Extravagance of the Fees. An Apothecary will now charge more for his Attendance than a Doctor of Reputation would anciently have expected at twice. But the State of *Physick* is so various all over the World, and the Prices so different, that it were next to an Impossibility to reduce 'em to a Standard. In *Spain* and *Portugal* Custom has fixed their Recompence at so low a Rate, that commonly, for want of a Mule, they are forc'd to mount the Ases, and

so make the Jest of the whole City. But what is the Consequence? The mean Figure of the Artift disparages the Art, and he is not often sent for but to the meanest of the People. In *Italy* it is not much otherwise; for ever since the *As* took his Degree at *Padua*, the Mountebank has got the Start of the Doctor. In *France* they are in prodigious Esteem, and a Man must cease to wonder then that they are so in *England*. Yet I must do Justice to my Countrymen, that they pretty well use their distinguishing Faculties, and it is not always that the Title creates Respect, tho' it generally does Terror.

But as *Tom* very well started, *I know of no Country where they are so well regulated as in Holland. The Fee is settled; the Number of Visits affixed, and in what Compass of Time; so that the poorest People know, as well as the Rich, what they have to trust to, and being all at a Rate, may please as well themselves with the best as the worst of the Faculty.* I imagine that their Government finds the Benefit of it, and that their Subjects do not fall the faster for it. But whether a like Regulation may suit with our Constitution (of which we may be satisfied our Governors are profoundly tenacious) I must leave to the Learned as being out of my Sphere.

However, one Thing I will pardon myself for recommending to those learned Gentlemen, whether they be *Greshamites*, or of the
Society

Society of *Warwick-Lane*, or *Crane-Court*, that before they fall foul on another Order for want of Regularity or Integrity, they would be pleas'd to regulate themselves, for fear the present Buts of their Jest and Railery should use the Phrase of the Crab, *I præ; sequar*. There are some of the Body they so frequently ridicule, are Men of Wit and more of Learning; if then, like great Doctors, and profess'd Drawcancers, they should, in the Heat of their Liver, object to those their despis'd Brethren, an Uncertainty of Faith, or the Dubiousness of Immortality, I would intreat they would first set about (which, I think, to them at least, the more proper and natural Work) to prove the vast Certainty of *Physick*, and that its Adherents proceed upon infallible Grounds and unerring Principles. Till then that necessary Science must remain in its Station (which it never advanc'd since *Galen's* Time) That *Physick* is at best but a happy Guess, and I wish, for the common Good, they may always guess right in that, and, perhaps, at the Long-run, it may lead them to guess right, and, on the safer Side, another Way. In the mean Time let me ask them, *Would they be willing that Mankind should entertain the same Notions of Physick that many of them entertain and countenance of Religion? Ridicule it for its Mysteries and Uncertainty, and as they give to that the Nickname of Priestcraft, give to their own*

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the Name of Doctor-craft ? and thence run nonsensical Rigs of an Hour long on Matters nothing to the Purpose, and which, at best, is meer Buffoonry. I have been often tempted to enter upon this Argument and draw a Sort of a Parallel. I am sure the Cause would bear it ; but I choose to reserve myself to some other Occasion. The Subject is too copious for a single Sheet. Persons, Papers, and Records must be sent for and consulted ; in which Case I could point out one single Doctor, whose Memoirs would make a Volume ; which, tho' it might divert the World, I fancy it would prove little to the Diversion of himself and his few Friends.

I had just finished this charitable Expostulation, when I found my Eyes on a sudden seal'd up with Nature's Bird-lime, that it was impossible (for methought I try'd) to get 'em open. But seeing all my Efforts in vain, I gave way to Necessity, when I found myself in an open Plain, out of which went two plain Ways, but so close together at the Opening, that they almost seemed to join: Nevertheless, I could observe that, as far as my Eyes could carry me, they grew more distant from one another the farther they ran into the Plain. The fairest and broadest had strong Hedges of Roses and Jasmine on each Side ; the narrow one had Hedges too, but they were of Briar, and such like Stuff, that kept no manner

manner of Order. I could not see a Soul to enquire whether they led, till being advanc'd to the very Mouth of their Entries, I observ'd, at his full Length, under a large Lentisk-tree, that grew between both, a poor Wretch, bemoaning his Lameness that would not permit him to get forward. *Why prythee, Friend, said I, where is it thou wouldst go? Where do these Ways lead? Marry, I know not, reply'd the poor old Man; but I would willingly make Use of one or the other if I could, and not lie in this Fashion complaining and pining. But dost thou know nothing of either of the Ways?* said I. *How long hast thou lain in this Condition. Too long by all the Time, said the Wretch; for, tho' a deal of Company has pass'd by me into both Ways, not one has taken any Notice of me till you came. Why?* said I, *I am ready to assist thee, if you could give me any Directions which Way to choose. Marry, that would I not for all the World; for they tell me, one is a good Way, and the other a bad, and if I should lead you wrong, I should never forgive myself. But this I can tell you, continued he, the best Company goes that Way that is broadest, and merry and jolly Folks they are. At this I shook my Head, perceiving which, he went on; Nay, marry, you need not shake your Head for the Matter, for there are a pow'r of grave People go that Way too. I am sure I saw our Doctor that gave me Physick, and, I believe he had more in his*

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Company, for they had Hats as broad as his, and golden Canes too. Prythee, Friend, said I, What Sort of Company hast thou observed take the other Path? Ah! very few, said he, but they are all plain, and so intent upon what they are going about, that they never take Notice of any thing. Neither Fiddling, Dancing, or Singing to divert them, unless it be such Sort of Songs as our Parish Clerk us'd to sing. Come, let me help you up, said I, and lean on me: This Way I'll take. Oh! Master, said he, take care what you do; for, I am told, there is a dreadful Precipice at the End of one of 'em: But which it is, in Truth I cannot tell. However, since you are so charitable, I'll go along with you, lead where you will.

*So soon as I had mounted him on his Legs, away we stalk'd, for walk I could not call it. The Briars and Brambles, at entring, were very troublesome, but, by that time we had advanc'd a pretty Way further, the Walk grew much easier. With much Fatigue, Pain, and Labour, we at last reach'd a Pair of rusty Iron Gates; and, tho' I knew not where I was, or whether going, I made bold to knock: When, on the other Side, appear'd a Person of a hale, sanguine Complexion, who demanded what I wanted. I have assisted this poor lame Person, said I, who wanted to come hither. He has lain, as he tells me, a great while between
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the Mouth of the two Ways without any Help or Assistance, and, in Compassion to the poor Wretch — You have done well, says he, cutting me short: Stay and I'll call you a Guide. He had been gone but a Moment, methought, when he return'd with a lovely Matron of a graceful Mein, and so much Sweetness and Affability in her Countenance, as I never before beheld in one Person. Advancing up to me, Did you, says she, assist this poor Wretch in his Way hither? which answering with a Bow, Come along, continued she, it is my Duty to reward such Actions. The poor Wretch, methought, found his Legs immediately, and we followed her most chearfully. She led us up to a Pair of larger Gates, all of Gold, which, on her Approach, opening of themselves, let us into a Place too full of Pleasure for Description. View it well, says she, and fix the Idea perfectly in your Mind; for, as yet, you may not go farther. After I had, with Variety of Raptures and contending Passions, survey'd a while all could; This, says she, for the present must suffice. Go back, and tell your Hucksters in Wisdom what you have seen. And ask those lame Logicians, whether Caution had not been the surer Card? Where nothing is to be lost, and much gain'd; and where, on the other Side, nothing, by their own Confession, is to be got but a beastial Nullity, can there be Room for Doubt, if Common Sense could rule? But, in order to qualify them

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for any valuable Consideration, advise 'em, the first Thing they go about, to divest themselves of their unmeasurable Self-Conceit, and prevail on 'em to imagine, for once, that other Men have had Reason, as well as themselves ; with this Difference only, that they have allowed themselves Time to think, which those *Wiseacres* never do. Tell 'em, Satan has Emissaries enough without their Assistance. Let them no longer then squander away their precious Minutes in undervaluing and ridiculing the Blessings of the Almighty, since their Inconsideration will be attended with Shame and Infamy on Earth, and eternal Confusion in an everlasting Futurity. She spoke all this with a most insinuating Air on our Way back to the Iron Gate, which, when the Porter opened to let me out, every Vein of my Heart seem'd rack'd with Sorrow, and I found myself under such insupportable Agonies, that I could compare my Case to nothing more like, than *Adam's* Expulsion out of *Paradise*. Doubtless he was under no less Distractions than those that wak'd me out of my Sleep, and robb'd me of my Dream.



VISION



VISION XV.

Of TRUE and FALSE FAME.

WHAT is more useful in a Metropolis than a Coffee-house? From Morning till Night they are of publick Benefit. There the grave Cit, in his Morning-gown, while *John* is opening Shop, foul or fair, trudges to smoke his Pipe, and after regale himself with a Dish of what sort of Liquid he likes best. In the Reign of King *William*, while the Comprehension was in Motion, *Twist* was the celebrated Liquor, and *single Tea* or *Coffee* was look'd upon as a Tendency to Popery, if not Heathenism. But to see how Times change: Infidelity, which is Heathenism in Grotesque, has got such Footing since, that poor *Twist* has lost the Field, and is almost banish'd the Society of the Sober. But let me go on, after this short Epicedium, to the Memory of my old Friend, to enumerate some few more of the Benefits and Advantages of our Coffee-houses. Scarce has the Morning Visiter smok'd his Pipe, and pay'd his Two-pence, when his Place is supply'd by the Man of Business,

and that Chair, or part of a Bench, which before had abounded in only News and Politicks, is now the Scene of Traffick and Trade. This Course continues till about Six, when the Politician Merchants resume their Morning Rostrum, and, by another Pipe, prepare for the Club. Where, after they have evaporated all their Jollity and Mirth over a Bottle, in order to go very soberly home, they call at their Morning Asylum, and, over the Fumes of a Dish or two of plain Coffee, disperse the Fumes of the Wine, that Nature may find in Bed no Obstacle to her nocturnal Refreshment. This is the common Round of Life in the City, and those a few of the many Advantages of a Coffee-house.

And yet there are other Conveniencies that I have not named, and one in particular, that in pure Gratitude ought to have been first at my Tongue's End ; which is, a civil Reception of the Person whom a Show'r obliges to fly to Shelter, or any other unfortunate Dependant whom a lazy Lord, or thoughtless Beau, obliges to attend many Hours beyond his own Appointment. In either of these Cases, the Person need only call for the Histories of the Day, and, at Twopence Charge, solace himself till the Weather grows fair, or my Lord rises and let's him know whether he thinks fit, at that Time, to be seen or no. It was to the first of those that I stood

flood oblig'd for my Retreat, and where I found another unnumbered Use, which, however, in my humble Opinion, is not worthy to be mentioned with the least of the other. For to make a Room of Contention of a Place instituted for more pacifick Ends, is to rob *Billinggate* of its Privileges, and its Tenants of Liberties, which they have asserted through immemorial Ages: But Things will not always happen as we would have 'em; and a Coffee-house is no more secure from Deviations than a Church. I speak not this in the least Derogation of one or the other, but only to shew the Mutability of Places as well as Persons.

At the next Table sat a Person of some Gravity as well as Years, and another with him that seem'd not to have so much of either. They had discours'd, by what I could observe, for a pretty while as Friends, or at least without any Sign of quarrelling; when, on a sudden, the Man of most Gravity rises on-end, and, Sir, says he, *you don't treat me as becomes a Person of my Figure* — Figure, says the other scornfully — *What Figure, I pray? The Figure of a Round O?* Sir, says the first, *you know I am a Member of the Royal Society. And so am I*, answers the Opponent, *of the Royal Society of Free-Masons. If you talk of Figure, let me hear you name a Title of the Dukes, Lords and Great Men*

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Men, that I can call Brothers, and remember that I have been Master of a Lodge, and be silent. The whole Company in the Coffee-Room, which was pretty numerous, had, by this Time, turn'd their Faces towards the two Disputants; but I could not avoid observing, that the Generality inclin'd in Favour towards the Senior: For, says one of 'em, a solemn grave Fellow, and a Mercer, at least, by his Appearance, I think, Mr. —, calling him by his Name, which I have forgot, is treated very unhandsomely, and not like a Gentleman. I should know as much of Quality as any Man: I believe I deal as much with them, and am more in their Books, or they in mine. And what, I pray, if Duke or Lord, in a Gaiety of Heart, or Wantonness of Nature, condescend to let down himself to the Capacity of a Mechanick, must it necessarily follow that the Mechanick is, ipso facto (for I understand a little Latin) thereby to be uplifted above his Superiors? I know that Fellow there, that brags of his having been Master of a Lodge, and know the House where he has many and many a Time borrowed a Shirt to make an Appearance in. A fine Figure he must have made, in the mean Time, if his Friend had not been at Home, or if that Friend had not had more Shirts at washing than the Borrower. But I hate Reflections as much as I love that Men should mind their proper Vocations. And yet I dare appeal to all Men of Sense and Consideration,

Consideration, whether it had not been more to the Honour of his Brother, the Duke, and himself, to have lay'd out the two Guineas he wasted in playing the Jack-pudding, in Dowdalls Shirt-ing, than to have vampt, in a publick Coffee-house, that he had been a bare A——d, Master of a Lodge. The Company gave their general Assent in a Buz and a Laugh; but the Opponent was struck so to the Heart with the Truth, and the Keenness of the Satire, that, instead of prosecuting his Spleen upon his Adversary, like an old Stager, he, by mild Menaces, endeavour'd to mollify the Rage of the last Speaker. Therefore, directing himself to him, Sir, says he, you know not sure who you are engag'd for. Grant that I am worthlefs, as worthlefs as you would paint me, is he less? To convince you of your Error, I undertake to prove, that it was I myself I, that contributed to make him every Thing that he now boasts of. Who was it that collected the List of hard Words that made his Probation Lecture worshipfully unintelligible? Was it not I? Let him deny it if he dare. Who was it that prevail'd on my Lord Duke, and the Earl, to afford their Words to make him significant? Was it not I? He will not say it; if he do, both their Honours, which is far before the Oath of a Mechanick, are at Hand to affirm it: Or, will he persist, that it was not to this Concealment of Causes he owes the Plumes he now struts in? But what, I wonder, is the Reason of all

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all this Wrath? Why, I'll let you into the Secret, and then judge. Being to attend my Lodge this Evening, under this farrago of Obligations, which I gave you in Miniature, I vouchsaf'd to ask him to lend me Half-a-Crown, assuring him I would reimburse him out of the next Horse or Woman that I painted, when, with his old meaning Cant, he would do it, he said, with all the Pleasure in Life, but he had but Three Shillings in the World. Would you believe it, Sir? I came down to Eighteen-pence, and yet he never once attempted to put his Hand in his Pocket. Nature will be Nature, Sir; and, I confess, I was provok'd to call him Scoundrel. And what, I pray, is there so opprobrious in the Term? A meer Lapsus Linguae. Besides, if a Man calls me Scoundrel, and I take it, I make myself the Scoundrel he calls me: But if, with true Magnanimity, I despise his Scurrility, it is no more than a Boy's pissing against the Wind, when the Water is sure to fly in his own Face. In short, you see, Sir, my Friend is a Philosopher without the Rudiments of Philosophy.

The Ludgate-hill Orator, conscious of the Poverty of the Contest, without one Word further speaking, paid his Two-pence, and slipt out of the Room, leaving the rest, as they soon did, to follow his Example. The two Certaminators remain'd in the Lists, upon which, all the rest of the Company being gone, I directed myself to both of 'em, and spoke in the following Manner; Gentle-
men,

men, you are both of you Strangers to me; however, having been an Ear-witness to the Dispute, I think a little well-intended Advice may not be thrown away. Never make many People Judges of your own private Disputes, nor a publick Place the Scene of Action. By what I can guess, you might both have remain'd considerable, in your own Eyes at least, if you had been wise enough to conceal one another's Failings. For my Part, I am so intire a Lover of Peace and Tranquility, that I would do every Thing to support it. To evidence which, there is Half a Crown to maintain the Honour of your Lodge, tho', if you would excuse the Freedom, I would frankly declare, that, by what I have heard, it might be employ'd to much more commendable Purposes. I took my Leave, paid for my Coffee, and went directly home.

It is customary with me, on my Return, either from taking the Air, or Business, to ruminate on such Passages as have occur'd in either. Such a spacious Field, as the Transactions of this Day afforded me, it is not to be suppos'd, therefore, that I could neglect a Custom, that, in my Opinion, is not only amusive but commendable. Least of all could I pass over, without Remark, that vast Inclination, that even Spirits mechanical have to Fame and Glory, evident in my Pair of Prize-fighters at the Coffee-house. Both ambitious of a Title, that carry'd Royalty in the Front, and, perhaps,
both

both equally entitl'd. It is a great Pity, that that Fragment of Fame, left us by the great *Bacon*, was never compleated. For, as he there propos'd to have let us into what are *false Fames*, and what are *true Fames*; how they may be sown and multiply'd; and how check'd and lay'd dead; and many other-like useful Things; it might have been of great Service to Mankind, of all Degrees, Sorts and Sizes. Tho' I am apt to believe, the Seeding-part is least wanted; Human Nature abounding with natural Seeds, which, like the Off-sets, or Buds, that make our *Mushroom-beds*, require very little Culture or Care to render them fructive. It was an Objection, prevalent in his own Days, that King *James I.* made his Honours very cheap, if we may believe *Osborn*, even to Prostitution. Nor has that Humour much abated any Time since, unless in the levelling *Æra*, a Time not to be quoted by Men of Honour or Honesty. Nevertheless, as this Objection was started by the very great, or middling People, they sure should be the last to put it in Practice. Doubtless, many noble Institutions, by Time, or the Corruption of Mankind, have undergone very great Abuses. I shall not trouble my Head, or my Reader, with that of the *Royal Society of FreeMasons*, being quite too imaginary to fix any Thing like a solid Basis upon. But the *real Royal Society* was undoubtedly, in

its Intention, a truly Royal Institution ; the Design was Noble, and worthy a Prince, the Promotion of Natural Philosophy. What Pity was it that they had not, at first, set out with better Orders and Rules, or, at least, taken Care that those Orders and Rules were better observ'd. To the vast Disparagement of the Community, have we not seen the F. R. S. distributed to some that scarce knew the Meaning of the Literals. At least, some have been dubb'd Promoters of Philosophy that had no other Characteristick, but what the Vulgar very vulgarly imputes to the Hea-then Philosophers. Sure the grand Promoters of Natural Philosophy ought to have so much Insight into Nature, as to be able to guess, whether the Man has Brains or no, to capacitate him for an Enquiry, before he commences an Adept. If an Unintelligibility be a sole Qualification, the Field may be very large, but I am afraid the Road will be found very foul Way. For my Part, I cannot, and therefore will not, affirm, *that Money makes any Member*, but such as deride all Knowledge, or, indeed, any Thing that is serious, and, consequently, take all Opportunities of ridiculing and depreciating, such will be sure to cast in such an Aspersions, when ever they see a Person of no Merit set off with such a Signetur for a Fiocco. Oh ! but he has wrote a Book—Has he so?—Why then indubitably he is

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qualified without asking, whether he understood what he writ. To remedy which Evil, if it be one, and to prevent any future Dilapidations (and Dilapidations they may be, tho' to the Enlargement of the Building) Would there be any Harm in wishing a stricter and closer Scrutiny into Persons and Qualifications before admitted? Would not such a Regulation conduce to their Glory, and, in process of Time, render the *F. R. S.* truly Honourable, which, at present, is hardly look'd upon with more Respect than a single *F*— I had thus soliloqu'd myself into a Dose, which ended in a profound Sleep (and whatever some *Semi F. R. S*'s may say, Dreams are not always obstructive to Sleep) when, methought, I was got into a large, fair, and open Plain, on either Side of which, at some Distance, stood two beautiful Temples, equal in Height, Ornament, and Structure. From that on the Right, I could hear the Sound of a Trumpet, sweet, smooth, and grateful, which had no sooner ceas'd, but, from that on the Left, I could hear another more shrill and loud, but far less pleasing. Drawn by the charming Accents of the former, I observ'd, that the Generality made the best of their Way thither, not but there were great Numbers made up to the other without turning in the least aside, or, as it seem'd to me, without so much as bestowing one Thought what they were

were going upon. The Landskip, tho' vastly agreeable, inspir'd into me rather Perplexity than Pleasure, till a Person, of an affable Air, advanc'd up to me, greeting me in a most friendly and humane Manner; which, tho' it added to my Pleasure, did not at all diminish my Perplexity. Seeing me a little surpriz'd, *Do you not remember me?* says she, *I am mistaken if Ingratitude be any Part of your Composure. Have you forgot the Care I took of you in your late Ramble to Elisium? The same Good-nature drew me at this Time hither. Come along,* says she, *and I'll inform you of what is necessary for you to know, that you may accordingly make your Reflections. That Temple which you see on the Right,* continu'd she, *and to which such Numbers advance, is the Temple of True Fame, and that opposite is the Temple of False Fame. But let us advance to the first, and, if you make your proper Observations, they will let you into the Mysteries of both.* By her bewitching Air, her Speech, and ten thousand other amiable Qualities, I strait found it was the charming *Phantasia* that spoke, and therefore readily gave myself up to her Conduct and follow'd.

No sooner had we reach'd the Πεγρα or Anti-temple, which was supported with beautiful Pillars of the *Corinthian* Order, but my Eyes were fascinated by the Charms of a glorious Figure at the farther End. She was seated on a golden Throne, adorn'd with
pre-

precious Stones, under a Canopy of the same, supported by channell'd Pillars of most exquisite Workmanship; on each Side stood a Row of young Virgins with silver Trumpets, who look'd, to me, like so many Angels. After *Phantasia* had made her Obeisance, and beckon'd to me to do the same, she took me down, and plac'd me at the Feet of the Virgin next the Entrance, and herself opposite, that we might make our Observations without the least Interruptions to the Ceremonies and Audience ensuing. Just as we were seated, the Virgins, altogether, began to blow their Trumpets, which made such a Harmony, without the Mixture of other Instruments, as I could not then remember ever to have heard the like. Two Trumpets, plac'd on the upper-part of the Outside of the Dome, took the Hint of their ceasing, and sounded, as *Phantasia* told me, to call all the Supplicants to their Audience.

I should have told my Reader, but the tumultuous Pleasures must excuse my Omision, that on the Right-hand of the Lady of the Temple, sat *Truth* in her beautiful Uncovering, and on the Left, *Experience*, the Daughter of *Wisdom*, no less beautiful, tho' in a Drapery more suitable to her Character. These two were her constant Counsellors and Assistants; without whose Advice she would never part with Palm, Laurel, or Olive-branch to any Candidate. For which

which Reason, after their Obeisance to the Lady of the Temple, every Candidate pay'd a Sort of Veneration to *Truth* and *Experience* before they deliver'd in their Credentials. But, on the other Side, I observ'd, as to the Candidates there was a great Variety. There were Candidates of Election, of Recommendation, and Compulsion. Nevertheless, I made it my Observation that the latter always met with the most gracious Reception, consisting of such whose Modesty endeavour'd to conceal their Merit, and who were drove there more by the Suffrages of others than their own Inclinations. This will seem a Difficulty in Faith, and a strange Sort of Paradox, and I was much of the same Opinion, till *Phantasia*, to convince me, pointed behind the Throne, where I could perceive, among many others unknown to me, *Barrow*, *Tillotson*, and *Newton*, seated in several Chairs of State, with Palms and Olive-branches in their Hands.

But as far as I could perceive, very few of this Sort gave the Lady, at present, either Pleasure or Disturbance. Her recent Supplicants consisted of the two former Classes, tho', as I said before, the latter were always most acceptable. Their Method of Audience was, by a standing Establishment, after this Manner; the Candidate deliver'd his Credentials to one of the Side Attendants (which best took his Fancy) who

who carry'd it up to the Throne, and there, on her Knees, deliver'd it to her Lady, who, on Receipt of it, first committed the Scrol to the Perusal of *Truth*, and then of *Experience*. If they thought fit to sign their Names, it was given again into the Hands of *Fame*, who immediately gave Directions to the beautiful Messenger to lead her Client up to a Chair behind the Throne prepar'd for him. On the contrary, if *Truth* or *Experience* refused signing, the Candidate was carry'd to a side Portico, and dismiss'd, to take his Walks where he thought proper. There were several of this Sort let out at the Back-door, but very few that gave the young Attendants the Trouble of shewing them the Way to the Seats behind the Throne. But I could not but take Notice, above all, of a Poet, of modern Constitution, who, on Delivery of his Scrol to one of the young Attendants, whisper'd in her Ear, but so loud that all near might hear him, *That he had given Immortality to Kings, Dukes, and Great Men, and was now come to Fame to give him an Easy-chair*. The pretty Creature would not have receiv'd it after such a pompous Declaration, but it was against the standing Orders to refuse, for which Reason she was under a Necessity of carrying it up. Delivering which to her Lady with a Smile, it rais'd her Curiosity to demand the Reason of it. The young Attendant, casting her Eyes upon

Truth,

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Truth, found herself oblig'd to give the whole Detail of the loud Whisper. Upon hearing which, *Fame* rose up with somewhat of a Face of Displeasure, *Has he so?* says she; *He that can dispense Immortality so liberally, can have no Occasion to apply to me. Therefore do you shew him that the Back-door will lead him the ready Road to a more proper Patroness,* and accordingly, the bombastick Boaster, was dismissed to the seeming Satisfaction of all the Hearers.

The Credentials of many more were handed up, but, I observ'd, not above two or three approv'd of, and consequently not many of the Seats were fill'd, notwithstanding abundance of Vacancies. The Author of *the Universal Passion*, methought, deliver'd his Credentials to one of the fair Attendants, which, pleas'd with his Youth, she eagerly carry'd up to the Throne. *Fame*, on Receipt of it, smil'd, but, without delivering it out of her Hand, spoke to the Author the most gracious Words following: *Here is a fair Foundation*, said the Lady, directing her Voice to the Author, *and I will order your Pretensions to be enter'd. To say more at present, in my Opinion, might forestal your Merit. Proceed, therefore, and persevere, and I will take care to reserve for you the first Chair among the best Poets of modern Extraction.* Not one in the whole Assembly but was pleas'd, and I could not but take Notice, that, tho' he was
neither

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neither receiv'd nor dismiss'd, *Phantasia* rose up and resign'd her own Seat to him, which he accepted with a world of Modesty, tho' with a Reluctance that was over-rul'd. There were some few others that deliver'd their Credentials, but were all order'd to be let out at the Side-door. Upon which *Fame*, seeming weary'd with the Applications of so many Insignificants, order'd an Adjournment of the Court, and all rose up, and the Temple in an Instant was empty.

Just as all the Company was separated, methought *Phantasia* took me by the Hand, and, with a Smile, Come, says she, you must go out at the Back-door too; but comfort yourself; you go out by Choice, not Compulsion. I have a Mind to give you a Sight of the Temple you saw opposite to this, and by that Means I shall inform your Judgment, and set it right for the future. You will there find that False Fame has more Supplicants than True: For, besides her natural Adorers, which are the many, you will find her Train increas'd by those dismiss'd here. Nor will I flatter your Expectation with having your Senses equally gratify'd, tho' the outward Appearances may lead you to expect it.

Immediately we cross'd the Plain, and arriv'd at the Temple, which, to outward Appearance, as *Phantasia* had said, promis'd us as great Matters as the other: But, when we enter'd — I could not but say with the Poet,

Poet, *Ab, Quantum Mutata*. The Lady was bloated, the Throne Tinsel, and all the Decorations, Attendants, and Manner of Proceedings answerable. *Confusion* sat on her Right-Hand, and *Assurance*, in a Plaid, sat on her Left. Her whole Court was compos'd of Lawyers, Apothecaries, and Poetasters: And their Applications were a mere Patchwork of Higglely Piggley like their Persons: But one Thing, which, in my Opinion, shew'd their Irregularity, in an unaccountable and monstrous Piece of Partiality, was particularly remarkable; all those who had had a Repulse in the other Temple, were made first Favorites here, and much better receiv'd than any of their original Addressers. They were pity'd, their Affronts aggravated, and cajoll'd in so nauseous a Manner, that turn'd my Stomach inside out to observe it. *Phantasia* took Notice of my Disorder, and could not help expressing her Satisfaction at it. *Our Stay*, says she, *will not be long. Let us hear a little of their Proceedings, that, for your future Information, you may note down some of their indecorous Decorums, and we'll take our Leave; for I am of your Opinion, nothing here will tempt a Stay.*

She had hardly said the Word, when, thro' a Lane, made on Purpose in the Middle of the Croud, advanc'd the very Poet that had been rejected in the Temple

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of *True Fame*. His Chin was cock'd up in the Air, and his Pace as portly as if Expulsion had given him Pride, and Pride Stiffness. So soon as he was got near enough to his Goddess to be heard, he open'd his Budget of Grievances, expatiated on the Indignities offer'd to a Person of his Figure, and, in a manner, demanded to be register'd, and have the Laurel. The spotted Lady (for she had a Skin like a Leopard) familiarly took him by the Hand, lifted him up, and made him sit by her Side, next the Lady in the Plaid. This encourag'd all the rest that had been dismissed from the same Place to offer up their verbal Petitions, which they did unanimously, and were receiv'd with the like Complaisance, and order'd one by one to take their Seats. Nor could one of the original Votaries obtain the least Regard till those were to a Man gratify'd. At last, a Person forces himself up to the very Nose of the Lady (and I thought I knew him) *Must a Person of my Figure, says he, dance Attendance so long for a Hearing? An F.R.S. and an Author, and* — He was going on, methought, when another, interrupting him, familiarly address'd the Lady, saying, *I am just come from my Lodge, where we drank your Ladyship's Health with my Lord Dukes, and they told me in the Conclusion, that I had discharg'd my Trust so prettily, that I deserv'd eternal*
Fame :

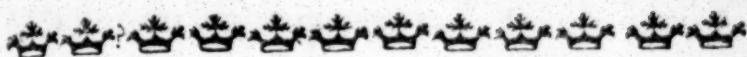
Fame; so, without putting off my Apron, I resolv'd to make a Visit to your Ladyship to put in my Claim timerously. The Lady was going to give him a favourable Answer, when the other claiming Priority, as having first spoke, and therefore, according to the Rules of all other Places, ought first to be dispatch'd; the Contest arose so high that it was impossible for the Lady of the Chapel to moderate so as to be heard. *Confusion* stood neuter, and would not leave her Stool to accommodate. *Assurance* took the Part of the younger, and ask'd his Adversary, *Whether he took that Place for a Barber's-shop, where People are to take their Turns.* This fresh Indignity so fir'd his philosophick Blood, that he flew in a Rage upon his Adversary, and frightened every-body but the Lady on the Left-hand, who seem'd so pleas'd at the Disorder, that she did all in her Power to encrease it. *Phantasia* perceiving what was like to ensue, gave me the Wink to get away; but as we must unavoidably pass by the Combatants, one of them having his double Fist up ready to give his Adversary a mortal Blow, I, not observing that he squinted, imagin'd it levell'd at *Phantasia*, and was up with mine ready to prevent him, which *Phantasia* seeing, pull'd me by the Sleeve, saying, *For Shame! Leave the Fools to decide their own Controversy of Superiority by themselves. You see the Goddess they worship does*

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not concern herself, and, which ever gets the better, will have no great Reason to boast of their Gains, which are like to be imaginary as their Pretensions. In Obedience to these sagacious Remonstrances I was leaving the Place, when, methought, Mr. *Leather-Apron*, on the Receipt of a sudden Stroke, set up such a fearful Howl that frightened away Sleep, *Phantasia*, and, which was much the least Part of my Mortification, every one of the goodly Company. If, as the good Women say, there is much in Dreams, I must leave it to the Followers of *Artimidorus*, whether the *F. R. S.* had not the better of it. Recommending, however, to the Consideration of wiser Men, whether some of those Queries I made, while awake, may not deserve a Thought for a Salvo to their future Glory.



VISION



VISION XVI.

BELLE ASSEMBLE; or, *the* GAME-
ING TABLE. *Shewing the Inconve-*
niencies.

I Never saw or read the Play call'd the *Gamester*, but by the Title I imagine it was design'd as a Satire upon that too predominate Vice of this Nation. A copious Theme, and well-handled, one might promise an Event suitable: But tho' that, or if not that, for I never saw it, and several other dramatical Representations, have, as one would think, sufficiently redicul'd the Use, and expos'd the Inconveniencies attending the Abuse; nay, tho' the civil Magistrates have commendably exerted themselves in putting the Laws in Execution against those publick Nufances; it was never more us'd, nor, perhaps, ever more shamefully abus'd than under the modern Vizor of *Ridottos*, *Masquerades*, or *Assemblies*. Far be it from me to go about interdicting innocent Diversions; but as far, I hope, it will ever be from me, to give those Diversions the Epithet of Innocent; which, tho' they may chance to prove so in an In-

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stance

stance or two, will be inevitably attended with ten thousand Temptations to make them otherwise, especially in that Sex which shews itself in nothing weaker than in the Affectation of every thing that is singular. But if the nobler Sex, as they will account themselves, fall in with those Weaknesses, and not only countenance but indulge them, sure to comply with their grand Postulatum, Reason will allow us to guess they must have other Designs than those of meer Lucre ; tho' that, in general, cannot be deny'd to be the main Design of every like Diversion.

The fine Character (I speak of the Draught and Colouring, not the Posture) of Lady *Townly* in the Play call'd, *A Journey to London*, were sufficient, one would think, to reclaim or restrain any one not absorb'd in greater Frailties or Failings than she was Mistress of. But what Effect has it produc'd ? Tho' the Poet has made her penitent, and tho' that Sense of her Imprudencies is amply set off in the beautiful Contrast in Lady *Grace*, the same Rush of Inconsideration leads weak People into the same Rush of Temptations ; where, under a Notion of killing of Time, they kill their own Quiet, and too often murder their whole Family. It is not conceivable to those that are inconvertant in the Weakness, the Bewitchery of this Vice ; if you lose, you flatter yourself another Cast may retrieve your Fortune ; or, if you win, you are persuaded to pursue the Jilt
while

while she is in the Humour; till, as it very commonly happens, the Winner goes off a Loser, and he that was the Loser, reckons himself a Gainer, in having parted with nothing but his Prudence and his Patience. But I shall at present leave 'em on both Sides under the Lashes of that well-wrote Piece of Satire, which, whoever reads, and seriously reflects (and sure no thinking Creature can be without one Interval) must for ever after forswear the Folly or Stamp upon him or herself somewhat too gross to be comprehended under that Name.

I mention'd the Bewitchery of the Vice, and, tho' I can say nothing on my own Experience, I have seen enough in others to make me believe all that Wit or Invention can say of the Matter. I have known a Person of Years, good Sense and Fortune, call in to his Assistance, Ladies in the Neighbourhood suitable to his own Age and Humour; they have drank their Tea together, then call'd for the Card Table, and labour'd so long, and so hard at it, that the Cards themselves have lamented the Burden. Neither a Call to Council, or any other Board, could unfix him, and if he vouchsaf'd to rise to Dinner, it was more in Complaisance to the Stomachs of the Ladies his Companions, than any Inclination of his own. This was his daily, his weekly Employ, and so intent was he in it, that he never allow'd himself the idle Observation of

a Sabbath. Even on his Death-bed the fair Quadrillists were Physicians both of Body and Soul, and, if I have not been misinform'd, he went off the Stage with the Cards in his Hands. I very well remember that it was said, his Gentleman advis'd the putting many Packs into his Coffin, not only as the best Aromatick, but to save him the Trouble of coming back for a Recruit. Will not every Reader say this is stupendious? or will any one be so hardy to deny the Witchery of the Vice?

Perhaps my Reader may have the Curiosity to enquire of the Castrophe of his constant Accomplices? I know but one of 'em, who having been gradually drawn in, without any other Qualification than great good Will, became so thorough a Dupe to her ill Fortune, that her Spouse, who was a Man of real Sense and Estate, seeing the evil Consequencies impending, boldly took upon him to circumscribe her. The Novelty afflicted, and a Confiction of the Spirits was the Distemper that carry'd her off; but without the vast Satisfaction of holding a good Hand, or any of the black Aces at her Departure. But her poor Husband, on a serious, but melancholly, Reflection, soon found that he had no other Part of his Prohibition to repent of, but the Ill in the late timing of it. Such a large Load of Debts of Diversion came upon him after her Decease, that his Goods were all seiz'd

feiz'd, of a fine Estate he was like to have little left ; the Consideration of which broke his Heart to save a further Misfortune. Thus a Wife's innocent Diversion, as they term it, brought a Gentleman that was really innocent, to an End that he had no Enemies malicious enough to wish him.

Some have imputed the Root of this Evil to Avarice, others to Ambition, and many to both. As to the Males I know not but they may be pretty much in the Right ; but as to those of the other Sex, I should take the Source to be rather meer Levity, or want of Consideration. At first, at least, it is certainly so ; tho' Avarice and fine Cloaths may contribute to give 'em a lift after. As for the Sharpers, who are generally the Masters of the Shew and Ceremonies, they set up their Trades, as do most of the Bankers, and having nothing to lose, they are sure to gain, or at worst to lose nothing. But will any one be so hardy to say that the Quality, or fair Gamesters enter upon an equal Level ? Fortune, Credit, and Character make Part of every Stake they make ; and the Sharpers being generally Managers of the Bank, what a wretched and unequal Footing must they play upon ? For my Part the visible Difference, and shameful Inequality so stuns my Faculties, that I cannot but flatter myself they will easily excuse me if I carry the Consideration a little higher.

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I will not pretend to dispute their Power: It is their Discretion I am concern'd for, and therefore engage with. The Laws are absolute, positive and plain. Can Custom innovate? Who made those Laws? Did not their Fathers, Brothers, or, perhaps, themselves vote, debate, and agree to their passing? Where can be the Honour? Where the Credit of making a Play-thing of what their, or my Judgment and Conscience had seriously resolv'd upon to be useful and expedient. Ought single Opinion to decide against the Sense of a Nation? And in a Case where the Good of the Nation had been the Parent of the Resolution? In other Cases they would not argue so; and can any Diversion be of that Moment to make an Alteration in the Validity of true Reason? Reason is firm and establish'd; and it is not in the Power of Humour, or any thing but superior Reason, to unfix it. Laws obsolete are in Force till repeal'd; but Laws lately made (or at least of a Standing within the Memory of Man) calculated for the Publick Good, and to prevent unthinking Men from ruining themselves and Families; Are these to be immolated to Caprice and Whim? For what can be call'd Caprice and Whim, if setting our own Will and Pleasure against the Sanction of the Laws be not so?

But to shew that it is nothing more nor less than Caprice and Whim, I desire another

ther thing may have a little of our Consideration; that is, that all Losses, tho' against Law, are look'd upon as Debts of Honour, and therefore indissolvable but with Payment. Commend me to the Sharpers, the Originals of the Order, who have, like true Sons of *Mammon*, provided this way against all the Penalties they knew themselves justly liable to. I can no way better explain this Mystery than by an Instance within my own Experience. A Captain in the Army, of my intimate Acquaintance, being lock'd up in a Spunging-House of the *King's-Bench*, sent his Footman to intreat my speaking with him as soon as possible. When I came there, and was let up into his own poor Apartment, *In the Name of God*, said I, *what ha' you to do in this Place?* Come, reply'd he, *sit down and let us talk together.* He was a long Time very circumlocutory, and, as I thought, a little upon the Trifle. At last, I ask'd him downright, *What he was there for?* and at *whose Suit?* He answer'd to both, *That he was in for about two thousand Pounds, and at the Suit of such a Lord*, naming him. It was natural next to ask, *How the Debt arose?* and he as soon resolv'd me, *That it was lost in Gaming.* Glad to hear it, *I'll set you free in eight and forty Hours*, said I. The News seem'd at first as glad to him to hear, as I was to speak: But, after a short Pause, asking *how?* *Why*, said I, *plead the Statute.*
No

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No, says he, I dare not do that; it would forfeit my Honour; and my Reputation would be lost for ever. All I could say to enforce my Arguments avail'd nothing, till he prevail'd on me to talk over the Affair with the noble Plaintiff; who, in my Opinion, shew'd a great deal more Honour in discharging him from his Confinement, than my Friend had done in confining himself.

But if those are to be call'd Debts of Honour that are created against Law, what will become of such as have the Law on their Side? Why, as in a downright Anarchy, where nothing reigns but Confusion, and the Heels stand where the Head should, so is it here. The Tradesman that honestly gave Credit, shall be oblig'd to wait till the Sharper, who never found Credit amongst honest Men, is honourably clear'd, and, if he leaves not enough for the honest Man, the honest Man shall be glad to leap at his Leavings. A hard Fate you'll say, but as hard as it is, it has been the Misfortune more than once so to happen, and what has been may be again. What would the World say if such Accidents, as they call 'em, should at last inspire the trading Part of Mankind with Wisdom, and that should bring 'em to a Resolution among themselves, not to trust any Person of Quality that is a known Gamester? Must they not in Course turn Mechanicks themselves, or at least leave off their more mechanical Drudgery,

crite

the *Gaming-Table*? For tho' transferr'd from the Groom-Porters to their own Houses, the Drudgery is not lessened but advanced, having more to mind than the Dice or the Cards in Hand.

I have heard some indeed insinuate as if the Pleasure did not lye solely in the Abundance of good Company, for that there were greater Sweets to compensate the Hurry and Trouble. Could a Man be prevail'd upon to believe such a thing, I know not what he can stick at believing. Such a Condescension, to call it no worse, must render an Assembly like what in the Country is call'd, a giving Wedding; where the Bridegroom and Bride are, as in other Weddings, the principal Parties, but the Guests are the principal Part of the Feast; and accordingly must be dispensed with in their most untoward Liberties. However, some of these rough Satirists pretend to alledge, *That Jack, the Gentleman, being turn'd out of Office, as losing Gamesters will speak, has loudly complain'd that he has not had Justice done him for Cards and Candles.* However, this must be said, *That Livery Tongues are not to be credited in all they deliver.* Be the thing as it will, it is bad enough not to make it worse, and whether the Insinuation be true or false, it is certain there is too much Occasion administred of giving Things an odd Handle. Such, as if Persons had Prudence join'd to their Quality, would induce 'em to forget

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a momentary Diversion rather than incur a Scandal that may out-last their Lives.

In my hinting that, I would not dispute their Power, but battle with their Discretion. I just touch'd upon the main Hinge of the Argument, which I now crave leave to resume. I take it for granted, that all Quality ought to imply Sense and Reason, or rather every Qualification that is necessary to compleat a fine Gentleman. I desire it may be observ'd, that I do not say it does, but that it ought: But this I believe I may venture to say, without offending any, that there never was a Person of Quality that did not think he was Master of all the Qualifications of a fine Gentleman. I never yet set my Eyes on that modest Mortal; and, therefore, till he is produc'd, my Postulatum shall stand with me unexceptionable.

To affirm his Title so self-assumingly taken up, ought not this Man of Quality, in the first Place, to evince his strict Adherence to those Laws, which, if not he, his Representatives have thought fit to enact for the benefit of his Country? Have they pass'd severe Laws against Gaming? And will he avow it a Qualification of Quality, or of a fine Gentleman every Night in his Life to break in upon those Laws? Can the Street Robber, the Pick-pocket, or Shop-lifter be said to do more? Or will he be willing to take such into a Partnership among the Class of fine Gentle-

Gentlemen? The Part of a fine Gentleman is to be regular in his Actions, staunch in his Morals, and firm in his Principles of Religion. So fixt, he would soon see other Inconveniences attending the *Gaming-Table*, than merely the Breach of the Law against Gaming. The Excess of Passion it so frequently throws those into who are most accusom'd to it, the horrid Execrations and Imprecations attending ; or if (as some few have so great a Command of their outward Temper as to stifle all visible Excess) he could see into the Hearts of those half Philosophers, and decipher the smothering Fires he finds preying upon all the Vitals, and piecemeal devouring the Man, for want of Vent, he would soon call to his Aid all the true Qualifications of a fine Gentleman, and avoid both the Temptation and the Company.

But there is yet one other Consideration, which, to a Man of Sense, the first Ingredient of a fine Gentleman, is of no less Weight than any of the other : That is what the Scio-lists give the Title of *killing of Time*. A polite Phrase, as the World goes ; but if thoroughly sifted into, the most silly Phrase that can come out of a wise Man's Mouth. Thus the Sot kills his Time (or rather murders it) and he allows himself not an Interval of Thought, till, like the Beast he makes himself, he has as little Use of rational Faculties, as if he was born without 'em. I leave our Divines to Sermonize

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monize upon the Matter ; yet cannot refrain offering one short Hint to the Consideration of our *Time-killers* ; that is, whether any Power on Earth has, or can, assure 'em they shall over-live the Day ? Sure then if Time may be kill'd to their Hands, they need not be so over-hasty to commit Self-murder. Or at least should be so wise to make a Choice of such Diversions as no ways call in Question Christianity, or seem to lead Virtue into needless Temptations ; either of which I am sure the *Gaming-Table* can never pretend to.

Sharpers, the weak Heads their Cullies, or those weaker Heads of the Fair, who are all perfect Slaves to Avarice, may precipitately follow the Dictates of their violent Leader ; but sure the fine Gentleman and Lady of Vertue should not, in Reason, make such their Paterns. This were to take a Taylor for a Pilot, and make use of his *Goose* instead of a *Compass*. Such a preposterous Choice might argue a great deal of Humour ; but all Humours of that Complexion will never embellish a Character that sets up for a Pattern. Humanity, Prudence, and Fortitude, are the Characteristicks of the fine Gentleman, as Modesty, Affability, and Piety, are the distinguishing Ornaments of a Woman really vertuous. Are these to be made the Prize of Chance ? I tremble to think it. Is it worthy the Hazard for either Lucre or Diversion to bring these into Question ? If any,

or

or all of 'em should be lost, how doleful would be all the future Minutes? Yet no less is the Risque of either fine Gentleman, or vertuous Lady that make a Practice of following the *Gaming-Tables*, either at the Groom-Porters, Ridotto; or Nobility Assembly, worse than both the other.

I say worse, because more accomodated to increase the Evil by the Danger of Example. What is more apt to lead astray the youthful and unwary than the Precidents from Quality. To say, my Lord and my Lady did so and so, the *Bible* itself could hardly afford a Text to confute the Authority. Should a King endeavour to legitimate Adultery by Proclamation (which is hardly to be suppos'd in a Protestant Country) I much question whether the Laws of the Land, or the Laws of God, would be found coercive enough with a Tithe of his over-complaisant Subjects to restrain or deter them from an implicit Obedience. Of such pernicious a Tendency is great Example! And if in great Concerns it is so, much more in less. The Venom may in the beginning be innocently imbib'd, and the Notions of Diversion may gild the Pill so as to render it not difficult to swallow; but it soon, like smothering Fires, will grow into a Flame; and what at first might be Diversion and Innocent, grows into Custom and Habit, till even Piety becomes a Burden,
and

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and all social Vertues the Sacrifice of Inadvertency, Weakness and Folly. I was confirm'd in this by a Dream, or somewhat like it, which ensu'd this expostulatory Contemplation. Concern had made me very thoughtful, and Sleep took the Advantage of it, and laid an Embargo upon every Faculty that was under her Dominion.

Methought I was walking in the finest Gardens near the Town, full of the beautiful Pleasures of Nature, which display'd themselves on every Side me, when a young Lady of exquisite Beauty, and in her full Bloom, came down the same Walk that I was. She was environ'd with a Set of fine Gentlemen, I think I told half a Score, all vastly obsequious, and seeming to vie with one another in their submissive Devoirs. Wit and Pleasantry I found was the standing Dish. However I observ'd, if some had a sort of Picquancy, others, in hope to ingratiate, made their Deficiencies up with a Laugh, which, if it prevail'd upon the Fair one to bear a Part, they were as well pleas'd as any that said wiser Things. They had all pass'd me, when, a little more curious than ordinary to dive into the bottom of the Novelty, I turn'd short, and, at a Distance, to be within hearing, follow'd them down the Walk. Tho' the Lady did not seem, as far as I could distinguish, to make any Distinction; there was one of 'em,
I could

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I could perceive, made it his Endeavour to byass her Opinion in his Favour more than all the others. At the bottom of the Walk was a close Arbour, render'd vastly grateful by the Jasmins, Honeyfuckles, and Myrtles, which cover'd and encompass'd it. Into that they enter'd, and poor I, for want of a good Northern Front, was left to hear as well as I could on the Outside, and throw away my Contemplations on what I heard. *Quadrille* was propos'd as they enter'd, and *killing of Time* the Pretext. I found the fine Gentleman who had been most assiduous, was prepar'd to answer the Objection of *want of Cards*; so away they fell to work without any other Design on the Lady's Side, whatever Design the rest might have. I had sat long enough to discover that the Game went hugely unlucky for the Lady, tho' she wanted no Encouragement to persist by an Assurance of a full Supply, and the reiterated Assertion, *That Fortune must change*. Under that Expectation she persever'd; but still worse follow'd bad, and by some Words, I thought the poor Creature began to be fretful. Just in this Interval a Lady of my Acquaintance made up to me, and ask'd me, *Why alone, and why so thoughtful?* Tho' not so beautiful as she within, I had long known her to be a Lady of unquestionable Prudence, and therefore rising from my Seat, and drawing her a little on one Side

(to

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(to prevent being-over heard) I related all Passages, told her my Jealousies, and the Grounds of 'em, at the same Time describing, as well as I could, the Parties. *Let me be far enough*, said she, *if this is not Cleonissa. She wants not Sense any more than Beauty; but all that ever I could do, I never yet was able to cultivate an Intimacy. If the Man is he that I guess, as by your Description it should, your Jealousies are not ill grounded. Come, continu'd she, this Shower will give us a Countenance, and therefore we'll go in. I'll undertake to make Apologies.*

Methought in we went, and just as my Imagination had dictated, Matters appear'd distressful. The Lady had lost a large Sum, was in Tears about it, and the Spark of Fortune was labouring all he could to make Advantages. She cry'd, he intreated, and had drawn her aside that his Importunities might be less noticeable. So soon as she that had introduc'd me had pass'd her Apology from the Wetness of the Weather, she made up to the fair Lady, which I found gave her Spark so much Disquiet, that he could hardly afford to be civil. The young Guest took Notice of his Peevishness, and, after a little Time, Sir, says she, *I am of Opinion I am Mistress of the Root of your present Uneasiness. At the upper End of this Walk I saw your Wife; she bent her Course this way, and I assure myself the same Shower*
will

will drive her into this Place. The fine Gentleman, apprehensive of a Discovery, turn'd pale as a Clout, and stood as if Thunder-struck; but did not long continue so; for catching up his Sword and Hat, he slunk away. The other Gentry, dubious of Danger from his abrupt Departure, took care to follow, and left me alone with the two Ladies. She that I imagin'd to have been an Intimate, addressing herself to the very fair one, *You see, Cleonissa, says she, how necessary were the Cautions I have often given you; and into what Inconveniencies your weak Passion for Gaming leads you. What you intend as a Diversion, is otherwise with others: And as you use it, can be as little to yourself.* Here, says she, turning to me, *take these Bills, and go and discharge this Foible, and I do not suppose that hereafter I shall need to advise this young Beauty to take care of what Company she keeps, and how she kills her Time, for fear she commit Murder upon her Reputation.* The young Lady, methought, in the highest Gratitude fell down on her Knees and pleas'd her Benefactress with a Volley of Protestations and Resolutions suitable to her Charge. I, joyful of my Commission, was making my Bows to take my leave in order to Execution, when the Lady, last enter'd, spoke to me to this Affect; *Give my best Wishes to your Friend Leonora, and tell her, I took upon me her Shape, and was not at all ashamed on't.*

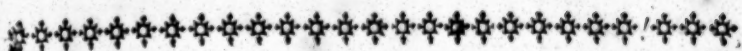
My

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My Name is Prudence ; which ſhe is too nearly related to, to want any Aſſiſtance, or Inſtructions of this Nature. This Speech ſtruck me into ſo much Amaze, that, examining into the Veracity of my Senſes, or whether I had been Maſter of 'em, Sleep forſook me, and left 'em all to come and officiate in their proper Stations.



VISION



VISION XVII.

A SHORT SKETCH of the LAST JUDGEMENT.

ANTIQUITY is the Brag and Ambition of all that plead a Veneration for Genealogy. The *Welch* are famous for this Itch of Ambition; but not singularly famous. *Scotch, Irish, and German*, think themselves never so wise as when they fetch their Families from Fable; and the apish *English* are not content to boast what is certain and really worthy of boast, *Cressy* and *Agin-court*, but they must fetch their Fore-fathers from Persons as dubious as the Times they liv'd in, and whose History is as dark as was the original Chaos. But our *Sots* and *Sciolists*, profoundly skill'd in Genealogy, resolve to carry a Sort of a Face along with them, and, like true Chymists, that they may not be said to fail in their first Principle, have Recourse to the eldest Records of Time and Things to establish their Authority, and give their Title a Sanction. Thus, says the Sot, *Noah was my Father in a right Line, Ergo — True*, says the Sciolist, *but Lucifer was before Noah,*
and

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and he was my original Parent, proveable in pretending to be wiser than his Creator. Ergo.

But in Mitigation of the Pride of these two grand Contestors, Reason would offer, as to the former, That if *Noah*, his boasted Parent, was overtaken, it was but once, and that by way of Experiment, before he knew, or could know, the Power of the Fruit he had just cultivated ; and as to the latter, that tho' his superficial Wisdom might put a present Feather in his Cap, it ended in a Distruction that his modern Pupil will find himself, at last, a miserable Partaker of. In short, there is no Vice but can give itself an Air, and so dress itself up in borrow'd Plumes, that, till Reason appears and strips 'em off one by one, will make its Votaries, in their own Conceits at least, look very fine and glaring.

But again, I would not have it imagin'd that I here intend to confine the *Sot*, to the Man that never is sober. No! such a Wretch acts, if he may be said to act, who is always under an Incapacity of acting, a Part so brutal, that even a Brute would blush at. The *Sot* I would throw at, is the poor Creature that gives up his Reason to every idle Temptation, and leaves not himself the Power to distinguish between cherishing Nature, and debasing it. That instead of eschewing, as a wise Man would, Occasion and Company that may draw him into precarious Circumstances, makes it his Employ and Business to seek

seek out the Company of such good Fellows as are most likely to forward all such Inconveniencies. The very Name of a Dram, or a Whet in a Morning to such, are so alluring, that they very often qualify themselves for the Bed before Dinner, or, at least, set themselves so forward on their Journey, that, if they hold out till Supper, you may lay 'em in a Hog's-sty as well as on a Bed of Down, and they will snore and sleep so soundly, they will leave the laughing Looker-on to distinguish the Difference.

Nor is the Sciolist less intoxicated with his Pride, than the Sot with his Liquor. Self-Conceit is much stronger than the Juice of the Grape, and plainly demonstrates in its Operations, that its *Vigneron* was much more a Master in Craft, and his Designs far more pernicious and destructive. The Temptations in both are pretty equal; a Flush of Pride in one, and a Flush of Pleasure in the other: Not that the Sciolist has not in his Imagination, his Share in Pleasure as well as the other, tho', to say Truth, the Pleasure is merely imaginary in both: For their Ebriety is so equal, tho' from different Causes, that one is no more Master of his rational Faculties than the other. Like Witches, on their Broom-staff *Pegasus*, he thinks he flies above other Men, and all the while lies groveling on the Ground, to evidence his Eagerness to embrace his last, and

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only sorry Hope of Annihilation. But how miserable a Hope is that which, if it has its Effect, must end in nothing? and, if defeated, must issue in Miseries that will never have an End.

This melancholly Meditation so affected my Faculties, that I lay for some Time under a Shiver, little short of a downright Lethargy. When, in an Instant, methought a grave Person touch'd me gently with a Wand, and bid me rise, and come along. Ready to obey, without Hesitation, I started up, and was tumbling for my Breeches; *Just as you are*, said the Apparition, *you will make the most proper Appearance, for you will find enough in your own Drapery to keep you in Countenance.* This, methought, sounded as ill as I should look: However, after a Moment's Consideration, I resolv'd still to obey, and follow'd him. We was but just got into the open Air, when I heard the Sound of a Trumpet at some Distance, but with an Accent so shril and piercing, that it seem'd to me impossible to be natural. It carry'd an Influence along with it, that affected all my Faculties; and yet in such a Manner, that I could neither say that Hope or Fear, Joy or Anguish had the Preheminence. There was a Mixture of all, but a Predominance of neither. He led me into an open Plain, vastly large and vastly pleasant. From the farther Side of which I could perceive whole Myriads

Hads of Bodies, naked as my own, advancing towards the Middle of the Plain, with two Trumpets over the Heads of them, flying in the Air, and sounding as they flew. Those to the Right had all green Branches in their Hands erected, and those to the Left carry'd the same green Branches, but not so erect as the other. Before each Body advanc'd a Person of a wonderful, charming Aspect, but with an Air importing somewhat much beyond Humane. I was both pleas'd and surpris'd; but had not the Heart to ask one Question, so much the latter prevail'd above the former. When they were got to the Center of the Plain, they made a Halt, and the Trumpet sounded again, being answer'd by others at a great Distance; during which, a great Cloud descended to the very Earth, and all to the Right ascended, as into a Chariot, and were immediately convey'd quite out of Sight. So soon as those had left us, a like Cloud descended and took up all to the Left, and carry'd them up in the same Manner, the Trumpet sounding all the while.

I was still lost in Surprise and Wonder, till my Leader a little reliev'd me, asking, *If I knew the Meaning of all this?* To which returning a negative Answer. *Then attend,* said he, *and I'll inform you; for you must prepare for Things that will affect you more than any you have yet seen or heard.* This is

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*the Day of Judgment, and this the Valley of Tryal for your People. Those you saw taken up to Happiness, in the first cloudy Chariot, were Martyrs and Confessors that had long waited and wish'd for this pleasant Jubilee; and those in the second, were such as had pass'd their Examination, and had receiv'd the Seal of Approbation. The very Account fill'd me with something that I could not tell how to name. It carry'd somewhat above what we call Joy, and was attended with what imported rather Awe than Fear, but both together compos'd such a Mixture as is impossible for Words to express. Observing the Contest of my Passions, *Be not discourag'd*, says he, *I am your Guardian, and if I had not had a due Care of you, I had never come to call you. Now prepare to see a quite different Scene; a Scene of Horror. Keep stedfast on the Spot you stand on; and let not any Sight alarm your Apprehensions so as to unfix you.**

Methought, at the Conclusion of his Exhortation, there was such an Agitation of the whole Plain, that I could compare it to nothing better than the Motion of the Sea in a Tempest. After Variety of Evolutions, on the Sound of many other Trumpets together, all of a hoarser Accent than what I had heard before, the whole Plain fell into a perfect Calm, the Surface all even as before, and every Part of its past Commotion
quite

quiet and silent. After it had remain'd some little Time in that Tranquility, methought I saw in one Part of it a Number of Irruptions, which rose up like Mole-hills, and out of every one came up a human Body, and just as in its human State. Every Band had its proper Intendant, who was of an Aspect dismal enough to forebode the Corps he guarded, that their Doom was not like to be over favourable, or, indeed, tolerable.

The first Band came pretty near the Place that I stood upon, and I could hear one of the Delinquents expostulate with his Intendant, *What did you disturb us for? Did we desire any of your officious Favours or Interruptions? We were quiet enough, and far from desiring ever to hear any more of you. The State of Brutes was our sole Ambition; and now you come like a Parcel of Fiends as you are to interrupt our Tranquility with Stories of Eternity. Let us lie down again in Silence; we ask no more; and will forgive you all that's pass'd. Ha! Friend of mine,* says the grim Intendant, laughing loud; *It is too late now: All your Reasons and Demonstrations are of no Avail. You should have listen'd in Time to Probables, and not cut away Eternity with a silly Figure and foolish Obstinacy. Your Doom is pass'd, and all Redemption is too late, since you have slighted that which was graciously offer'd you.* The Words were hardly utter'd, when Flames of Sulphur broke out of the Holes they sprung up at,

M 3

and

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and the whole Earth opening about them, they were swallow'd down with excessive Howlings and Roars that pierc'd my very Heart ; their Intendant accompanying them to shew them the Road to the Place of their eternal Abode.

At a little Distance, on the other Hand of me, the same Irruptions rose up as before, and likewise the Product. These seem'd all asleep, and the Intendant, with his Crew, could hardly awake them, or keep them awake with all their Stripes and Scourges. *Out, ye sleepy Sot,* says the Intendant to one of 'em, *will ye go down to Hell in a Lethargy? Will nothing wake you but Flames of never dying Sulphur?* The Mention of Hell I found had a little Effect upon him, when rubbing his Eyes and staring, *What do you talk of such ugly Names? I never intend to go there. — Here, Drawer. —* The Intendant burst into a fearful Laugh, — *Yes, yes, you'll find a perpetual Drawer where you are going — One that will never cease to drench you with full Draughts of flaming Brimstone. — Say you so, Friend?* says the Delinquent, a little come to himself. — *Why? I could not have thought it. — I don't know how you should,* reply'd the Intendant ; *for you never allow'd yourself an Interval of Thought.* Then prythee, said the Delinquent fawningly, *let me have one now. It will do you no good ; — the critical Minute is over,* said the Intendant ;

So come along, and I will shew you what you have to trust to. But, Friend, says the poor Sot, will you allow us Water to our Brimstone-Possel. What is necessary is provided for you, said the Intendant; so come along. Upon which, the Earth opening, they all went down headlong, and sav'd their Guards the Trouble of leading, for not one of 'em was able to walk.

So soon as the Earth was rid of them, rose up, in the same Manner, a Parcel of Corpse all bloody, with a Number of Fiends at their Heels; lashing 'em along with flaming Fire-brands; the Sight was so terrible that I could not refrain asking my Guardian, *What Wretches are these? The Murderers, says he; you see they carry the Tokens of their Guilt in their very Fronts. All the Waters on Earth could never wash out their Stains, nor will the hottest Fires in the Place they are going to, ever be able to pacify or purify their Consciences. They will find Cain, their original Leader, ready to receive 'em; and you see the Earth does not wait a Signal to open to conceal such Miscreants from the Light of the Sun. And so they ran down roaring under the continu'd Castigations of their Tormenters.*

Casting my Eye on one Side, I observ'd the Earth breaking, and a Head peeping, but nothing further for a Moment or two. At last, when the Shoulders had thrust the

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Jolternol forward, the Tongue began to wag and the Wretch imprecated himself most bitterly, *If he would budge an Inch further, unless he was allow'd to carry his Companion along with him. But, nolens volens, he found himself, at last, entirely above the Ground. Why, continu'd he swearing and imprecating afresh, is it not a most monstrous Thing, that a Man must be damn'd single, when his Crime was of a duplicate Nature? Let but the Party come along that was the Occasion of my Seducement, and I have no Scruple.*—Your Scruples have always been in a wrong Place, said his Intendant, and so they continue it seems. Come, march along, and do not infect the rest of your Society with Scruples of no Avail? What? Do you pretend to a Conscience at last? You want a Toleration, I warrant? Were there not Women enough in the World, but you must break into your Neighbour's Pasture? Consider what a Confusion in Families you have made. An honest Man that never elop'd, but gave his Wife due Benevolence, if her Incontinence had not gorg'd up all her Reason, by your Encroachments, may be forc'd to see an Heir, that he thinks his own, take after his real Father, and pursue such vile Courses as first breaks his Brain to dive into the Cause, and after his Heart, to contemplate the Effects. Thus to gratify your Lusts (a Spirit of human Passion) you commit Murder, and sow human Society with Distraction. I wonder you were not sent
along

along with the last Troop ; I am sure it had been
 fittest for you. Friend, says he to the Declaimant,
 I do not know you ; pray treat me like a Gen-
 tleman. Yes, yes, says the Intendant, we shall
 make you gentle enough ; and, to that Purpose our
 Orders are to begin burning at the Bottom. I be-
 lieve you will shortly wish a Surgeon had sav'd us
 the Labour. Why, Friend, says he, you talk
 strangely out of the Way — I am sure a Doctor
 of Physick calls it a natural Pleasure ; and
 what is natural, sure can never be a Sin. Ho !
 ho ! said the Intendant, That's he that wish'd
 he had sprung out of a Dunghil, like a Pompion.
 The fittest Feather-bed for such foul Productions.
 But come, come along with your goatish Frater-
 nity, and receive the full Rewards of all your
 manly Prowess. Ne'er hang an Arse for your
 dirty Linen : You need not fear their following
 you in your Fate. As slippant as they were in
 their old Corporalities, if they continue as slippery
 as Eels, they will never slip thro' the Fingers of
 their new Keepers. He gave him a Lash with
 his Whip, which was follow'd by every
 one upon the rest, and down they went,
 howling and swearing in a most hideous
 Manner.

Pray, who are all those that are rising
 yonder ? said I, casting my Eyes on one Side
 me. Oh ! reply'd he, that is a precious Ge-
 neration. The Jews order'd them to be ston'd
 to Death, and, if their Misfortunes had ended
 there, it had been well for 'em. Those are

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they that thought their Parents liv'd too long ; and argue vastly logically that, because they did not beget them for their own Sakes, their best Return for all their Pains and Care after, was Contempt and Disrespect. The Heresy is pretty ancient, but modernly reviv'd, by a Knipperdoling Doctor on Ludgate-hill. Is it possible, said I, that there ever was such a Race in human Nature ? You have it plain before your Eyes, said he ; tho' forty to one, if you was to examine closely into the Matter, all that could be laid to the Parents Charge, would amount to no more than a moderate Correction for a notorious Misdemeanor ; an Over-care in their Education ; or, as I said before, a living longer than they wissh'd for or desir'd. Tho', to say Truth, in the last Point, you might be forc'd to confess, that they, on their Side, play'd their filial Parts so well, that if Undutifulness and Disobedience would have done the Business, their Parents had, long before they did, prevented their Wishes, and put an End to such Clamours. I could not but turn my Eyes aside and weep — And in the very Intrin they were out of Sight, and I could not say what became of 'em. My Guardian saw my Concern, and to divert it, *Look you there*, says he, pointing to another Quarter ; *What think you is coming there ?* They are very numerous, said I ; an Army of Tartars could hardly look more formidable. You have guess'd pretty right, says he, for they kill backwards, and flying, like the
Par-

Parthian, which is a sort of a Tartar. These are that terrible Body call'd Apothecaries, Quacks, and Taylors. As soon as they mounted the Surface, they were drove forward by a Band of Fiends, who us'd them, indeed, without Mittings, as the Saying is. *Yup*, says one of the Attendants, and gives his next Man a Lash, who happen'd to be an Apothecary. To which he very soberly reply'd, *What vexes me most is to be ranged along with the Taylors. So much Grace as we had to be excus'd our Duty to our Maker; I wonder what tolerable Reason you can assign for our being rank'd in such paultry Company. Your long and unconscionable Bills, my Dear, said his Intendant, shew your Affinity, and you know it is dangerous to a Curse, to separate those whom Heav'n has join'd. Well? but, says a Quack near him, than we are out of the Question, for we never make any Bills; but take what we can get of People. Friend, replies the Intendant, it is all Buckrum, Stay-tape, and Canvass, and therefore I would advise you to march without murmuring: Your Doom is past, and you must all troop to the one Hole you are destin'd to. Upon which he gave a Yerk with his Whip, and down they went together.*

There ensu'd a pretty long Interval which I wonder'd at, till my Conductor inform'd me, it proceeded from a hot Dispute between two Parties, whose Property it was

to

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to have the Precedence. The Brokers, Cheats, Street-Robbers, and Pick-Pockets, presuming on their Numbers, were outrageously clamorous ; but the contesting Party, by their great Moderation, got the better of 'em. Upon which they came forward in regular Order, and by the Gentility of their Appearance, I was led to apprehend, that they had Injury offer'd them. *You as little know the Men*, says my Conductor, *as they know themselves. These are the most worthless Part of all Human-kind. They are the Friendship Failers*, continu'd he, *who, maugre Intimacy, Obligation, or old Acquaintance ; will mortgage their Gratitude to Fortune, and pawn their Honour to save their Purses.* *Why*, says one of 'em, as soon as near us, *is it not a most monstrous Thing, that I should be oblig'd to take Notice of a Man I never got by ? It is true, there did pass many Tokens of Friendship between us, and were not mine reciprocal, so long as he was able to hold it ?* Nay, says another next him, *for that Matter, I did get Money by my Acquaintance, but I hope there is no Necessity of forming it into a foolish Syllogism, that therefore I am oblig'd to part with any Part of what I got. Get you down for a Pair of wile Sophisters (for I am apt to think you are all alike)* said the Intendant, *and receive the Rewards of your Demerits ; but tho' your good Graces were temporary, your Punishments*

nishments will be eternal; and down they went in a Chasim to follow the others.

So soon as ever they were descended, their Competitors burst out of the Earth, like any Vulcano; and at the Head of 'em appear'd a Broker, with the Intendant close at his Heels. Sir, says the Broker turning upon him, *I cannot divine what you mean by coupling me with such a Parcel of Scoundrels. Are Cheats, Street-Robbers, and Pick-Pockets fit Company for a Broker in Change-Alley? The most properest in Life,* reply'd the Intendant very demurely. *I defy the Wisdom of a Nation to match it. In my Opinion, it is only characterising in Short-hand, or, drawing at full Length in Miniature. Please separately to consult all the other Parties, and, I dare forfeit my Place, if they do not every one look upon themselves more aggriev'd than you. In short, I dare answer for them, they will to a Man allow you to be Multum in Parvo: But altho' that may shew your earthly Capacity, it will not give you Prebeminence in any Place, but that where you are going to. What does that Fellow murmur at? cry'd the Squire of Conveyance. Can he think our Society not grievously injur'd? The Difference he values himself upon, is merely in the Quantum, and there I hope Matters will be demurely discuss'd. For would it not be very hard that I, for only borrowing, perhaps, a gold Watch, or single Snuff-box,*

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box, should undergo the Penalties and Penance due to a *Wretch* that has ruin'd whole Families, and by his Tricks, Lies, and Practices, made the Owners part with Watches, Plate, and Lands, and all? Pray rid us of their Company, cry'd another on the same Side; and if they will crack of their Carcases and Condition, let the Size of their Demerits apportion their Punishments, without disgracing honest People. The Broker was going to rejoin, when their Intendant bawl'd out; No more of these Bribble Brabbles; when you come to broil together, will be Time enough to discuss your Points of Honour, and, I promise you, he that makes the best Fuel shall have my Vote. — The under Officers gave a malicious feu du Joy with their Throats, so down they went to the rest.

Look you, look you, said I to my Conductor; what a Swell there is in yon Quarter? They rise in Clumps like Toad-stools in a Dunghil. I suppose, reply'd my Conductor, they presume upon their Relation; and on that Score flatter themselves with better Usage in the Place they are going to, than ever they gave any of their Fellow Creatures. These are the Bailiffs, Attornies, and Solicitors. See how the two first dispute for Precedency. Ha! their Intendants has join'd them. He'll soon settle the Point without a Bill in Equity. I could not but observe that one of the Bailiffs very familiarly

nearly offer'd to take one of the Fiends by
 the Hand, which the other was not half so
 eager to accept of. Upon which the Catch-
 pole, nothing at all daunted, harangu'd
 him thus ; *Dear Kinsman, hearing you want-*
ed Officers in your lower Regions, I have
brought this noble Company to supply you. I'll
pass my Honour for their Fidelity, promote 'em
to what Places you please. If you want Stokers,
here are a Parcel of Gentlemen Attornies that
have made it their Business, all their Lives, to
foment and keep up the Flames between Neighbour
and Neighbour ; ay, between Father and Son. If
you want lesser Incendiaries, here are my Bre-
thren the Solicitors ready at Hand ; and for
Evidence, your humble Servant, and his Bre-
thren, do not doubt to answer all Calls till
Wreathock, Jones, and Campbell appear
to relieve us. The Intendant, between Vexa-
tion and Scorn, heard him so far : But
his Patience being quite exhausted ; Ye
vile Race of Rascals, said he, do you think we
want false Evidence here ? Ye shall find to the
contrary ; your Villanies and Turpitudes are all
described and delineated, and therefore get you
gone and receive the full Rewards of 'em.
 A Lawyer hereupon stepp'd out, and of-
 fer'd to Demur, but the Intendant snapp'd
 him short, and told him, *The Court he was*
going to, might hear him if they would ; but
for his Part, he had heard too much of
 him,

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him to desire to hear any more; so away they were all hurry'd without Bail or Main-prize.

Upon this, the Trumpets sounded again, and there arose such numberless Crouds, and in such Confusion and Affright, that it would be a fruitless Task to attempt a Description. Some cry'd for one Thing, some for another. Males and Females intermix'd reciprocally, reproaching one another for past Miscarriages, and laying the Blame on all but themselves, who were the only Blame-worthy. In the Middle of this Distraction, and just in the Centre of the Plain, a Throne descended, on which was seated a Person of inexpressible Sweetness, and yet awful Majesty. His Attendants were many, and of Aspects equally benevolent, but far short in Glory. The Trumpets continu'd sounding till the Throne had reach'd the Earth, at which Time, all ceasing at once, with an Air almost too majestick for a human Eye, he that sat on the Throne pronounced the final Doom of all. The Earth, as if it took part, or rather sympathiz'd with its anguishing Issue, trembled and shook so terribly, that I could never have kept my Feet, had I not been supported by my Guide and Conductor. Nevertheless, when the Throne ascended (which it did as soon as the Sentence was
pro-

pronounc'd) the Earth divided with such a fearful Mouth, and so near me, that Sleep itself fled from the Terror, and left its Captive free to reflect on all that had pass'd before his Imagination. I leave it to any Soul living to judge, whether I could avoid the Occasion; and I wish, with all my Soul, others may make no worse Use of the several Particulars than I intend to do.





VISION XVIII.

The horrid VICE of COMMON SWEARING exposed. A new ACADEMY established, and its Uses.

OF all the Vices now in Fashion, and Truth itself must assent, that their Number is vast, none, in my Opinion, is so unaccountable, as that of *Common Swearing*. The Gentry taught it the Rabble of Porters, Draymen, Carmen, and Cinder-wenches; and have the Pleasure now of finding themselves quite distanced by their Pupils. And yet, what is most wonderful in the whole Matter is, that those their grand Receptors, tho' they find themselves quite thrown out of the Saddle, cannot prevail upon themselves to quit the Practice, tho' they hear and see themselves every Hour of the Day to be no other than the meer Mimicks of those their vulgar Disciples. If either Profit or Pleasure were to be pleaded, somewhat might be offered in Alleviation of the Folly; but as when taxed, they dare acknowledge neither, but are forced to fly to that pityful Asylum, Custom:
How

How wretched a Representation of their boasted fine Parts do they offer the World in their obstinate Perseverance? But, perhaps, like other Heresiarchs, they may hold it shameful to recant: Let them, then, only shew their Dislike of the Practice by relinquishing the Disease, they will both ways save the Shame they fear, and, at the same Time, evince to their Friends, that they remain capable of acting like Gentlemen and reasonable Creatures.

Under their present Situation they do neither; on the contrary, they act in Opposition to both. As Gentlemen, tho' they should pride themselves in being Promulgers (for as to Invention, I do not doubt but *Lucifer* would clap in a prior Plea) so long as they find themselves far out-done by the Scum and Dregs of Mankind, what new Honour can it add to their Crest, or rather, will it not be a heinous Blot in their Escutcheon, to continue Rivals to such poor Competitors? Why should they not rather choose to wrestle with a Chimney-sweeper? or play at Football with a Gold-finder? There is the same Folly in one, and there is not the same Indecency in either. Soot and Ordure only defile the Outside; but the other affects the *Morals*, and breaks in upon every Part of his Character, either as a fine Gentleman, or a Christian. As a reasonable Creature he acts herein, much more inconsistently; since every Oath, I mean the vain Oath, is an Infraction upon

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upon civil Society, which, if Penalties would do, has provided against them, not only to shew the Viciousness of the Practice, but to preserve a Reverence for all such as were wisely established for the good of Government. *An Oath*, says the Apostle, *is an End of all Strife*; but the Oaths that come out of the Half-penny Mint of these Sciolists, are mostly just the reverse, being generally the Foster-father of Strife, Contention, and often of Murder itself. They are certainly an Oar dug out of the lowest Mines of Hell, that bears the Stamp of the Devil; for which Reason the Coin will pass no where but in his own Dominions, and amongst his own Creatures.

I lay'd myself down full of this just Resentment, and made my Court to sleep, but she was coy, and a long while resisted every Overture. At last, taking pity of my Importunities, she fix'd herself upon my Eye-lids, and sat so close, that I had lost a Sense of every Thing: But I did not long remain in that happy Situation; for I found myself in a Place so hideous, and Company so agreeable to it, that I had no sooner set a Foot in it, but I was preparing to draw it back for a Retreat. *It is to no purpose*, said an ill-favour'd Devil, who had got between me and the Door: *You must stay till the Council rises before I can let you out. However, if you will do as you are bid, and say nothing but in*
Answer

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Answer to such Questions as may be asked, you need not be frighted; you will find yourself in very civil Company, and safe enough. My Eyes ach'd, methought, every Time I cast 'em upon him, and yet it was not in my Power to keep 'em off, tho' there were many of more ugly Aspects, and few better. I was, however, under a grievous Consternation, not knowing where I was, nor who I was with, till a large Table was brought in, and every one took his Seat in Order. This Formality served no ways to dissipate, but encreased my Horror; and I was still casting an Eye towards the Door, resolving, notwithstanding the palavering of my Elbow Friend, to take the first Opportunity that should offer of an Escape.

When Silence had been thrice commanded, by a Voice so hoarse as render'd it perfectly retrograde to Harmony, one at the upper End of the Table, whom I found after to be President for the Day, rising up, deliver'd himself in the Manner and Form following;

Friends and Allies,

“ **W**E are here, according to Summons,
 “ met together, to consult upon
 “ Ways and Means to enlarge our Domi-
 “ nions, and baffle, to the utmost of our
 “ Powers, the Designs and Decrees of our
 “ first Persecutor and Tyrant. All our Plots
 “ and Contrivances that way have hitherto
 “ prov'd

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“ provd fruitless. But an Emiffary of ours, juft
 “ return’d from his earthly Delegation, brings,
 “ as he fays, fuch a Chain of ufeful Difco-
 “ veries, that, if rightly improved, may
 “ have a glorious Tendency and Effect to-
 “ wards what we have been fo long seeking
 “ after, and will, propitioufly, answer the
 “ Burden of all our Wifhes, Plots and
 “ Councils. The Destruction of his new-
 “ created Favourite has been our original
 “ Study, and not a Spirit here prefent, I
 “ dare aver for the whole, but retains the
 “ fame Zeal of Ill-will, and the fame Seeds
 “ of Enmity, that our great Leader firft
 “ inspir’d us with. Therefore, let us hear
 “ what our Emiffary has to offer, refolve
 “ upon the Matter as we fhall find Occa-
 “ fion, and exert all our Powers to put
 “ thofe Refolutions into Execution.”

There was a fudden Buz of Approbation,
 and the Emiffary was order’d in; but how
 was I furprised to fee, in the Perfon of an
 old Templer of my Acquaintance, the Emif-
 fary in Queftion. My Thoughts had been
 all upon the Hurry during the Interval of
 his Entrance, but every Faculty was excru-
 ciated on his very Appearance. Bless me,
 thought I with myfelf, is it the Part of
 Man to invade the Purlieus of Hell, and
 become a vile Traytor to his own Species,
 to ingratiate with the Devil? But he was
 got

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got up to the Bar, which, and to gratify my Curiosity in the Hearing his Relation, put a stop, at present, to all further expostulatory Soliloquies. After one or two clarifying Hems, the antique Barrister began as follows :

Most excellent, and my very good grand Masters of this Lodge,

“ **I** Look upon it to be the Part of every
 “ faithful Delegate to give this venerable,
 “ as well as honourable Board, a true Account
 “ of the Discharge of his Commission ; in
 “ which doing, it will inevitably follow, that
 “ he must lay before you all the Services
 “ he has already done, as well as the Obser-
 “ vations he has made, and the Platform he
 “ has lay’d, in order to do more. By all
 “ which, you will better judge, whether or
 “ no he is fit to be retained and encouraged
 “ for further Service.

“ And first, as to my Services. In a
 “ plain Account of which I am not ap-
 “ prehensive, but I shall convince every
 “ Member of this Council, that they were
 “ not mistaken in their Election, neither in
 “ Point of Qualification, or Zeal and In-
 “ dustry. So soon as I had opened my
 “ Commission, and read my Instructions, I
 “ faithfully and industriously set myself about
 “ the great Work of propagating Infidelity :
 “ Many Fellow-labourers I found ready, ne-
 “ vertheless,

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“ vertheless, to increase 'em: I found it
 “ highly necessary to establish a Club at
 “ a Coffee-House in my Neighbourhood.
 “ But neither of these promising Works
 “ fully answer'd, for there was a Set of sober
 “ Villains, that, in Opposition to our great
 “ Designs, as fast as we could publish, pub-
 “ lish'd upon us, and, before the unwary
 “ could imbibe the Poison, dispers'd what
 “ they call'd an Antidote. Thus, tho' we
 “ triumph'd, they run away with the Tro-
 “ phies, and left our Labours abortive of
 “ every thing but waste Paper.

“ To remedy this Calamity, I prevail'd
 “ upon a Friend of ours to write the *Inde-
 “ pendant Whig*; and the Pill being dou-
 “ ble gilt, was swallow'd pretty greedily,
 “ with a great deal of Pleasure to our Party;
 “ but the over-forward Simpleton must needs
 “ go and translate, which he did so bung-
 “ lingly, that he gave his Enemies an Op-
 “ portunity of laying him open, by mani-
 “ festly demonstrating he did not understand
 “ his Author. He had prepar'd, indeed,
 “ some Dissertations, which might have been
 “ useful, had he not clap'd 'em into the same
 “ Work, to which they were no more ana-
 “ lous than rotten Eggs to Butter. This,
 “ for the present, has wholly enervated the
 “ Power of his Zeal, but I intend to prevail
 “ upon him to put 'em in distinct Papers,
 “ which, I am certain, his known Vanity,
 “ and

“ and his Care of the good old Cause will
 “ never permit him to resist, and that, I flat-
 “ ter myself, will be of good Effect, espe-
 “ cially if a way can be found to keep those
 “ avow’d Enemies of ours silent under their
 “ present Notion of his not being worthy
 “ Regard or Answer.

“ In the mean Time, to lay the Ax at
 “ the Root, and at once strike a bold Stroke
 “ for the Prize, I made it my Business to
 “ insinuate myself into the Company of some
 “ of the Clergy. You may be sure I ma-
 “ nag’d this Card with due Caution, and fix’d
 “ upon none but such whose Principles seem’d
 “ to have a Bent our way. To my Wish I
 “ succeeded, and the old Fable of *Abraham*,
 “ and the Sacrifice of his Son, long engag’d
 “ and diverted; but an unlucky Dog or two
 “ of the same Order took him to pieces, and
 “ left my poor Prize-fighter without a Word
 “ more to the Purpose. Not discourag’d,
 “ but whetted rather, I try’d others who
 “ enter’d upon other Methods. What Time
 “ may produce I cannot tell; but I have
 “ great Hopes that a Pair of Right Reve-
 “ rends will come over entirely to our Side,
 “ especially if our grand Adversary at *Lam-*
 “ *beth* out-lives a Year or two longer.

“ But what I most build upon is, not the
 “ Degeneracy, but the Proficiency of Man-
 “ kind at the Art of Swearing. Oaths and
 “ Curses are so common grown in every
 Vol. I. N “ Street,

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“ Street, that I defy the Realms we live in
 “ to out-do them. Every Step you take, you
 “ would think you met with a Devil in the
 “ Shape of a Man, and, which would be ad-
 “ mirable (if it was not a stated Maxim, that
 “ Women exceed in Cruelty and Evil) the
 “ Females quite distance the Males. They
 “ do not, indeed, come so prettily out of
 “ their musical Pipes at present; but to fit
 “ ’em properly for their Gouft, and to teach
 “ them how to pronounce sonorously, before
 “ I left the Place, I establish’d an Academy
 “ at the right End of the Town, where
 “ Boarders are taken in at reasonable Rates,
 “ and those who are too bashful to appear
 “ Abroad, may be taught at Home.

“ This, may it please your Excellencies,
 “ is what I most build my Hopes upon; for
 “ if the daily, nay hourly, nay minutely
 “ Profanation of the holy Name, as they
 “ call it, will not lead to Infidelity, what
 “ I wonder will? However, the better to
 “ ensure the Trap, I have made a Party with
 “ one or two Noblemen, who are very well
 “ with the Ministry, who, in Justification
 “ of their own high Practice, have promis’d
 “ to use their Endeavours for a Proclamation,
 “ if not for the Encouragement, for the
 “ Connivance at those, who, against Na-
 “ ture, follow Custom in those Exuberancies.
 “ If that fails, I doubt not to engage ’em to
 “ obtain Instructions to the Justices, not only

“ not

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“ not to discountenance other People, but
 “ to swear themselves, which may perhaps
 “ be tantamount to a Proclamation.

“ Knowing nothing so likely to answer
 “ our great End as this, I have lay’d out,
 “ latterly, most of my Thoughts and Pains
 “ that way. I have encourag’d the Industri-
 “ ous, I have stimulated the Bashful with
 “ Rewards of Praise and Pence. But after
 “ all, I must confess, nothing has been so
 “ prevalent as the Example of Superiors.
 “ Some to ape Quality, others to demon-
 “ strate the Bravery of their Minds, and
 “ that they scorn to be out-done by their Bet-
 “ ters ; and many by the way of an Emula-
 “ tion in Politeness ; few, very few of either
 “ the Great or the Little but what have en-
 “ ter’d themselves in your Service ; inso-
 “ much, that when they come down to claim
 “ their Inheritance here, I dare aver in their
 “ Favour, you will find ’em all Proficients,
 “ and that my Fidelity and Industry has sav’d
 “ you the Charge and Trouble of School-
 “ Masters.

“ And yet there is one Thing, which, if
 “ I might propose — But are we all within
 “ ourselves——Are the Doors shut ? ” At
 these Words my very Heart shrunk within
 me, for I thought within myself I shall now
 certainly be either punish’d, or ensnar’d —
 When the Porter, who was equally apprehensive
 with myself, came up to me, and,

with a confounded large cloven Paw, cover'd me more perfectly than either Umbrella or Cloak could have done, insomuch, that I was unseen to myself, and then bawl'd out in a Tone that made me tremble, *Yes, yes, all is safe. Here are none but Friends*——For I found he had more Wit than to trust my Courage; after which the Emiffary went on.

“ I believe you have in your Keeping a long
“ thin-gutted meagre Wretch of whom you
“ might make a most excellent Use in the
“ present Conjuncture. While he was on
“ Earth, before, he never stuck at any thing,
“ and therefore I am apt to think he can
“ have lost none of those exceeding necessary
“ Qualifications here. He will, be glad to
“ take a Journey, if it be but to shake Hands
“ with those of his own Dye, and, under
“ Hopes of your Favour, would easily be
“ induc’d to prosecute his old Schemes, in
“ order to throw all into Confusion, which
“ ever was his Aim, Intent, and Ambition.
“ And he is perfectly calculated for that
“ Work, being of so insinuating a Nature,
“ that nothing that hears can resist, and of
“ so presumptuous a Genius, that he will re-
“ fuse nothing you can propose. I do not
“ hear any present offer to ask his Name;
“ and, therefore, I may fairly conclude,
“ that my very Character has pointed out,
“ that it can be no other than *Ferguson*.” The
Assembly gave a Hum of Approbation, and
he went on. “ This

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“ This Man, so sent, will be of infinite
 “ Use to you in more Respects than a few.
 “ Formerly, like the rest of his Country-
 “ men, they that gave most were sure of
 “ him. But here it is otherwise ; for know-
 “ ing what he is to trust to, and no Possibi-
 “ lity of superior Interest presenting, he must
 “ be faithful. However, if you have any
 “ Apprehensions, send me for a Check, and
 “ I’ll be responsible.

“ As to the Advantages I propose, they
 “ are almost self-evident. We all know the
 “ Nationality of the People ; can it be ima-
 “ gin’d, then, one of his insinuating Nature
 “ can fail of making a good, a right Use of
 “ such a favourable Circumstance ? Are there
 “ none surviving of his enterprizing Genius ?
 “ Or has he forgot how to make a Cull ?
 “ No ! If there be one among a hundred,
 “ nay, among Five hundred, I’ll engage
 “ he’ll select him. And then it is my Opi-
 “ nion, to select is to seduce, and make him
 “ intirely of his Party. Besides, we know
 “ the Man is so much to the Tooth of his
 “ Country, so agreeable in Principle and
 “ Practice, that it would be next to, if not
 “ more than, a Miracle if he should fail in
 “ any Operation.

“ To put the Matter out of doubt, I can
 “ single out for him one, nay, two, of his
 “ own Shape, Contexture, and Country,
 “ who love dearly to signalize themselves

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“ by their Singularity, and oppose a publick
 “ Good purely for the sake of Opposition.
 “ His own well-known Principle must endear
 “ them to him, and him to them. And
 “ they have such an Interest, that, if they
 “ once engage, they can countenance Infidelity,
 “ common Swearing, Whoredom by
 “ Practice, and even all the seven deadly Sins,
 “ and seven more to them.

“ What an Advantage, then, may we
 “ promise to accrue to the good old Cause
 “ from such Allies. Publick Good obstructed,
 “ the Church made subservient to the Kirk,
 “ and what some, mistakenly, call good and
 “ honest Men, quite out of Fashion; must
 “ not Adultery, Fornication, and Infidelity,
 “ succeed, and take their Places? Will not
 “ Merit, in Course, change its Apparel;
 “ and sober, considerate Nisies be sent a
 “ begging? *French, Scotch, and Irish*, only,
 “ shall be entertain'd in great Men's Houses,
 “ and Oaths, and common Swearing, be the
 “ distinguishing Dialect of able and faithful
 “ Servants, as well as Masters, competent.
 “ Such a general Confusion, must, like the
 “ general Conflagration they talk of, not feed
 “ our Malice by piecemeal, but fill your
 “ Drag-Nets top full, and by wholesale.
 “ And I, for my Part, shall abundantly rejoice
 “ under the infinite Satisfaction of having
 “ conscientiously discharg'd my Trust,
 “ and brought Regiments of unwary People
 “ under my own Dilemma.

“ The

The Assembly gave a loud Hem of Applause, which set all my Faculties into fresh Labour; but what put me under the greatest Consternation and Affright, was, my officious Fiend, the Porter, being oblig'd to withdraw his monstrous Umbrella to his own Use, left me expos'd to the open View of the infernal Cabal; and, methought, at that very Instant, the more infernal Emissary, fixing his Eyes upon me, was advancing with all the Tokens of Rage, Malice, and Revenge, that I gave myself quite over for lost; and it certainly so had issu'd, if gentle Sleep had not in a Fright, rather than Compassion, been oblig'd to quit her Hold, and leave me as she first found me.





VISION XIX.

*The NEW OGLIO; or, a DISH for
the DEVIL.*

THE *Oglío*, is reckon'd among the choice Dishes of the *Spaniards*, and in as great an Esteem with them as the *Hotch-Potch* is with their Antipodes the *Scots*. (But lest I should be condemn'd in Point of Geography, I give my Reader to understand, that I mean not, by Antipodes, Situation, but Manners). They are both compos'd of Medlies of various Meats, only the *Spaniard* having the Advantage of Spice and Garlick, take care so to overload it, that all Taste of the other Ingredients is intirely lost. It was to a Dish of this curious Complexion that I was t'other Day invited by a *Spanish* Merchant in the City. Knowing pretty well my Palate, he had order'd his Cook to slacken his Hand in those *Spanish* Particulars; so that when it came to Table, I found a little Taste of the nourishing and useful Part: But another, that had liv'd longer in *Spain*, complain'd of its want of Relish, for want of Garlick, &c. I smil'd, but said nothing—*Why,*
says

says my Host, *to have made it to your Tooth, a Neighbour of your's would have thought it an Oglío for old Nick.* And, in my Opinion, says the old Don, *this is fitter, by half, for him.* What say you, Sir, directing himself to me, *speak your Mind freely and candidly.* Why, Sir, reply'd I, *you have both of you very frankly given your two Oglíos to the Devil; but if I was to provide one, I am sure I could cook more to his Palate.* Pr'ythee let us hear it, says my Host, No, Gentlemen, said I, *there are Terms of Art, which, omitted, would be an Error of the first Concoction.* Beside, every true Receipt ought to be supported by due Method, Terms and Rules; but against our next Meeting, be it as soon as you will, I will have it ready drawn up to lay before you, and take your Judgments. With a good deal of Pleasantry all Things were agreed, and the Time of Meeting affix'd.

At the Time of Meeting, after Dinner was over, I produc'd my Receipt under this Title.

An OGLIO for the DEVIL.

Our Host imagining somewhat whimsical, clapt it into his Pocket, and, notwithstanding all their Entreaties, would not submit it to Reading, till we had taken a Bottle; when, finding his Company pretty chearful, and duly prepar'd to be merry, he pull'd it out and read as follows:

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“ Take a *Rake*, a *Sodomite*, and a *Leacher*,
 “ beat 'em well together, then mix 'em up
 “ with *Brimstone*, *Aqua Fortis*, and *Mercury*;
 “ and you will find *old Nick* will hardly have
 “ Patience to stay the serving up.

N. B. If they are all in one the better.

My Host, readily guessing where the Satire was levell'd; look'd, at first, somewhat upon the Demure; but soon recovering himself, says he, looking upon me, *We flatter'd ourselves with a Dish for our own Entertainment, but you have transfer'd us to a Table, that, I dare aver, none of this Company will care to come to. I have made good my Undertaking*, said I, and follow'd my Orders. *An Oglio for the Devil was my first, and I have spoke my Mind candidly and freely for the second. He that can mend it may; or, if he disrelish any of the Ingredients, let him provide better.* After some little Raillery, and some little Squibs of Wit, by way of Criticism, on my poor Skill in Cookery, the Company broke up, leaving only me and my Host together. I found he was at a sort of a Non-plus how to break into a Discourse upon past Passages; for tho' he did not seem to be quite displeas'd, nevertheless, not being yet let into the Drift, he did not seem to receive it with his wonted Good-humour.

In order to relieve him, at last, said I, *It is an unaccountable Thing to me, that People of tolerable*

lerable good Sense and Parts, can travel and reside in foreign Countries, and there take more Pains to imbibe their evil Customs, than would serve to enable 'em to preserve the Good they carry'd out of their own. It must proceed either from a Levity of Mind, or some natural Addiction to Variety. I am not altogether of your Opinion, replies my Host, Want of true Judgment may be the Thing as well as either of the other: For want of Judgment, in my Opinion, whether in Man of Sense, or no Sense, is the Root of most Men's idle Actions. I could not but take this latter repititive Part to be wholly levell'd at myself, and, therefore, very gravely return'd, And I pray, said I, may not a Man shew as great a want of Judgment in arraigning Actions by Appearances? Who can doubt it? answer'd my Host, and if you will take what I said to yourself, you will, in so doing, stand an Instance of that want of Judgment I was speaking of: And, to demonstrate to you that I could have no such Meaning as you imagin'd, but that I was aware of your Design, you might have noted that I omitted to read your Nota Bena at the End of your Receipt, because I was apprehensive it might have look'd a little too particular. The Gentleman, as you observe, has liv'd some Time in Spain, where he imbib'd, indeed, all their Vices, without bringing back one of their Vertues. He marry'd as soon as he came over; Fortune, I suppose, the main Inducement: For, tho' he had a Wife irreproachably vertuous, he treated her
with

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with the utmost *Air* of a Spaniard. Nay, he carry'd some of his Extravagancies to such a Height, that all agreed he broke her Heart. Every one expected he would have marry'd again; but those, who, perhaps, best knew him, alledge, that he had taken up an odder way of Livelyhood. You may wonder, perhaps, after my Knowledge of all this, why I maintain my Acquaintance. All I shall offer in Abatement or Excuse is this, that we liv'd together beyond Sea for some Years, and, while there, I receiv'd, at his Hands, not a few Tests of somewhat like Friendship.

Perceiving he made a Stop; Sir, said I, to your short Account of his middle Life, I desire I may have leave to add a Prologue and an Epilogue, to make Matters a little compleat; and, for this Reason, that as you have justify'd yourself, I may have the same Liberty. He was just out of his Time the Year I came to London, and had then the Character, and well supported it, of being one of the vilest Rakes in Town. He stuck at nothing to gratify his vicious Inclinations; inso-much, that his Master, many Years, and more than once before his Time was out, had sent to his Parents to take him home, and all his Money with him. This was what they dreaded (for they were well acquainted of his Exploits) and, therefore, by the great Vertues of a Sum of Money, they obtain'd a Grant for his civil Transportation. So it was, and there, it seems, you knew the best of him.

After

After the Death of his poor Lady, you follow'd him a little, but very favourably. However, I am of your Mind, Passages, of that horrid Nature, are too atroce for Repetition; I will leave him, therefore, under the same Ordure; for no wise Man can affect raking too much in a Dung-hill: And yet there is one thing which I must mention to you, which will serve to compleat his Character, and which, I dare believe, your Ears have not yet been syring'd with. Tho', when I tell it you, I expect all the Diffidence and Distrust you can make yourself Master of; for I profess to you, I should not myself have given the Relation Credit, had I not receiv'd it from an Eye Witness. Pray to the Story, said my Host, and cease to excruciate my Curiosity.

You know, said I, his House is pretty near one of our Inns of Court; from which, last Week, he takes Coach, not his own you may depend upon't, and, without Footman, or any Attendance, orders the Coachman to drive to a certain Tavern in the Strand. Jove is a going a Bul-ling, I find, said my Host, but proceed, I beseech you. When he was set down, he goes to the Bar, and asks for the Number agreed on, and was immediately led up by the Drawer, and into a Room where were two Bona Robas, richly accoutred, ready to receive him. Two, says my Host, not able to contain, no more? Poor Tom Thimble.

Supper was serv'd up, and a rich one it was; and it is hardly to be doubted, the Company consider'd,

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sider'd, but they strove to play their Parts, and, by their good Eating, shew their good Liking; for such sort of Cattle never want Stomachs when they have any thing to gratify their Palates. Forgive my little Interruptions, says my Host, in a History of this curious Nature they are unavoidable. Do you know what was their Bill of Fare? I was not so inquisitive to ask, answer'd I, The greatest Perfection of an Historian of this kind, said my Host, omitted! Let the Sum total supply that Defect, said I, and that I was told without asking, amounted to five Guineas. However, when they had sufficiently loaded Nature, and the Cloth was taken away, two Flasks of Champaigne, and two of Burgundy, were set on the Table, and the Drawer order'd to withdraw, and not to dare again to enter till call'd for. You know the Drawers of every Tavern take care to have their Peep-holes in every Room, and whether it proceeded from the Strictness of the Prohibition, or customary Curiosity, I cannot say, but the Drawer made bold to make use of one; when he saw—Prythee what? said my Host, finding me make a Stop, *Risum teneatis*, said I, faith I can't tell, said my Host, till I hear. What was it? What, answer'd I, would have made the crying Philosopher burst his Sides with laughing, or the laughing Philosopher burst his Eyes with crying—That's no Answer to my Question, said my Host, somewhat peevishly. The Pair of Bona Robas, with Rods in their Hands, flogging the old Leacher—Had you this
from

from the Drawer? said my Host, *No, Sir, said I, but I had it from a Friend of mine, who happen'd, at that very Time, to be in the Tavern, and, who having been a good Benefactor to the Drawer, in point of Gratitude, he call'd him, as knowing the Party, from his Company, to take a Part of the Show.*

My Host took two or three Turns the Length of the Room, before Vexation would let him speak. At last, said he, *Had I been acquainted with the Grounds you went upon, he should have had it through both his Ears; and, if I live, so he may still. Pish, said I, perhaps he'll deny it — Or, perhaps, laugh at it: Men of his Kidney are not easily put out of Countenance. It's no Matter, said he, this has fix'd some Resolutions th at I have been long considering of — Why, said I, instead of diverting you, I find I have made you uneasy; and, therefore, I will take my Leave — No! you have oblig'd me, said he, and to shew it, oblige me a little farther, and stay and take one peremptory Bottle. Without waiting for any Answer, the Servant was call'd, the Bottle came up, which we took leisurely off, without one Word of the Story; yet, tho' our Discourse ran upon indifferent Matters, I could perceive little uneasy Interjections now and then break from him, in spite of all his Endeavours to conceal 'em. The Bottle off, I went home, not very greatly dissatisfy'd, at those little Dissatisfactions.*

I had

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I had drank somewhat more liberally than I usually allow myself (tho' nothing to disorder) so I got to Bed as fast as conveniently I could. It will hardly be suppos'd, when laid down, but the Passages of the Day were reflected on. And the little Anxiety I had given my Host, did not want its Share; nevertheless, when I consider'd the good Effect it might produce, I could not but absolve myself: For let sinister Souls entertain what Notions they please, as to Acts of Goodwill, or Friendship, it was ever my Opinion, that the Character of a Friend, ought to be every honest Man's Concern; and having heard my Host a little too freely dealt with, upon the Account of the Intimacy between 'em, I had long waited for the Opportunity, which was thus accidentally put into my Hands. Under this Consolation, I went to sleep.

I was got into a stately Hall, where, at a round Table, in the Middle of it, methought, were sat three grave old Gentlemen, whose Faces I had seen too often not to remember they were the three Judges, *Minos*, *Æacus*, and *Rhadamanthus*. They seem'd more serious and solemn than ever I had before seen 'em; and, by their Debate, a Matter of vast Concern employ'd 'em: *For*, said *Minos*, rising up, *at this Rate Mankind will go on and sin in Defiance of Hell, and all its Torments. Three such gross Iniquities to be found in*
one

one Person, any one of which would demand the greatest Punishments ever yet inflicted in Hell. What can be done? To pass it in the ordinary Course, Mankind would grow audacious, and insult our Terrors. 'Tis very true, said *Æacus*, but what Addition can be made to Eternity—In point of Duration, you are in the Right, said *Rhadamanthus*; but as Degrees of Bliss are appointed suitable to the Degrees of Vertue, I cannot see why Vice should want its Degrees of Torment suitable to the Merits of each particular Volary. Murder had a Place originally assign'd it; Adultery next to that: Where then such a Complication of Iniquities meet in one Person, let his Torments declare the Fertility of his Genius, and let the Wretch alternately suffer in every one. It is our Business, reply'd *Minos*, to do equitable Justice; but no Part of our Orders to seek out exquisite Tortures; that is the proper Employ of Fiends. My Opinion, therefore, is, that the several Delinquencies of the Wretch accus'd, be notify'd to the infernal Janezaries, and leave it to them to invent a suitable Torment. The Proposal was agreed to, and a Brace of 'em call'd in, to whom the whole Matter was laid open, and Orders given, only *Rhadamanthus*, just on their going out, wish'd to remark, That Sodomy, one of the Crimes, had been, in its very Infancy, visited with Fire from Heaven. Upon which they went out, and return'd in a trice, with the Criminal ty'd to a flaming Chariot, himself

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himself all in Flames, and lash'd along by two
of the Janezaries, with Rods on Fire. But
how amaz'd was I to see the Party the same
I had din'd with the Day preceding, and
roaring, as he mov'd, most bitterly. It
wak'd me, but with a deep Sigh, and this
melancholly Ejaculation, *How sudden, and
how bitter, are Cælestial Judgments !*



VISION



VISION XX.

Of JUSTICES, Itinerant and Serious.

WHO can have any Thing to say against this wise Institution? Or, what Man in his Senses pretend to arraign this noble Establishment? A Bench of Justices, when compos'd of Men of Worth and Integrity, and nobly answering their Ends in punishing Vice, in maintaining good Neighbourhood and Amity, and in encouraging Honesty and Industry where-ever they find it, may justly be said to be the Glory of our Nation. And it is to be hop'd, that even in any Meetings of the Justices, if there is a *Quorum*, a Majority will always be found ready to prosecute those good Ends of their Commission. Tho' they were not sworn to it, their own Honour and Probity will co-erce even their Inclinations, and Justice must prevail, I may say, in spite of itself. But where, you'll say, is the Majority in a single Person? He may almost make his Will a Law, and give his Warrants, and distribute his *Mittimus's* without Controul. It is very true,

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true, he may so; but some even of those have found, to their Sorrow and Cost, an After-reckoning, that has taught 'em a little more Caution in future.

True it is, it were a great Pity any of this Class should ever disgrace the royal Authority deputed to them; as in Fact, it must be granted, all do that circumvent the Law by not rightly discharging their Trust, or protracting *Justice* out of *Interest* or *Affection*. I look upon the Law of Qualification of Justices of the Peace as an excellent Act, and much tending to the publick Emolument: But I hope I may be pardon'd if I say, that, in my humble Opinion, that exempting of *Westminster*, and Parts adjacent, from those Qualifications, was so far a nullifying the good Intentions of the Act. I desire to know what Reasons could be assigned for such an Indulgence? If no-body will answer, may not a Man be allow'd to guess? Might it not be held necessary not to hold Men to such strict Terms, under the *Verge of the Court*? Tools are very necessary Things to work with. In short, I know no Man of any Mystery or Trade whatever, can work without them.

But now I talk of Mystery and Trade, how despicable a Creature ought a *trading Justice* to be look'd upon in the Eyes of all the vertuous Part of Mankind. An Informer is a Saint to him; and an *Exchange Broker*
an

an Angel. He builds his Fortune upon the Distress of the Meanest, and the other two upon that of People of the better Sort ; and there's the Difference. As *Hudibras* says, *He binds o'er and swaddles*, and they swaddle without binding over ; and yet the *Justice Swaddler*, if we consider the Parties, will be found to be a greater Enormity than the other.

Raleigh often makes noble Observations upon the wonderful Changes of States and Kingdoms. It is only *parva componere magnis*, and we may find as great Vicissitudes in the Commission before us. We have seen it, within the Memory of Man, that *Justice* has flourish'd, reign'd, and batten'd for a Time in *Goodman's-fields* ; she has then remov'd her Quarters pretty near *Temple-bar* ; after flourishing there for a Spirt, she was got into private Lodgings within the *Verge of the Court* ; but not very easy under the Appearance of Restraint, she at last settled herself, in a House of her own, near *L — F —*. How long her present Situation may please her, no mortal Man can divine (for you see by her frequent Flittings, she is a whimsical Lady) but as her Lords and Masters have agreed to pay the Rent of her House, it will certainly be her own Fault if she does not stay her Year out. Some think the Meanness of her Visitants will make her weary ; but as she never thought of that Objection

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jection when she chose her Landlord, in a fair Court, I think, it will be over-rul'd.

But of all the Sorts of Justices, recommend me to the *Justice Itinerant*. *Justice* may, without a Figure, be said to run on all four, when she runs on four Wheels. A Person of such profound Charity, as to make his *Phaeton* Harness to serve his Client, that before had been his Patient; and drive out of Town to try Causes, that he ought to have been, at home, asham'd of, need be under no Apprehension of want of Practice this Novel way, and, in all probability, it may bring him Custom in his old, if he has but the Wit to take up the retailing Trade of the *new Cholick Water*, as many of his Brethren have done before him.

I knew a Gentleman of a pretty Estate, who, coming up to Town, marry'd a Merchant's Daughter, of a good Fortune, as Fortunes went at that Time; soon after which, he carry'd her down to his Seat in *Suffolk*. He had in his younger Days approv'd himself a notable Rake, and had not been long enough marry'd to be much reform'd, as the Ladies mistakenly enough, generally flatter themselves. However, to go down a graver, if not a better, Man, his Father in Law, before his setting out, got him into the Commission of Peace. In these Trappings, the young Gentleman made a Figure, and his new Worship had the Business of the Neighbourhood

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hood round: But Nature could not forget herself, for it was said, that one or two of his Tenants Daughters outstrip'd the Wife, and brought him Sons, if not Heirs, before her. At last, however, she took her Turn, and, to the great Joy of both Families, brought him an Heir; upon which, the Husband did not fail to promise a prodigious Reformation. Women, in such Cases, are known to be pretty watchful, and News was brought her by her Spies, that such-a-one's Daughter and he had been in Company together, and for some Time. The Lady, at present, took no Notice of what she knew; but a young Girl in the Neighbourhood, was soon after brought before Mr. Justice, upon account of some criminal Conversation with a Farmer's Son, the Fruits of which began to be apparent. Mr. Justice, to evidence his Repentment and Reformation, tho' the Girl cry'd, and beg'd very heartily, vow'd, *he would send her immediately to the House of Correction.* Upon which, his Lady was so good to interpose; but this rais'd his Anger much more, and he order'd his Clerk *to make her Mittimus directly.* As it was doing, the Lady whispers in his Ear, *That as soon as ever the Girl was gone, she'd send the Constable for to bring such-a-one before him* (naming his last Chap) *and if he did not send her after, he should be oblig'd to give the World a Reason why.* Guilt struck his Worship all on a heap; but the Girl

Girl got off that Time, to the Surprise of all that were not acquainted with the Circumstances.

But what Need of travelling to *Suffolk*? Let us continue our old Stage. Had not we a *Westminster* Justice, a Man of the Law too (but very little of the *Gospel*) who was wont to leave his own dear Drudge at Home, under a Pretence of a Call of *Justice*, and repair to *Sally*, whom he had set up in a Coffee-house near *Charing-cross*, and there with her solace away a few idle Minutes every Evening. Yet he there suffered Ladies of the Town to be brought before him; and oh! how he used to swinge them away to the House of Correction? Doubtless, this was doing his Commission laudable Honour; for all such Severities are very exemplary far from Home, and *Sally* must be a silly Jade, if she could not make those Reflections which others made for her.

What shall we say then of that honorary Girl-flogger in the same Division? Why, they say *he keeps a Mistress, anglice, a Whore*. I wish I could not believe it. However, as he is not married, it is but simple Fornication. Tho', if we have respect to his Oath and Commission, it must be confessed, to be no simple Thing for a Justice to be accused of: But the Godly have him a fast Member, and his Faith is suitable to his Practice: For tho' his Conscience may be truly scrupulous

lous as to Religion, yet he can go any where, tho' no where, as to that Matter, is the Place he would choose to go to.

If my Vote were to pass, I would not be against indulging the Gentry, of this Latitude, with an uncircumscribed Liberty, suitable to their Constitutions, provided it was to be inserted in the Body of their Commission, the *Quantum*, the *Quare*, and the *Quodlibet* ; for to be *ad Libitum* without Restraint, and the Example to be catching, I cannot see any need at all there would be of the Office, at least I may venture to say, there would be little Use of it.

Such are your unqualified *W——sterians*. Unqualified in Estates, unqualified in their Qualifications, and, then I think I may safely say, every way unqualified : For the Honour of the honourable Commission, let us, I beseech you, retire a little into the Country : I fancy we shall find the Air clear, the City Fogs all dispersed, and Justice flourishing, without the least Signs of an Asthma.

To see a Dozen or, perhaps, two, of Gentlemen of Estates, Sense, and Education (not one Shoemaker, Petty-fogger, Petition-writer, or Marriage-broker among them, met together to consult of, and contribute to the Peace and Tranquility of their Neighbours round ; to hear how calmly they debate, how honestly they reason, and how unanimously resolve, it would almost make an honest Man

wish, that the Grand Council of the Nation could be within hearing to attend and take Example.

If ever it does happen that an honest Farmer is rigorously pursu'd, by any single Member, out of pure Passion and Pique (as human Nature will be human Nature all the World over) the Wary and Considerate are so far from falling in with that False-brother of their's to countenance his Virulence, that the Farmer, if wrong'd, may assure himself of their utmost Assistance against all that his Persecutor can attempt, however potent.

If private Disputes and Quarrels between Man and Man are brought before them, by all the mild Methods and Arguments that Reason and Good-nature can dictate, they use their Endeavours to reconcile them, and make up the Differences; but if either of them prove obstinate or untractable, the Power the Law has intrusted them with, is made use of, and the refractory Party finds, too late, the Folly of provoking unwilling Justice. But then he is not bound over for the sake of refusing, nor swaddled for the Lucre of letting loose: For tho' their Clerk of the Peace may claim Fees for Attendance, not one of his Masters know any Benefit; on the contrary, if they know their Servant exacts or extorts, they presently and plainly demonstrate, they do not go snacks, by
making

making him refund, or punishing him a worse Way.

Nor are they thus only on the Bench and in the Body ; but single, and in their several Seats, they evince the same Inclinations of Benevolence ; and study to convince the Gain-sayers, if there be any such, of the Reality. If any Difference between Gentleman and Gentleman, or Farmer and Farmer, or any two in the Neighbourhood, reach their Ears, they go to the first, or send for the other, and generously offer to accommodate Matters. Nor grudge they either Pains or Expence, if likely to accomplish. And that Man of the Brotherhood that should be known to act otherwise, would have such a *Nota Bene* set upon him, that would make him ashamed to shew his Face even to make up a *Quorum*. And he might propose to himself to reap no other Tranquility from his Indolence or Moroseness, than what a Mad-dog would find among Butchers, or a stray Coney from a Kennel of Hounds.

Happy England, under such a wise Constitution, so faithfully preserv'd and executed; yet happier still if constituted and executed alike in every Part. *Justice* ought not to be a Trade, even in a trading Nation, and therefore all that make a Trade of her, ought to be look'd upon as Bastards and Illegitimates. Creatures that have crept in by Bribes, Misrepresentations, or Misrecommendations, to the Shame

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of the Nation, in the Oppression of the Poor, and the Depression of Right, whose Necessities or Avarice qualify them for Tools only, and whose Qualifications otherwise would hardly give them Title to the meanest of our Mechanicks. In this, therefore, I must be pardoned if I invert my Congratulation, and say, *Unhappy England!* that under so good, so wise, so great, an Institution can't be so unwary and unguarded, as to let the Wolf, which thy Soil had long since, by the Paternal Care of thy Kings, got rid of, enter again to make a fearful Havock of thy innocent Flocks. But, is there no Hope remaining for thee under this Visitation? Will not the Conservators of the Kingdom and its Constitution examine and redress thy Sorrows, and make thee once again, as heretofore, call'd *Fortunate*? They will, they will. The golden Minutes roll along, and Time itself's impatient to affix the glorious *Æra*; then Merit only shall procure Regard. Then Pimps and Parasites shall mourn their Merits, and Justices themselves deplore the Hands of real Justice.

Just as I had finished this honest Soliloquy, a sudden Stupor seiz'd me, and, falling back into my Elbow-chair, I was soon surpriz'd into the following Vision.

I was got, methought, in the Middle of that fine Plain, under the Walls of the finest Gardens in the Kingdom, when I saw come driving

driving upon me, in a Chariot of a most curious Contexture, a Person of an Aspect so awful, yet so winning, that I could not but wonder who she was, or whether driving. She had thousands of following Suppliants on each Side her ; those on the Left were a Parcel of Skim-milk-fac'd Wretches, but those on the Right were ruddy, fresh-colour'd Fellows, that carry'd *Probity* and *Honesty* in their very Countenances. Just as she was come even with me, those on the Left had got so close to her Chariot, that they laid hold on it ; while those on the Right threw themselves prostrate on the Ground, and, in a mournful, plaintive Manner, begged of her a Hearing. She had a Wand in her Hand, with which she struck those on the Left till she made every one of them quit their Hold, saying at the same Time, *Vile Miscreants ! Will you continue to wrest the Hands of Justice ?* Then turning to those on the Right, with an Air of Complaisance, she ask'd them, *What it was they wanted ?* *Nothing*, said a reverend Person at the Head of them, *but the Continuance of your Favours. Let us not lose your Presence ; for, if we are bad now, consider what we shall be if you forsake us. No !* cry'd one of the Whey-fac'd ones, on the other Side, *Do not leave us, I pray ; for if you do, how shall we get our Bread ? Would you,* said she to the last, *would you retail Justice still ? And make me a Laughing-Stock to yourselves and others ?*

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others ? No ! Go to your old Professions, cobble Shoes, or make Matches ; those, or any other vulgar Employments, are much fitter for you than, Tinker-like, in patching Justice, to make two Holes in mending one. As to you, says she, turning to the other Side, I have Compassion for you. What you say is true, if Mortals would but consider: But who can bear to bear herself defamed and ridiculed for the hideous Blunders of those who call themselves my Servants, and heinously presume to call themselves by my Name ? Purge then yourselves, and that Way first endeavour to redeem your Honour. Then you shall never want my Company. I shall with Pleasure desire to be among you. Direct us how to steer, said the venerable old Man that spoke before, and see how ardently we'll pursue your Orders. I believe you, says she ; Sincerity attends your Words, and Integrity is but Handmaid to all your Actions ; not Lucre, but Glory, is your Prompter : The Good of your Country, and the Benefit of Mankind, your constant Study. Do you see yon spacious Pile before you ? There sits one of my own Sex ; supplicate her ; she is always ready to hear, and, to her Power, relieve.

But one of the same Quarter, whether jealous or no, that she might take the Opportunity of flying away, no-body could say, but with a profound submissive Bow, says he, *Pardon my Presumption ; would it be too much to ask, that you would countenance us in our Address ?*

Address? Your Presence would inspire us, and give our Cause the fairer Countenance. I know the Great Lady you advise us to apply to, pays a vast Honour to your Person; for which Reason your very Appearance would not fail to be auspicious. All on that Side seconded his Motion with proper Prostrations. Upon which, said the Lady smiling, Your Apprehensions are ill grounded, if not injurious. However, to gratify your Requests, and drive away your Jealousies and Fears, see, I will put myself at your Head, provided those ill-favoured Justice-jobbers are made to keep their Distance. At these Words she dismounted her Chariot, which, to my great Admiration, was immediately envelop'd in a Cloud, and carry'd out of Sight, while she, at the Head of them, ranged two and two, marched in Procession towards the Palace. Those who were left behind, so soon as ever the others were got out of Sight, entered into Consultation what they had best to do. Some had Assurance enough to propose to follow 'em; but to them it was urged, That as their quondam Mistress had so great an Interest there, and so strong an Aversion to them, it might be dangerous, and draw upon them what they should not care to bear or feel. Others were for retiring back every Man to his respective Home, and, without taking the least Notice of what had passed, fall into their old Trammels, and make Hay while the Sun remained unoverclouded. This seem'd to be

agre.

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agreeable to most ; *But*, says one, a paunch-gutted Fellow, *I don't care a Farthing how it goes ; I have got a Pension, and a Post of Honour, which will enable me to live better than I liv'd in all my Days.* The Frankness of the Speech made me burst out a laughing, which taking the Satire to be generally intended (as losing Gamesters are always peevish) they very nationally, tho' of different Nations, made directly up to me, some with Canes, and some with clinch'd Fists, that I could see no Way so effectual to preserve my self as Flight. I out-ran them all but one, and not doubting my Ability to contend with him, I turn'd again ; but our Skuffle gave the rest Time to come up, when I found my self surrounded, and in such Danger, that a Dose of Opium could not have kept my Eyes shut : But, when I wak'd, nothing vexed me more than that I had not staid to hear the Success of the Petitioners, for the Ideas was so strong and lively, that I was some time before I could prevail upon myself to believe it all a Dream.

N. B. A famous Justice and Colonel, both in one, is advis'd to make his Visits a little more privately near *Oxford-Chaple-Court* ; he is taken notice of.

Printer to the Reader.

Tho' I could not refuse inserting the Memorandum above, I am satisfy'd it is done
with

with no clean View ; for, as I have been inform'd, and can prove by several Witnesses, the worthy Justice here hinted at, has been seen to walk to and again, before the Lady's Door, many and many a Time before he could slip in : Now I appeal to the World, Could any Worshipful be more circumspect, or shew a greater Regard to his Oath, and the Honour of his Commission? Or why might he not, out of a publick Zeal, steal in to execute *in propria Personæ*? I don't doubt but he knew she deserv'd it.



*The* CRITICK.

THERE are two Sorts of Criticks always regnant, tho' common Vogue confounds them, the *Real Critick*, and the *Hyper Critick*. The first is valuable, but rare; the last common enough to make the Market low; for he is found on every Taylor's Work-board. Into the last Number I would take all those who trouble the World and themselves with the various Readings of ancient Authors, Classicks, or others, all their great Labour and Pains issuing in no more than that main Article of a Taylor's Bill, Buckram, Stay-tape, and Canvass. What is it to the Generality of Mankind, whether *Cleomenes* was originally spelt with an *s* or an *n*, or whether pronounc'd long or short? I remember, when *Dryden's* Play, under that Title, was first published, those Questions mightily employ'd the Wits of the Age; but I remember full as well, that wiser Men sat by and laugh'd at them.

Nevertheless, I must confess, to the Honour of the first, where Skill and Judgment meets with Integrity, and fairly and squarely combine to give an unbiass'd Sentiment (whether pleasing, or displeasing, to an Author, no Matter) such a Man is invaluable, and ought to

to be look'd upon with the same Eye the *Samaritan* was look'd upon by our Saviour, having perform'd that which *Priest* and *Levite* had before rejected. A Person of that Probity and Candour is a Jewel, and, tho' unknown before, ought, by every wise Man, to be enter'd upon the Roll of real Friends.

But the *Hyper Critick*, who, like a foul Fencer, takes all Advantages, nay, rather than lose the least, will reckon the Slips of the Pen into the Number, is to be look'd upon no better than as a wrong-scented Cur, which the Huntsman, so soon as ever he finds him out, is sure to whip out of the Field; for he well enough considers that the Danger does not centre in his own Viciousness, but he may, by Custom, and by his bad Example, lead off Hounds that are staunch. I have known a Critick of Criticks fall under this Error, led by the wrong Scent of Spleen; I will not say he ought to be whipt out of the Field, but I am sure it had been better for him if he had been well whipt at School.

I remember a little while ago, shewing to one of these *Hyper Criticks* the Draught of a Ladder, he seem'd to be distast'd with it. I ask'd him the Reason. After long humming and hawing — truly all the Objection he could make was, that the first Step was not highest. The Criticism was so whimsical, that, as soon as I got out of his Doors, I went to the next Coffee-house, and sent him thence the Lines following;

The

The CRITICK.

*Jack, a genuine Man of Letters,
In Conceit, a hugeous Critick,
Having often trick'd his Betters,
In Mechanicks hop'd to nick it.*

*Compass brought him home a Ladder;
Jack survey'd it high and low.
Zooks, he crys, the Fellow's mad, or,
Thinks, at least, that I am so.*

*This a Ladder? Sure Mankind
Act as if their Mothers got 'em.
Sir, the Ladder, I design'd,
I have the highest Step at Bottom.*

*Sure, cries Compass, born at Gotham
You must think me: (slink your Ire)
Was your highest Step at Bottom?
How, I trow, had you got high'r?*

*Ladder is of human Life,
(Mark me well!) a perfect Ramble.
When leap'd Clerkship into Quois?
Wise Men step before they amble.*

*Minds, like your's, like Smoke aspire;
Yet to th' Middle got are high-born:
Few its Staves you'll find are high'r,
Whether Court you seek, or Tyburn.*

*Middle Stations are the surest;
Tho' unnotic'd by the many.
Leave the Bottom for the poorest;
For honest Men the Top—if any.*

Leave

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*Leave the Ladder then, says Jack,
Since the Steps are so instructive.*

*Compass swore he'd carry't back,
If his Pay wa'n't Unfruitive.*

*Then a Secret I'll discover,
Shall relieve your present Care.*

*Look you, turn the Ladder over,
You're at Bottom as you were.*

And certainly *Compass* was in the right on't ; for when Men will criticise Hand over Head, or, if you will, Headlong, there is no dealing with them upon the Square. Much such Criticism as this it was that *Shaver* us'd. A reverend Doctor having sent him out of the Country a most ingenious Piece to communicate to the Publick, *Shaver* kept it in his Pocket, and would never let his Friend, or the Publick, have any Benefit of it. This is Criticism by Wholesale : But it is answerable to the Man, whose Character a Friend of mine inquiring into, was answered : As to his Person, clap a Pair of Horns on his Head, you will have an excellent Devil ; or if Devils are out of your Creed, a long Tail gives you a compleat Baboon. And, to demonstrate that his Parts are adequate to his Person, take the Sincerity of a Bawd, the Good-nature of a Jew, and the Religion of a Physician, and you have (Inside and Outside) compleat.

But, after all, rather than have a Man of such a prodigious Genius lie fallow, I communicate

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municate the following Epigram for his Elucidation.

EPIGRAM.

*Betty squats her fat-ar—d Tail:
If she settels, 'tis to rail.
Railing was her Vice when young,
Growing strong as grew her Tongue.
Stingless, like the Snakes, we find it ;
None but Fools and Children mind it :
All she says is false we know it ;
All her Wit she wastes to shew it.
Soon as e'er her Words take Air,
All's believ'd, like Witches Pray'r.
Betty, rail thro' all thy Stages,
Since thy own Exciseman gauges,
His the Labour, thine the Wages.*

I suppose that I may, without Conjuraton, guess that his Objection will lie mainly on the Lowness of the Subject, and that the Verses are answerable : But if that be all he can say, I shall return that so is his Criticisms, and, therefore, like Swine in a Sty, all three may foully pig together till a new Occasion occurs.

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